

LANDS AND PEOPLES OF THE WORLD


J.A. HAMMERTON

The Editor of Peoples of
All Nations & Countries of the world



Third Volume

MITTAL
PUBLICATIONS

MITTAL PUBLICATIONS
DELHI-110035 (INDIA)

1856

Published by :

K. M. Mittal

MITTAL PUBLICATIONS

B-2/19-B, Lawrence Road

Delhi-110035

Distributed by :

Mittal Publishers' Distributors

Delhi-110035

***Printed at Gian Offset Printers
New Delhi-110035***

Third Volume

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INDIA THE WONDERLAND OF THE EAST	PAGE 865
Its Splendour of To-day and Yesterday	
FOOD FROM THE WATERS	897
Diverse Ways of Fishing in Many Lands	
LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC	915
Specks of Land Amid Watery Wastes	
THE HOME OF THE GOTHs	933
By Forest, Dale and Waterway through Sweden	
A LOOK AT LONDON	959
Glamour and Charm of the World's Greatest City	
THE LANDS OF EL DORADO	981
Fabled Riches of the Three Guianas	
MAN'S OLDEST INDUSTRY	991
How He Tills the Soil and Gains His Food	
BONNIE SCOTLAND	1009
Rich Lowlands and Romantic Highlands	
CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA	1049
Wealthy Eastern Lands and Their Indolent People	
THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC	1061
Happy People of the Hawaiian Islands	
WHERE A LIVING BUDDHA REIGNS	1071
Mongolia Home of a Once All-Powerful Race	
THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY	1082
Modern People in a Land of Ancient Culture	
ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE	1105
By Wood and Brook, Over Hill and Down Dale	
PEDLARS AND HAWKERS	1127
The Story of a Fast Disappearing Type	
FAR LAND OF TREASURE AND ROMANCE	1141
Alaska Home of Gold-Miner and Trapper	
INDIA'S MILLIONS	1154
In Crowded City and Jungle Village	
THE FIRE MOUNTAINS	1175
How Volcanoes Act as the Earth's Safety-Valves	
GREATER RUMANIA	1187
Modern Life in a Province of Ancient Rome	
THE HUNTER AND HIS WILES	1205
How Man Outwits Beasts and Birds	
THE CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS	1215
Bagdad the Historic Capital of the Caliphs	
HATS AND THEIR WEARERS	1223
Man's Devices for Covering his Head	
BRITANNIA MINOR	1241
Romantic Brittany and the Bretons	
THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS	1259
Mixed Races and Fertile Lands of Central America	
A LAND OF ANCIENT GRANDEUR	1281
The Persians and their Backward Country	



THE PEARL PALACE of the Maharaja Simha of Gwalior stands in the middle of a beautiful park known to the natives as the Phul Bagh, which means "the Garden of Flowers." The palace, with its massive buildings, its pavilions, pleasure grounds and ornamental lakes, is a

residence worthy of the ruler of a native state so important as Gwalior. This photograph is taken from the huge fortress which, perched on its high rock, frowns over the town of Gwalior. Within its walls are five old palaces, some of which were once of the greatest magnificence.



THE FORTRESS OF DAULATABAD stands in the territory of the Nizam of Hyderabad. It was built in the thirteenth century, and its defences were so strong that it was impregnable. The fort crowns an isolated rock of granite, the sides of which have been made perpen-

dicular to a height of a hundred feet all round. On the encircling plan are six lines of stone walls, and the bridge over the great moat leads to a passage cut through the rock. On the summit are a pavilion and the citadel, the latter being reached by a narrow staircase.

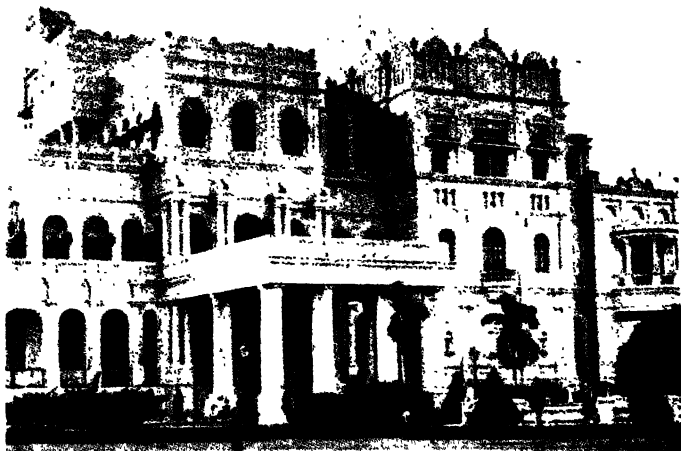


Blackie

SACRED COWS OF THE HINDUS FIND RESTING PLACES IN THE MIDDLE OF A BOMBAY STREET

The Hindus regard the humped cows of India with the greatest reverence, and no good Hindu will do any wilful harm to one of these creatures. He will not even make an effort to drive away a cow that is stealing his crops or vegetables, or which lies down in the middle of

a city street—like those seen here near the General Post Office in one of the busiest parts of Bombay—where it will be respected even by drivers of taxicabs and tram-cars. Pigeons are fed regularly by charitable natives, since kindness to all living things is essential to the Hindu.



STATELY LAKSHMI VILAS PALACE OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA

This big, new palace of the ruler of Baroda, who is called the Gaekwar, is built in a European style of architecture, and shows how the princes are being influenced by Western ideas. Although magnificent in its own way, it differs greatly from other Eastern palaces, as we shall see if we compare it with that at Mysore, shown in page 872.

A few years ago an English lady was shown the jewels of the Gaekwar of Baroda. There was a diamond necklace that was almost a breastplate of gems of absolute purity. One of the diamonds in it was said to be among the largest in the world, and hanging beneath it was a heart-shaped diamond almost as large; these two huge gems were surrounded by scores of others, some of them about the size of boys' marbles.

"Oh, why did not his Highness wear that beautiful necklace at the great Durbar yesterday?" asked the visitor. "Because that is only one among the Gaekwar's jewels," said the attendant; "the necklace his Highness wore yesterday is worth three times as much as this."

Powerful, indeed, are some of these princes. They are practically kings in their own dominions, making their own laws, raising their own taxes, having their own prime minister and cabinet ministers, but all of them recognizing the King-Emperor as their overlord. The Maharaja of Mysore rules over a state the size of

Scotland; the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions are nearly as large as Italy, and his subjects number more than 10,000,000. There are about 150 of these princes, great and small, and they rule over about one-third of our Indian Empire, with a total of 72,000,000 people.

Many of the ruling princes live in magnificent palaces, some of them so vast and lovely that they make Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace seem quite small. Look at the picture of the huge palace of the Maharaja of Gwalior in page 866, and notice the lovely park and lakes by which it is surrounded. Some years ago, by special permission, I was allowed to go through that palace.

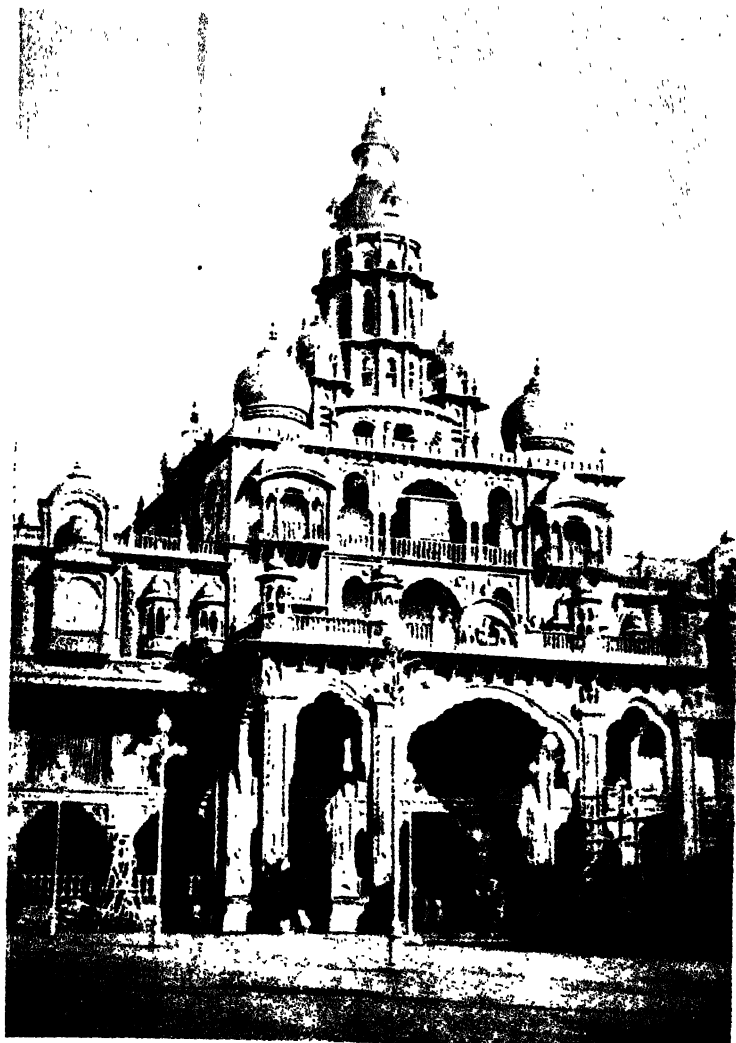
What a wonderful sight it was! We even saw the beautiful apartments of the maharani, the wife of the maharaja. There were exquisite Persian carpets and silken hangings; costly cushions lay about, and everything that money could buy had been lavished on the rooms. In another part of the palace we saw the maharaja's private study, fitted up with



GRACEFUL AND DAINY, the dancing girls execute movements which will hold the attention of an Oriental for many hours, but to the Western mind they become extremely monotonous. Enveloped in voluminous draperies, the performers move with slow and rhythmic motions of the body, while their hands aid in the interpretation of the dance. Their dance is supposed to represent incidents in the life of Krishna, an Indian god, whose worship is associated with joy, bright colours, flowers, and milk and honey.



NAUTCH GIRLS, in their wonderfully coloured costumes, are a prominent feature at many entertainments in India. These girls perform in theatres or can be hired to dance at Indian marriages or at some feast for the amusement of an honoured guest. In many Indian temples Nautch girls are among the attendants of the gods, and sing and dance before them at certain hours. They also weave the elaborate wreaths of flowers with which the images in the temples are adorned, and take part in many sacred festivals and religious processions.



MAGNIFICENCE OF THE MAHARAJAS PALACE AT MYSORE

Compton

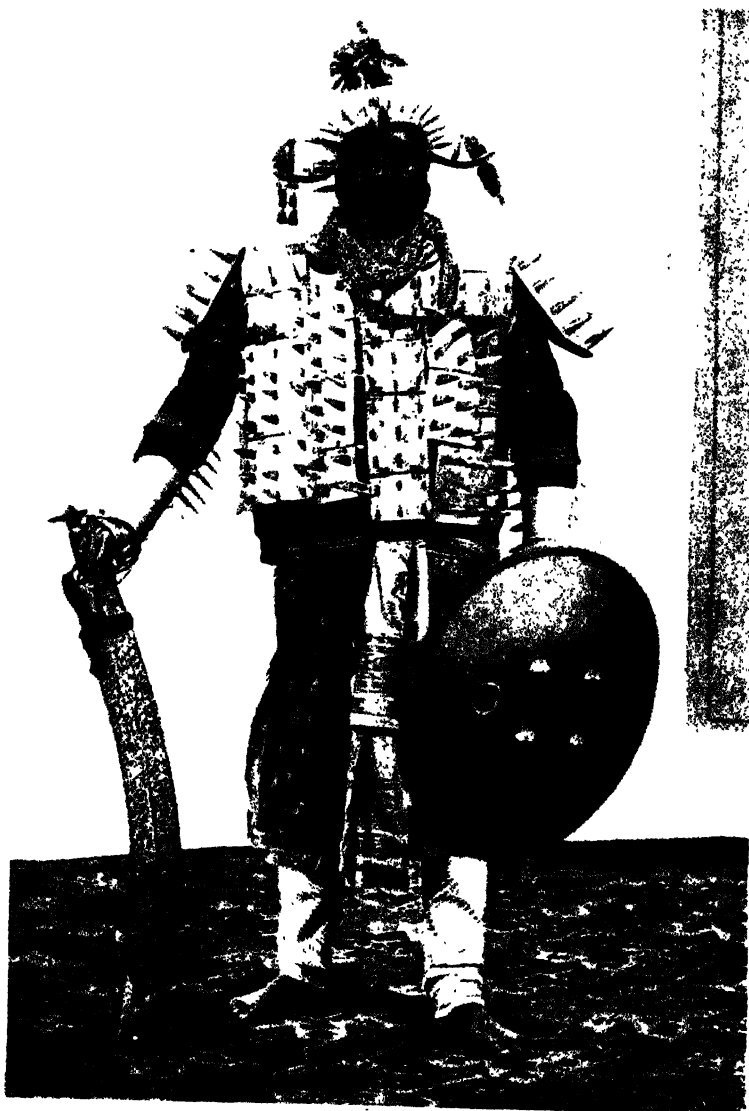
From all parts of the city of Mysore can be seen the topmost, golden cupola of the palace of the maharaja, which is built inside a fort surrounded by a moat. In the palace is the great hall in which the maharaja, seated in state on his wonderful throne of wood, ivory, silver and gold, shows himself to his people on special occasions.



Walker

POVERTY-STRICKEN INTERIOR OF A PARIAH HOME NEAR MADRAS

In India there are four main classes, or castes—priests, warriors, craftsmen and labourers. There are also the outcastes, of whom the Pariahs form one class, and who are despised and shunned even by the lowest "caste" people. This bare home of a Pariah family presents a striking contrast to the gorgeous palace of Mysore seen in the page opposite.



REWAH'S EXECUTIONER must have been a terrifying figure in the days gone by, with his armour and helmet studded with great spikes, and his enormous scimitar, but now the old uniform is only worn by a retainer of the Maharaja of Rewah. The hilt of the sword looks very small for such a giant, but the hands of Indians are usually rather narrow.



PATHAN TRIBESMEN, lovers of warfare and bold thieves, have long been a source of trouble on the mountainous north-west frontier of India. When a force is sent to punish them they retire to their wild mountains, where, owing to their excellent marksmanship and skill in guerilla warfare, they are sometimes a match for their better-armed attackers.



HIGH ON ITS ROCK STANDS THE GRIM FORTRESS OF JODHPUR

The massive walls and towers of the fortress that looms against the sky, four hundred feet above the town of Jodhpur, in Rajputana, must have filled the hearts of attackers in olden days with despair. The old palace of the maharaja, which houses his priceless collection of jewels, stands at the edge of a cliff at the southern end of the stronghold.

telephones, electric light, filing cabinets and similar modern equipment. Upon his writing-desk stood a large, autographed photograph of King George V. The maharaja was an educated and enlightened man, and a very successful ruler. In his garages we saw many motor-cars, but for all state occasions he used his magnificent elephants.

In his palace gardens he had a little railway connecting one part of the grounds with another. Only a short time before my visit the maharaja had given a large part of his private grounds to his people to be used as a public park. Unfortunately, in June, 1925, this great prince died. His son George, still a little boy, inherited all his magnificence.

The Indian princes love display, and often they are surrounded by attendants in most picturesque attire. Just as on state occasions our own king is surrounded by the old Yeomen of the Guard in their quaint Tudor costumes, these Indian rulers have companies of men in medieval dress. Some wear ancient armour and carry extraordinary swords or shields.

Look at the picture of the Rewah executioner in page 874, the Maratha horseman in page 879, and the gaily-dressed dancing girls in pages 870 and 871.

One of the most wonderful scenes India has witnessed in modern times took place in the ancient city of Delhi in December, 1902. It was the great Durbar at which the Viceroy proclaimed Edward VII. Emperor of all India. All the ruling princes were present—a hundred and fifty of them, with hundreds of nobles and retainers. Every one of the princes was eager to outshine his rivals, and all the beauty and glory of India were brought together to make that spectacle the most dazzling that the world has ever beheld.

Those mighty princes lavished their wealth so recklessly that even the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was surpassed. Pen cannot describe, nor camera portray, the scene that hot December morning when the Viceroy entered Delhi, attended by the glittering throng of princes. Slowly and proudly the dazzling procession of elephants passed along the



Conry

BUSY HOUSEWIVES OF CENTRAL INDIA WASHING THEIR GRAIN

Since the Hindus are forbidden by their religion to eat meat of any kind, grain forms their principal foodstuff. The people of Central India live largely on cakes made of maize and millet, fruit and stews of vegetables. The maize and millet, which they cultivate in their little plots, are washed and dried in the sun in large flat vessels.



Walker

LITTLE SCHOOLGIRLS OF HIGH-CASTE INDIAN FAMILIES

Not long ago, Indian women had no education at all, and even to-day some girls do not go to school until they are married. Many of the wealthier families, however, now send their girls to mission schools, like the one these little maids attend at Khurja, near Delhi. At their feet are slates on which they have been writing in Hindi characters.



THIS DANCING HORSE, an intelligent and supremely graceful Arab, is the property of the Maharana, or Maharaja, of Udaipur, and, gaily decked with silks and sheepskins, often gives exhibitions before his guests. The princes of India are very fond of display, and many of them have trained animals and gorgeously-dressed giants and dwarfs.



INDIA THE WONDERLAND OF THE EAST

streets, and spectators gasped as they beheld that gleaming, bejewelled throng. The elephants—the largest and finest India could produce—were caparisoned in every shade of every colour the “Gorgeous East” could devise.

All the Splendour of the Orient

Some of them were covered with cloth-of-gold and ropes of pearls, others with dazzling gold and emerald green, while others wore rich crimson and priceless jewels. The sight was bewildering, and the eye grew tired and strained with gazing upon it. The proud princes who rode upon those elephants were descendants of long lines of kings who, through the centuries, have ruled great peoples, built up kingdoms and sometimes lost them, and created palaces and temples that are considered to be among the most wonderful in the world. India can well claim to be the wonderland of the East.

What other land can show such splendid old castles? During the last three thousand years India has continually been swept by war. Through the deep passes of the north-western mountains one invader after another has swept down upon the hot plains beneath.

Hordes of Mahomedan Invaders

More than nine hundred years ago, the Mahomedan hosts, led by the great conqueror, Mahmud of Ghazni, burst through the dreaded Khyber Pass with irresistible force. With green banners waving and the shouts of “Allah Akbar” (“God is Great!”) echoing from the overhanging crags, they swept through the defiles and burst upon the Hindu kingdoms. During thirty years, Mahmud of Ghazni invaded India seventeen times. The Hindus fought bravely, but city after city was taken. Sometimes Indian women threw themselves into the burning ruins of their palaces or homes to save themselves from falling into the hands of the enemy. Mahmud’s proudest title was “The Idol Breaker,” because, as a stern Mahomedan, wherever he went he destroyed idols and

overthrew numerous temples, some of them very fine ones.

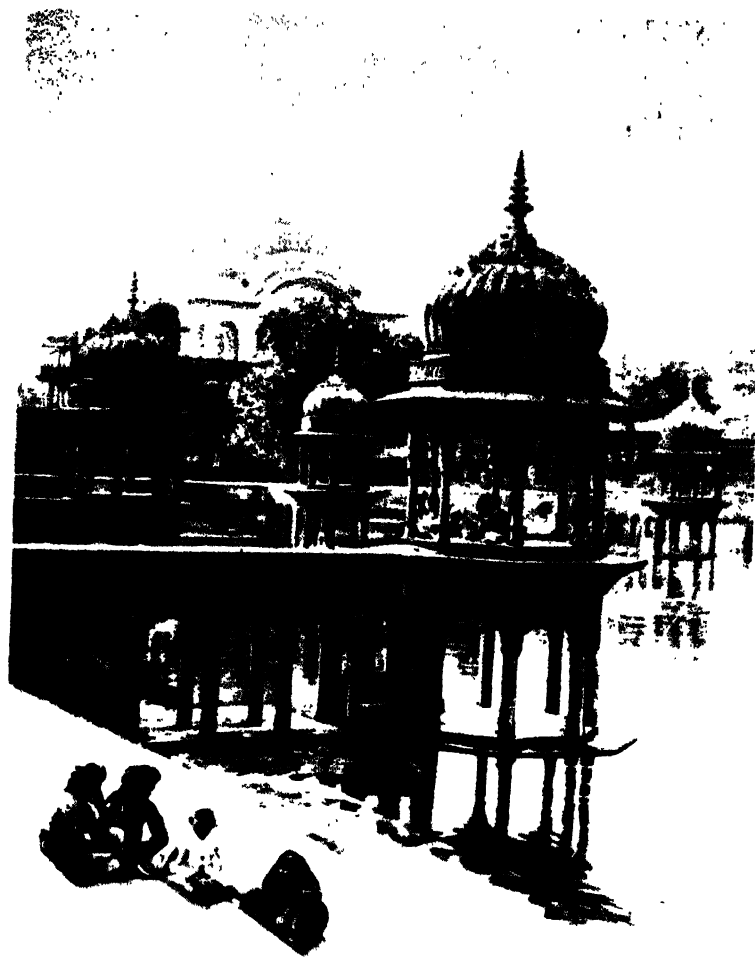
But as the Mahomedans captured kingdoms in India and settled down in them, other Mahomedan conquerors swept through the passes and attacked them. States rose and fell; men were invaders one year, monarchs the next and fugitives the next. Until less than a century ago there was always war going on in some part of India.

So monarchs built for themselves great castles. Wherever in north India we find a high, steep hill there are usually the ruins of some strong, old fortress on the top. Many of these castles are so large that you could easily put half a dozen of our ancient British castles into their vast courtyards.

Impregnable Hill-Perched Fort

The picture in page 867 shows one of these great fortresses at a place called Daulatabad in the Deccan. The steep sides of the round hill have been made perpendicular by being cut away at their base so as to form an encircling precipice over 100 feet high—a sheer wall of rock. Below this is a rock-hewn moat, forty feet wide, and on the surrounding level plain there are six lines of high stone walls encircling the whole place and enclosing great courtyards, with barracks and stables for the horses and elephants.

Before every wall there is a moat of considerable width and depth. This is truly a mighty fortress. But much remains to be told. If invaders managed to force their way over the six moats and through those six walls—all stoutly defended by men and elephants—they at last found themselves before the great wall of rock that encircles the lofty citadel. To this there is only one entrance—a narrow bridge across the chasm, and then a rock-hewn doorway into which only two men can enter abreast. Within, narrow stairways and passages are hewn out of the solid rock, up which the enemy would have to stumble in total darkness—unless they had torches, which the defenders would strive to extinguish.



AT ALWAR, beside the still waters of the tank, the beautiful marble cenotaph of a former ruler of the state of Alwar. Blue pigeons flutter around the buildings, and gorgeous peacocks strut proudly about the stone pavements. Children play upon the steps leading down to the water, while their elders gossip in the shade of one of the pavilions.



Kienaar

TURBANED BOATMEN OF MANIPUR READY FOR THE BOAT-RACE

Wearing their splendid national costumes and egret-plumed turbans in readiness to take part in the annual boat-race, these eight head boatmen of the Raja of Manipur present a great contrast to an Oxford or Cambridge "eight" dressed for a similar occasion in England. The people of Manipur are very fond of games.

Up and up they would go, harassed all the time by showers of arrows and spears from defensive chambers cunningly cut in the rock.

At last the invaders, or as many as had survived that terrible passage through the darkness, would reach the place where the rock-hewn steps emerge upon the lofty hill-top. But there would be no bright ray of sunlight to welcome them; instead, they would find the only opening covered by a huge, iron door made red hot by a fire kept burning above it! I have stumbled up that rock-hewn passage with its hundreds of steps, and have seen that iron door with the devices for bolting

it and keeping it red hot; and I have marvelled at those great engineers of old who could thus transform a hill into what, at that time, must have been an impregnable fortress. On the lofty summit are some of the palace buildings—beautiful still—and some of them in a nearly perfect state of preservation.

Those old king; often built vast forts even where there were no hills to fortify. At his imperial city of Agra, the Mogul Emperor Akbar built a huge castle on the level plain. Its massive red sandstone walls are 70 feet high, and are over a mile in circumference. The Tower of London is almost a doll's-house in comparison.

INDIA THE WONDERLAND OF THE EAST

Akbar's grandson, the famous Shah Jehan, turned the fort at Agra into a palace, building within its frowning, red walls most lovely pavilions of snowy-white marble. The apartments of the royal ladies are of exquisite workmanship. We can picture his wife herself, resplendent with jewels, reclining on silken cushions on the beautiful balcony of a tower overlooking the River Jumna.

In these glorious courts of the harem there are huge screen-walls of filigree-

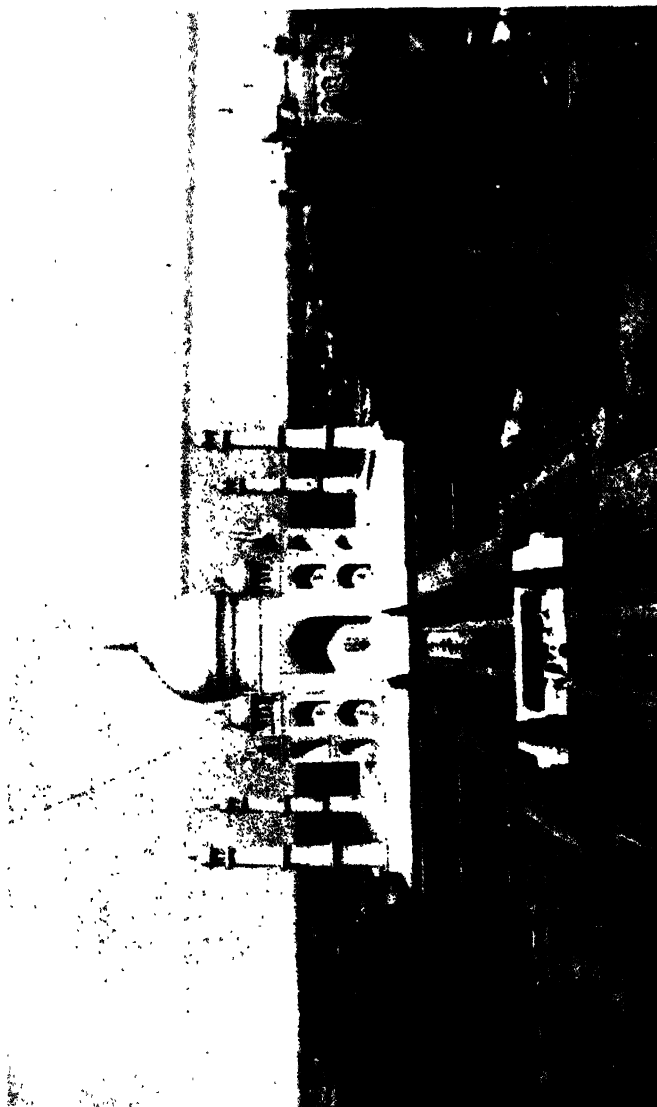
work of marvellous delicacy, carved in solid white marble, through which the imperial ladies could look out without themselves being seen. I shall never forget the bathing-chamber. It is partly underground and all the light filters through a crystal cascade that flows down transparent steps into a marble bath, and is, in turn, reflected in thousands of tiny bits of looking-glass with which every inch of the walls and domes of the room are covered. It seemed to me



PROUD, OLD CHIEFTAIN OF SIND WITH TWO OF HIS ATTENDANTS

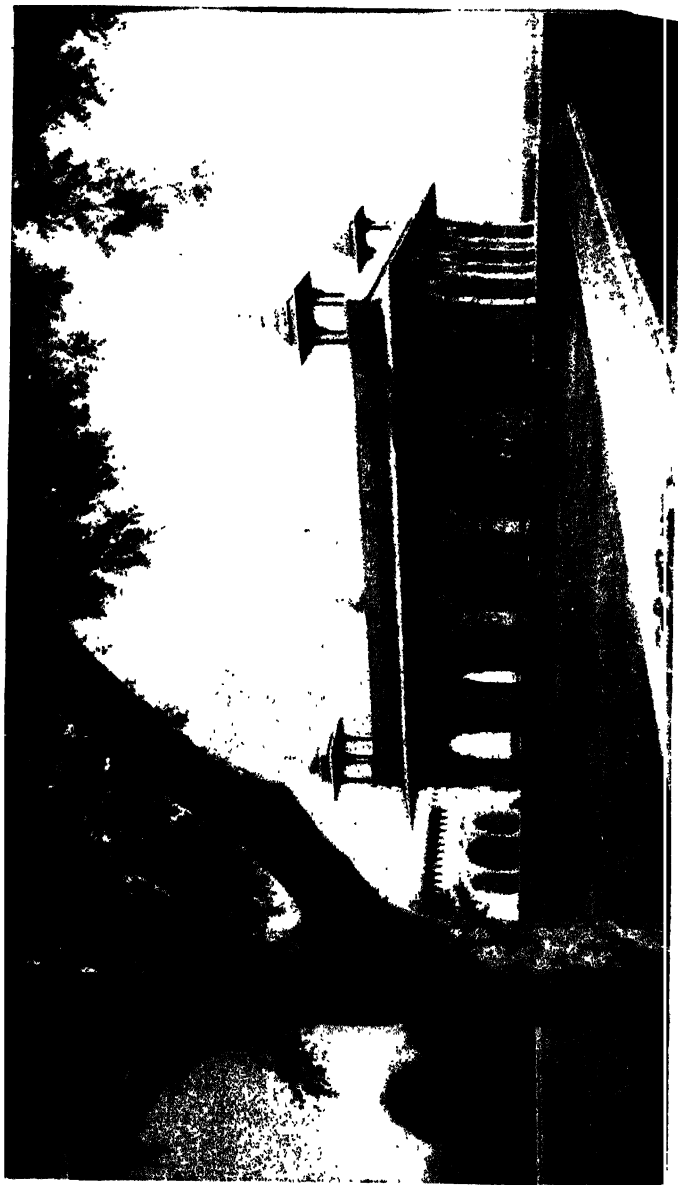
More than half of the inhabitants of Sind, a province of north-west India, are Mahomedans, and can easily be distinguished from the Hindus by their dress, and by the fact that the men usually wear turbans of a special pattern. With his spotlessly white turban and dignified bearing, this Mahomedan chief is an imposing figure.

26712



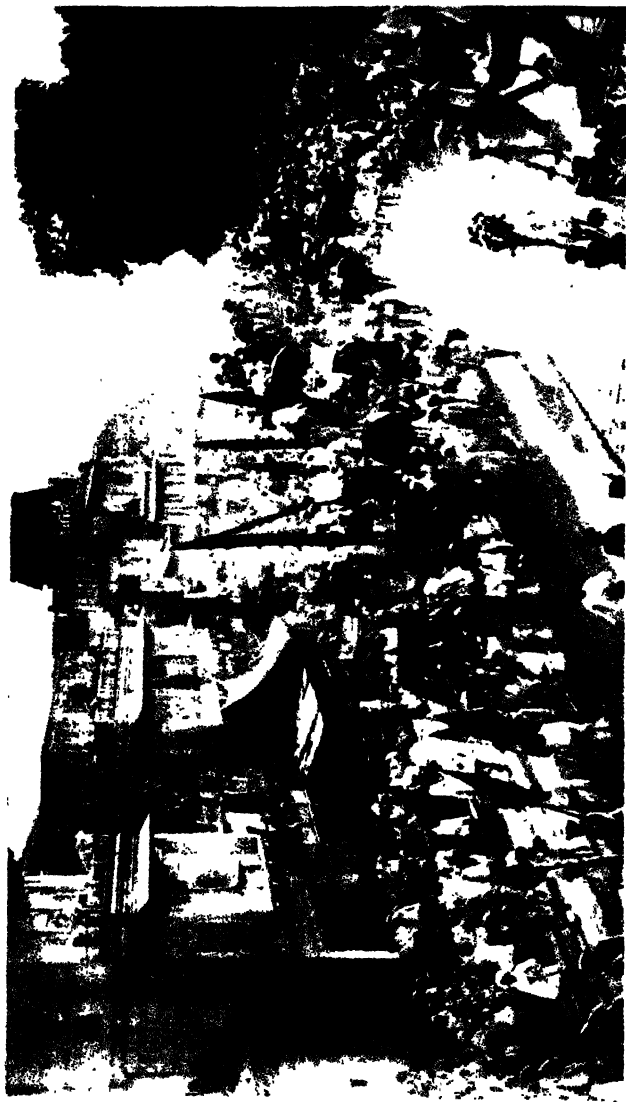
THE TAJ MAHAL, near the city of Agra, is a tomb which the Emperor Shah Jehan erected for his favourite wife. It is considered to be the most beautiful building in India, and leading up to the main entrance is a marble water-course which is lined with splendid

carvings. The building was commenced about 1630, and took twenty-two years to complete. Precious stones have been inlaid in certain portions of the tomb, and with its marble dome, walls and minarets it is easy to understand why it is sometimes called "A Dream in Marble."



THE HALL OF PRIVATE AUDIENCE, with its white marble arches and pillars inlaid with precious stones, as we see in page 893, is the most splendid of the many buildings contained in the fortress-palace built at Delhi by Shah Jehan, one of the Mogul, or Mlongol, Emperors

- 254 -
of India. He was evidently very proud of this audience chamber, since around the ceiling of the hall these words are carved "If a Paradise be on the face of the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." In the palace grounds is also the Painted Palace shown in page 892.



ORIENTAL SPLENDOR OF THE PROGRESS OF THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR THROUGH HIS CAPITAL
 A column of armed men, some of whom carry gorgeous banners, and elephants hung with rich trappings march in the royal procession of the Maharaja Sindia of Gwalior, who himself rides in a finely carved howdah, covered with gold and silks, borne on the back of an elephant. In this photograph we see his loyal, pageant-loving subjects crowding their balconies and the street known as the Sarafa, or merchants' quarter, in Lashkar, the capital of the state of Gwalior. Lashkar is a modern city that has grown up near the old town of Gwalior.



MAHA WOMEN AT THE DAILY TASK OUTSIDE THEIR POOR HOME

The Mahas, who live in the Maratha country in the west of Central India, are privileged because their ancestors helped an emperor of olden times. They receive free bread every day, collect taxes and act as Government messengers. The figures on the right of the door of this hut, whose inmates are Christians, are for purposes of the Indian census.

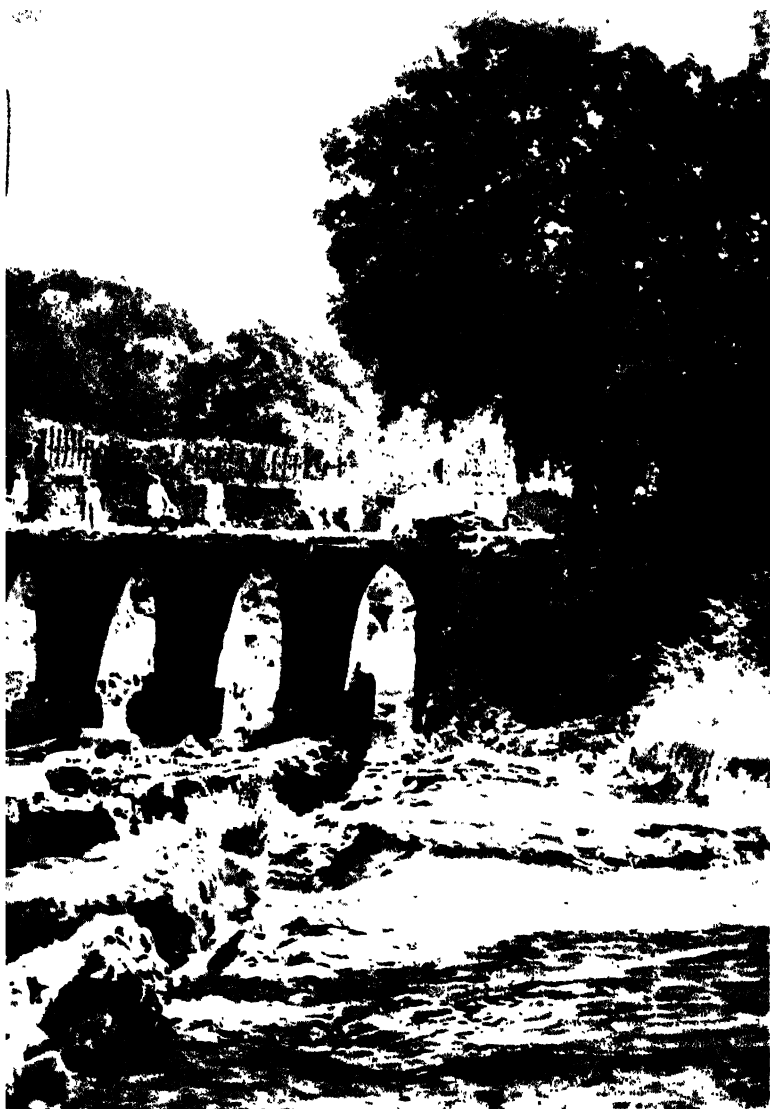


BARE LIVING-ROOM OF A LOW-CASTE FAMILY OF NORTH INDIA

There is little comfort in this Indian home. Behind the low wall against which the husband leans, smoking his native pipe, the household sleeps. The door behind the veiled wife, who sifts grain, squatting on the bare floor like the rest of the family, leads to the only other room in the house. In front is the simple fireplace of baked clay.



RUINED BIJAPUR was the capital of an independent kingdom for 200 years and was originally called the City of Victory. The walls enclosing the town are about six miles in length, and inside these is the citadel. On some of the bastions are huge, old guns, one, called "Lord of the Battle Plain," being 14 feet long and another nearly 22 feet.



Among the palaces, mosques and tombs is the mausoleum of Mahomed Adil Shah. The great hall is the largest domed space in the world, even larger than the Pantheon at Rome. After the city had been captured by the Mogul Emperor Aurungzebe in 1686, the splendid buildings fell into ruin until the British made it the capital of the district in 1883.



FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN TEMPTING HEAPS ON THE STALLS OF AN OPEN-AIR MARKET IN DELHI
Delhi, which stands on the River Jumna, is the beautiful capital of flourishing commercial city. Not only are its thronged bazaars and its craftsman, who are especially celebrated for their work in ivory, wood, and precious metals, a source of great prosperity, but biscuit and sugar factories and cotton and flour mills have been established.

INDIA THE WONDERLAND OF THE EAST

to be a sort of fairy grotto, and I half expected to see nymphs sporting in the rippling waters.

But even this palace did not satisfy the ambitious soul of Shah Jehan. He resolved to build himself a new capital at Delhi and to embellish it with a palace such as the world had never seen. What remains of that palace to-day is a mere skeleton of its former magnificence, but there is still enough to fill us with wonder. One priceless gem has escaped with but little damage --the unique Hall of Private Audience.

It is a glorious garden-pavilion, built entirely of white marble inlaid with precious stones, with no walls to shut out the cool breezes from the river that flows past. The original ceiling of solid silver has been stolen, but the frieze around it still bears the Persian inscription, "If a Paradise be on the face of the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." In this chamber, nearly three centuries ago, Shah Jehan used to sit on his famous "Peacock Throne."

It was in the form of two peacocks made of solid gold, their tails inlaid with emeralds and other jewels. Above that throne was a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold, fringed with strings of pearls and supported by twelve golden pillars decorated with gems. The throne was taken from Delhi



BALUCHI OF A NOBLE FAMILY

With his coat of chocolate-brown, embroidered with gold, his splendid sword and his military bearing, this son of a chieftain of Baluchistan makes a fine figure.

in 1739 by Nadir Shah, the shah of Persia, after he had captured the city. To-day, what is left of it forms the throne of the shah of Persia.

But the magnificent Shah Jehan built an even more beautiful building. His favourite wife died, and in his deep grief he resolved to build for her the loveliest tomb man's eyes had ever beheld. On the banks of the River Jumna, two miles below Agra, he planned, and his engineers and artificers created, what all succeeding ages confess to be one of the wonders of the world --the glorious Taj Mahal. Companies of elephants brought the marble blocks from afar, the most skilful craftsmen and masons expended on the building the finest work of which they were capable; and slowly, year by year, these marble walls arose.

At length the day came when the last scaffolding was removed and the Taj stood out in all its loveliness. Shah Jehan, when an old and broken man, died with his eyes fixed upon it; and for ages to come men who love beauty will never be weary of gazing at it. "Go to India," said the great soldier, Lord Roberts, "the Taj alone is worth the journey."

Let us visit it. Leaving Agra, we drive through long avenues of great trees that shut out everything, till we reach the



THE PAINTED PALACE is part of the vast palace of Shah Jehan at Delhi, and was once the residence of the Mogul emperor's chief wife, who, according to Eastern custom, did not have the rank of empress. It is a noble building, overlooking the River Jumna, and received its name from the paintings that cover the inner walls and arches and the ceilings.

Realistic Travels



FLORAL DESIGNS made of precious stones cover the marble pillars and arches of the Hall of Private Audience at Delhi. Here, among other priceless treasures, once stood the splendid Peacock Throne, on whose back two outspread peacocks' tails were worked in their natural colours in jewels. Through one of the arches of the Hall we see the Pearl Mosque.



CHILD OF A WANDERING BALUCHI TRIBE

This boy, who wears a charm round his neck to protect him from evil, is of the Brahui people—nomadic tribes of the mountains of Baluchistan. His satisfied smile shows that he does not think his wandering life a hardship.

massive, red sandstone gateway that leads to the huge outer court. Around that court are sombre, red sandstone mosques. But we turn to the left and pause to gaze upon a splendid gateway of sandstone inlaid with marbles and glazed tiles. It is worth travelling miles to see; but it is only the gateway to the supreme glory that lies beyond.

We ascend the broad steps to the great terrace before the gateway, and instantly, through the enormous arch, there opens out before us a vista of surpassing loveliness. We stand still in very

astonishment and gaze on the snowy mass of domes and minarets that rises above the cypress trees and marble-lined water-courses. It seems like a vision—too beautiful to be real. One almost fears to breathe lest it should vanish.

Now let us walk along those white marble paths, beside the cool, lotus pools with their playing fountains, right up to the glorious Taj itself. In the morning sunlight it is almost too dazzling to look upon—the glare of light as we cross the wide marble terrace is overpowering. Within, all is cool and beautiful. A soft green light filters in through the marble work. Not a footstep is heard, for every visitor must leave his shoes outside. A strange calm pervades the whole building.

In the centre of the floor is the simple, white marble cenotaph of the royal wife, and beside it is that of her husband, Shah Jehan. Their coffins lie in the marble-vaulted chamber below. Around the cenotaphs is a most wonderful screen, that looks like marble lace.

Whenever we see the Taj it looks different. All the

shades of light are reflected on its pure walls. At noon it is dazzling white; as the sun sinks towards the west that side of the Taj becomes golden, pink and crimson in succession, while the opposite side is bathed in delicate purple shadow. When the afterglow has faded, and the twilight deepens into night, the Taj looks more like a vision than ever. Then the moon rises in silent majesty and reveals new beauties; the Taj becomes a silver casket glistening with gems—a superb masterpiece by the great artists of old India.



HIMALAYAN DANCING BEAR EARNS A FEW COINS FOR ITS MASTER
Its master, a native of the Punjab, obtained this fine creature in the Himalayas, where very many bears, both brown and black, are to be found among the dense forests. It now helps him to gain a few annas or pice, the small change of India, from villagers and townsfolk, who are ever willing to watch dancing bears, jugglers, acrobats or trained monkeys.



A STATELY PROCESSION is formed by the Gackwar's elephants with their gorgeous trappings as they pass through the principal bazaar in the city of Baroda. The town is the capital of the important Maratha state of Baroda, whose ruler is styled the Gackwar. The

state is one of the self-governing districts recognising the overlordship of the King-Emperor; but its ruler is a man of modern ideas and has introduced many Western inventions into his territory, as can be seen by the telegraph poles and the arc lamps at the side of the street.

Food from the Waters

DIVERSE WAYS OF FISHING IN MANY LANDS

It is an interesting and instructive fact that we have to look to primitive man for the most important inventions in the art of gaining food, and fishing is no exception to this rule. For untold centuries hook and net have been used to catch fish, and they are the principal methods used to-day. But as we shall see here, other and very strange methods are adopted by the natives of some countries, who spear fish on horseback, or shoot them with bow and arrow, or even dig them up out of the mud.

WHEN we think of fishing, the first picture that rises before our eyes is either that of a man sitting on the bank of a river, or in a punt, holding a rod to which is attached a line, a float and a baited hook, or else of a smack at sea spreading nets to trap the great shoals of herring or mackerel or sprats as they swim along just below the surface. Both are true pictures. Man has been fishing for thousands of years, and thousands of years ago he learned these two methods of fishing and has clung to them ever since. Like other early inventions they have been improved, not altered.

Early fish-hooks were made of bone, of shell, even of wood, and the lines were coarsely-twisted vegetable fibre. To-day we have barbed hooks made of the finest steel, and strong, fine lines spun from silk and silkworm gut, which is almost invisible. In the old days the nets were very small and rough, and handled by one or two men only; but now they are machine-made by the mile, and are set by steam vessels, each with a crew of ten or a dozen men.

Catching Fish for an Aquarium

There are, however, more ways of killing or catching fish than are dreamed of by the ordinary angler, and some of these are odd enough to be worth recording. The New York Aquarium obtains its supplies of tropical fishes from the waters of Bermuda. Some of the rarest and most beautiful sorts are exceedingly hard to catch, since they refuse to take a bait, and on this account it has been found necessary to use an electrical contrivance, which serves to stun the fish and leave it helpless until it can be made a prisoner.

The device consists of a small storage battery, to which is connected a percussion cap of the kind used for exploding dynamite cartridges.

Fishing on Horseback

Fishes have as much curiosity as land animals, and even the shyest one will approach a bait to look at it, though not disposed to attempt the slightest nibble. so the percussion cap at the end of the wire is concealed either by something edible, or by a bunch of grass. The fish, wondering what it is, ventures near. The fisherman presses the button, the cap is exploded and the victim is stunned, though receiving no real injury. It is at once gathered in with a landing-net, and a few days later finds itself swimming about in a tank.

Another way in which to catch fish that will not bite is to stupefy them by putting some drug into the water in which they live. In India the branches of the took, an evergreen tree, are used for this purpose; in the Himalayas the seeds of the chaulmoogra are crushed and dropped into the pool, while the Indians of South America use the bark of the angostura tree. In every case the result is the same. The fish are stupefied, they float up to the top and can be lifted out with a landing-net. Poachers in Europe sometimes put quicklime into the rivers with a similar purpose, but this is a wicked business, for it kills all the fish, great or small.

One of our photographs shows a fisherman on horseback. He is a native of that huge swamp of South America known as El Gran Chaco. In summer, when the water dries up, the fish burrow deep into the mud, and the fisherman, riding over

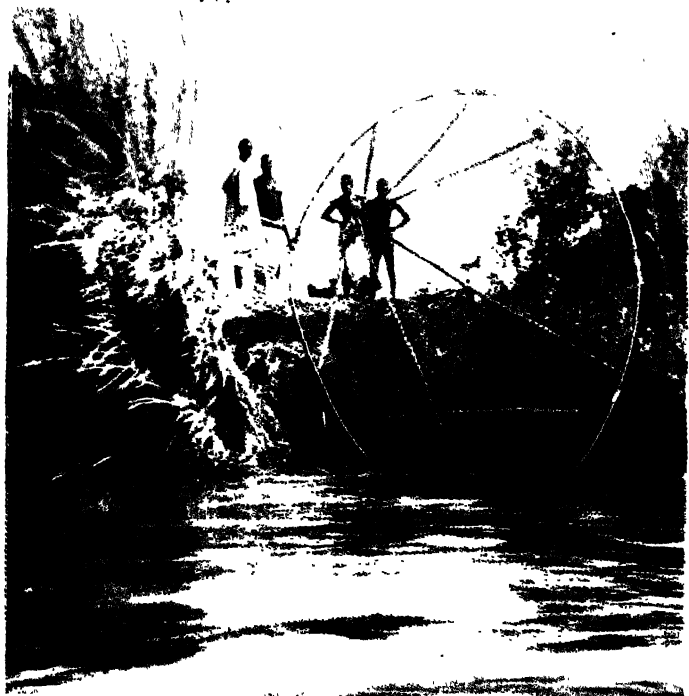
FOOD FROM THE WATERS

the caked surface, prods with his spear and brings up the creatures from the clay. In some of the African rivers which flow into the Niger there lives a kind of large mud fish which has a similar habit of burying itself during the dry season. The negroes turn out with spades and pickaxes and dig for these fish.

Writing of this curious form of sport, Captain Cuninghame says: "The dust rises in clouds. Presently one of the men gives a shout and pulls out something which looks like a large, roughly-rounded brick. Break this, and inside is a fish, black and scaleless, and tightly tucked up

in its hermetically sealed case. Here it has lain concealed through the drought, waiting for the rains. There are thousands of its fellows lying at from one to two feet below the sun-baked mud, and while their appearance is repulsive, they are good eating and make a welcome change from the everlasting palm-oil chop of the African bush. One advantage is that these fish are so easy to keep. So long as the case of clay is kept unbroken, the fish remains alive and so forms a valuable store of fresh food."

Besides the South American native already mentioned, there are other peoples



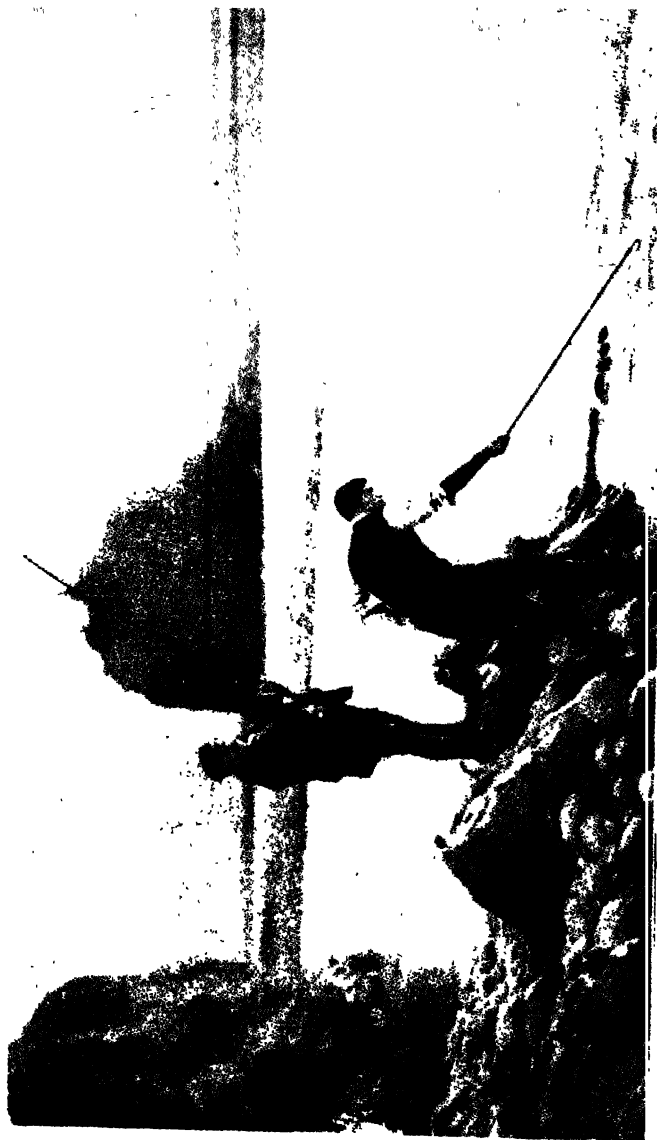
NET USED IN THE CROCODILE-HAUNTED WATERS OF THE BENUE
The fish net made and used by these black fishermen is enormous. They are Nigerian negroes, living on the banks of the Benue, the largest tributary of the Niger. The river teems with fish, and many different kinds are caught in these huge, cone-shaped nets, which are lowered into the water with the wide mouth facing up-stream.



Michells

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY, THE SWIFTEST RIVER IN BRITAIN

The Spey is famous for the salmon that haunt its rapid waters from autumn to spring. The fisherman, wading into the river, casts his "fly" of brightly coloured feathers so that it drops near a likely place for a salmon. When a fish is hooked it makes a furious fight for life, and it may be many hours before it is safely landed.



BY THE WAIKOU RIVER: NEW ZEALAND ANGLERS FISH FOR THE BROWN TROUT WITH ROD AND GAFF
Trout are not natives of the rivers of New Zealand, but they have been introduced there in such large numbers that most streams are now well stocked. The Waikou River, which reaches the sea on the east coast of South Island, is a favourite fishing-ground for anglers after

as we find in page 913, even these are dwarfed by Alaskan trout. The gaff is a hook fitted with a handle and is used for landing the fish.

FOOD FROM THE WATERS

who fish on horseback. On the coast of California, after a heavy gale, enormous numbers of squid are sometimes seen washing about among the pounding breakers. When such news comes to the town every man or boy who can beg or borrow a horse goes galloping down to the beach, armed with a six-foot bamboo at the end of which is a strong, steel hook. They dash into the surf, and driving the sharp steel into the squirming, jelly-like creatures, haul them ashore one by one, and leave them lying high and dry upon the beach, pumping ink and water, and with their long, sucker-rimmed arms coiling about like snakes.

Cossacks, too, fish for sturgeon on horseback. When the frost of winter covers the rivers with thick ice these men cut an opening from shore to shore at some point where the current is strong, then stretch a heavy net across the stream. Mounting their ponies, they ride up the banks for four or five miles. Here the band turns, and, forming a long line across the ice-covered stream, comes thundering down at full gallop, the iron-shod hoofs ringing upon the hard-frozen surface. Terrified by the din, the sturgeon dart wildly ahead in a mad effort to escape, and presently plunge in hundreds into the waiting net.

Another kind of human fishing-net may be seen at Tetuila, one of the smaller Pacific islands. At certain times of the year large shoals of fish come swimming through the shallow waters near the coast. When a shoal is sighted a gong is beaten in the village, and the men of the place, about two hundred in all, come flocking down to the shore, each armed with a



OFF ON HORSEBACK TO SPEAR FISH

In Paraguay, in South America, is a region, partly swamp, partly desert, called El Gran Chaco. When the dry weather comes the fish in the parched swamps burrow into the mud, and Lengua Indians prod for them with fine spears.

branch of the coconut palm. With these in their hands they plunge into the water and swim out some distance. Then all turn, and form a close semicircle, each holding his palm branch perpendicularly downwards in the water. The leader gives a signal and all approach the shore, swimming slowly and driving before them the whole shoal of fish. Presently the leaping, silvery mass grounds in shoal water; the natives break line and dash in, flinging the fish high upon the beach.

The Annamese go fishing with bows and arrows. In the clear water of the Songkoi,



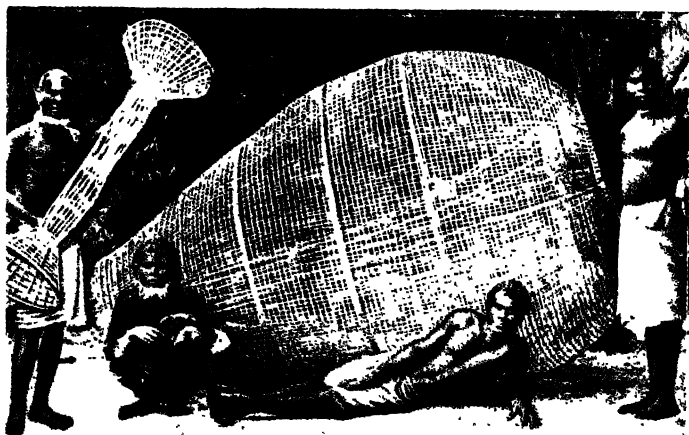
AT LOW TIDE THE BORNEAN FISHERMAN SETS HIS NETS

Fishing-nets used off the coast of Borneo are V-shaped. When the tide goes out and leaves stretches of shallow water, the fishermen drive into the sand two rows of posts, submerged in this photograph, that converge towards the mouth of the net into which they thus lead many a fish coming inshore at high water.



FISHERMEN OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG AND THEIR QUEER CRAFT

The Chinese are an ingenious nation, and have devised a very curious fishing-craft. The net is hung from long poles, and when out of use hangs from the top of the mast, so that the boat seems to be winged like a butterfly. The net is worked on a hinge, and is raised and lowered by means of a lever arm.



TRAP WITH WHICH THE MEN OF NEW BRITAIN CATCH THEIR FISH

This extraordinary contraption has been invented by the people of a South Sea island near New Guinea. It is made of split cane, with a hole at each end, and is, in principle, something like a double lobster-pot, for the fish find it easy to get in but impossible to get out. The trap is taken into deep water and anchored there.

or Red River, the fish are visible at considerable depths, and, armed with his bow, and long, well-barbed arrows, the native stands in the prow of his canoe and transfixes one after another with amazing accuracy of aim. The photograph in page 908 shows natives of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, shooting fish with bows and arrows in a tidal creek.

Off the Irish coast, sun-fish are frequently killed with a rifle as they bask on the surface, and the usual way of killing the great halibut of the Pacific coast after they have been hooked is with a pistol bullet. These monsters sometimes run up to a weight of one thousand pounds, and, except for sharks, are probably the biggest fish caught with hook and line. But owing to their monstrous size it is dangerous to attempt to get them into the boat until they are quite dead, and that is the reason why a bullet is fired through its head before the fish is lifted aboard.

Large sun-perch are shot in the reedy shallows around the great lakes of South Florida. The fish get left in the pools

when the lake sinks during the winter drought, and if not killed, die as the pools dry up. It is a common sport to shoot them with a heavy revolver or rifle.

All the Florida lakes are infested with gar-fish, a sort of exaggerated pike, useless for food, intensely destructive to the black bass and sometimes attaining a length of six feet. These are caught in curious fashion. To a number of dry gourds or corked bottles short lengths of hooked line are attached, each hook baited with raw meat or a small bream. The gourds are set afloat at a little distance from shore. Presently the watching fisherman sees one bob. Then the gourd starts out on a rapid voyage across the lake, dipping and plunging violently. It takes hard rowing to catch it up, and nimbleness is needed to seize the scudding float. Then the long-billed, snapping monster is hauled up, killed with a heavy blow on the head, and flung overboard.

Gar and other fish are also taken in North American lakes and rivers by "gigging." The gig is simply a trident fish-spear, and is used at night. An iron



RAWN' FISHERS FROM ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL DO NOT SEEM TO MIND SKIRTS WET TO THE KNEES
 most of us who have been to the seaside know the delights of paddling
 in the shallow stretches of water left by the ebb tide, and searching
 with small nets for agile, little, grey shrimps. These French women,
 who live in a small town called Berck-sur-Mer, on the coast of Picardy,
 on their backs they carry big baskets in which to put their catch.



SETTING TRAPS FOR UNWARY FISH IN A SHALLOW ANNAMSE RIVER

Fish is one of the main foods of the people of Annam. Fleets of keel-less sampans reap a harvest from the deep waters of the sea; nets are lowered in the estuaries; and various kinds of trap are set in the higher reaches of the rivers. Some are shaped like lobster-pots and some are of bamboo canes, ingeniously arranged.

brazier is fitted in the bow of a boat, and filled with resinous pine-knots, which blaze up fiercely. One man paddles gently in the stern; the other stands in the bow, gig in hand, and peers down into the depths of the brownish yet clear water. When a fish is seen he must strike hard and true.

Off the Jamaican coast the red snapper is a common and favourite fish. It can be taken either by net or hook. But there is one form of fishing for snapper which is so odd that I would have hesitated to believe it had I not seen it myself. I went out one night from Kingston with a coloured fisherman, who took no fishing tackle except a large club. We rowed about two miles out, then in the moonlight we saw the calm surface of the water ruffled by a shoal of fish. The negro hastily pulled to the spot, and dropping his oars, began pounding violently upon the side of the boat with his club. Instantly the air was thick with leaping fish, several of which fell floundering into the boat.

When the school had passed nearly a score of fine snappers lay in the boat!

Poachers sometimes succeed in killing every fish in a salmon pool by means of dynamite. The same method is extensively used off the shores of the French island of New Caledonia. A cartridge is flung into the middle of a shoal, and presently there is a hillock of white foam, and then the water is sprinkled with the pale-coloured bellies of dying fish, chiefly a sort of mackerel, from two pounds to six pounds in weight. The natives then spring overboard, and gather their catch with all speed. They must waste no time, for otherwise the sharks will reap the benefit, and perhaps devour a fisherman or two into the bargain.

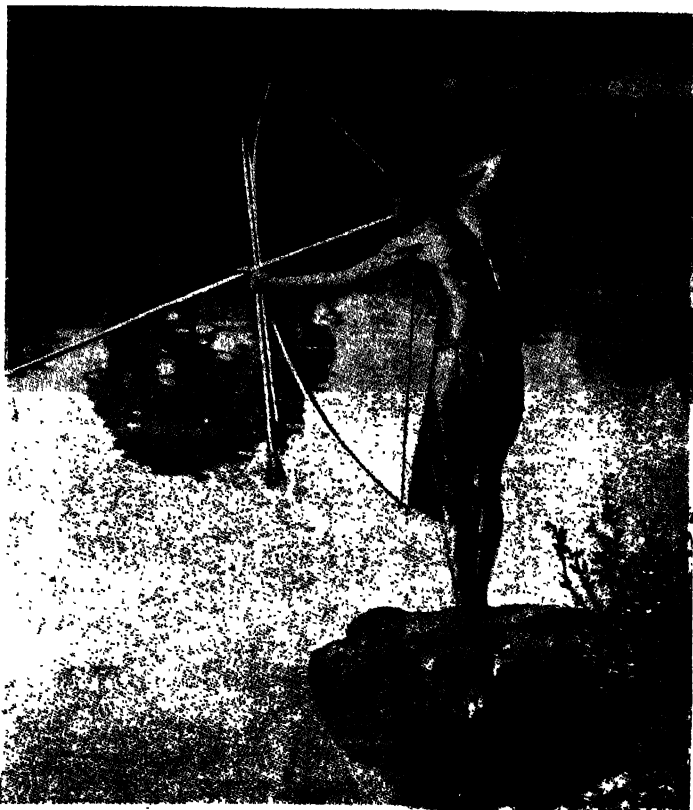
A few years ago two young students of Stanford University in California, made a winter visit to San Miguel Island, in the Gulf of Panama, to collect rare fish. They had armed themselves with dynamite cartridges and dip-nets. Their first shot was a great success, and they half filled



RIVER FISHING IN CHINA IS NOT A SPORT BUT AN INDUSTRY
 This Chinese woman catching fish from the river bank has a very unwieldy and somewhat heavy net. It is made from a large square of net fastened at each corner to a bamboo rod, all four of which are bound to the end of a stout pole. It is curiously like one made in far-away Hungary by the fishermen of Lake Balaton.



FISH THAT COMES TO THE CHINAMAN'S NET
 The Chinese are, for the most part, a poverty-stricken people, and they are therefore very thrifty. They even carry fish into their flooded rice-fields, and then, when the fish have multiplied, go a-fishing for them with hand-nets stretched on bamboo frames. The wicker fish basket this youth carries on his back is shaped somewhat like a bottle.



WAPISIANA HUNTER WHOSE PREY ARE THE RIVER FISHES

This brown-skinned fisherman of British Guiana has a very long arrow in his bow. The arrowhead separates from the shaft when the fish is struck, but as it is attached to a float by a cord, the archer does not lose his prey. The Indians of this part of South America sometimes use a hook to catch fish and sometimes poison the water.

the boat with all kinds of curious sea monsters, large and small. But the second explosion was too near the boat, and they had to row desperately to get into shallow water before their craft filled and sank.

A party of young Australians who tried a similar method of fishing had a still narrower escape. Wanting a fish dinner, they filled a bottle with dynamite, attached a waterproof fuse, and flung it into a pool in a creek. One of them had a retriever who had been taught to fetch

anything thrown into the water, and the bottle had hardly touched the surface before the dog was after it. They shouted at him to leave it alone, but he paid no attention and soon was swimming shorewards with the bomb in his mouth. The young men ran for their lives, and the poor dog, thinking it all a great joke, came galloping after. He was within twenty yards of the hindmost when there was a stunning crash. Two of the men were thrown down, but not badly hurt.



STRANGE LITTLE MEN OF THE INDIAN OCEAN, WHO GO OUT FISHING WITH BOWS AND ARROWS

Between the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean is a group of about two hundred islands called the Andaman Islands. The native inhabitants are Negritos, little, frizzy-haired people, rarely as much as five feet in height, who are nothing like the natives of the mainland

or of the Nicobar Islands farther south. It must be very difficult to aim at swimming fish—impossible, one would have thought unless the water be very still. But the only way an Andaman Islander can catch fish is by shooting them. The boat they use is a dug-out canoe

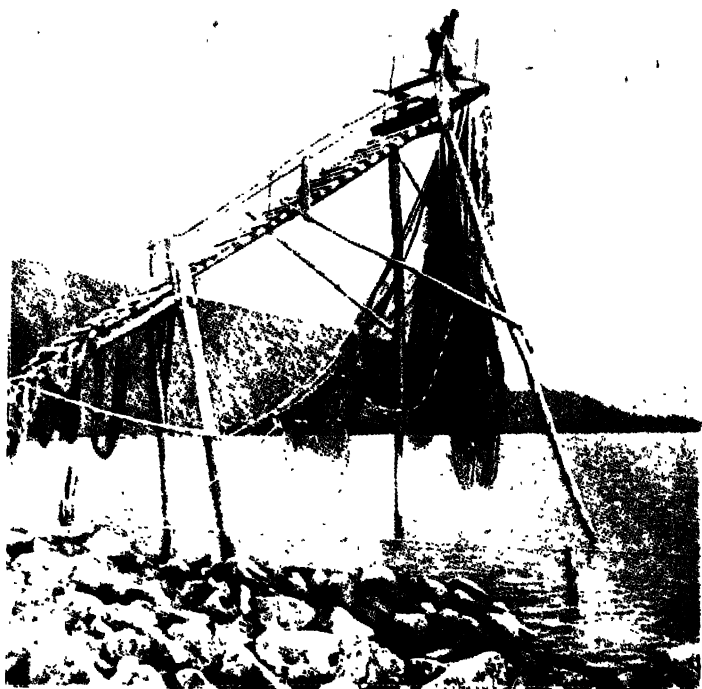


IN HIS DIZZY EYRIE ABOVE THE ADRIATIC THE ISTRIAN FISHERMAN WAITS FOR A SHOAL OF TUNNY

The Mediterranean and the Adriatic seas are the chief homes of tunny fish, which, as we may find in page 912, are also caught in the Atlantic. The fisherman does not cast his line from this lofty perch. He is hoping to see a shoal of the fish coming inshore, that they may enter the nets he has set to trap them, and he has climbed to this great height because he knows that only when he is high above the water can he see into its depths. The ladder looks very unsecure, but is made fast with ropes, and is very like those used by Norwegian fishermen.



ONLY AN EXPERIENCED CANOEIST WOULD DARE TO FISH IN THE TUMULTUOUS WATERS OF ST. MARY'S RIVER. Chippewa Indians are adventurous fishermen. They go out fishing vessel between the rocks, and one fishing with a wide-mouthed, long-handled net. We can see that the fishermen on the left has just caught two fish. Because of these dangerous rapids two canals, the Sault Ste. Marie Canals, have been constructed to connect the lakes.



AFTER NORWEGIAN SALMON AT BALHOLM ON THE GREAT SOGNEFJORD
 After spending the summer in salt water, salmon return in the autumn to their fresh-water breeding grounds. Then the Norwegian fisherman gets ready his nets and lowers them from a tiny platform, perched on posts high above the fjord and reached by a slanting ladder. The fjords of Norway are famed for their salmon fisheries.

Speaking of fishing with explosives calls to mind the French war against porpoises. The porpoises so nearly destroyed the sardine fishery that the Government armed the fishermen with rifles, and afterwards sent a torpedo boat to help to exterminate these sea-robbers. Small torpedoes loaded with gun-cotton were found very useful, and already the plague has been much abated.

Animals are sometimes used to assist their masters in the capture of fish. There are many cases on record of otters having been domesticated and trained to catch fish and bring them out of the water. Off the coast of Labrador the fisher-folk have

taught their dogs to help them. These men are all hand-liners, and their chief harvest is the cod. Each man uses two lines baited with a small fish called a capelin, and when cod are plentiful it takes but a very short time to fill the dory, the small boat used by them.

The cod swim at a great depth, and the rapidity with which they are hauled in exhausts them as much as if they had been played for half an hour. But lifting huge cod into the boat by a single hook is not always an easy matter, and gaffs and landing-nets are unknown to these hardy sons of the sea. Very often a large fish that is only lightly hooked will



WHEN THE FLEET COMES IN WITH A HAUL OF TUNNY FISH, BOYS OF CONCARNEAU WILLINGLY LEND A HAND
London
In Brittany, that picturesque north-west corner of France, is the old town of Concarneau, part of which at high tide is surrounded by water. Most of the people who live there are fishermen who search the waters of the Atlantic for sardines and mackerel, and for the tunny, the big cousin of the mackerel, which is not caught in nets, but by lines attached to stout poles, that are drawn through the water as the boat travels. A cruise after these fish lasts several days, and when the fishers reach harbour they generally have a large catch.



UNIVERSITY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

4 DAYS CATCH OF TROUT ENOUGH FISH TO FEED AN ESKIMO FAMILY AND ITS DOGS FOR ONE DAY

When spring comes in Alaska, and the snows melt and the ice on river and sea breaks up, then the fishermen of these cold lands are sure thought to be of good size, we realise how very large that is. Alaskan trout are not so shy as European ones—that is how such a large catch as this is possible. Eskimo people live very largely on fish.

FOOD FROM THE WATERS

break away upon being lifted, and lie feebly floundering on the surface. Then, without a word from his master, the dog springs overboard, and, seizing the fish, brings it rapidly back to the boat.

The Chinese use cormorants to catch fish for them, a metal ring being fixed around the neck of the bird to prevent it from swallowing its catch. The Chinese Government imposes a tax upon men who use ten or more of these birds, and the extent of the industry may be judged from the fact that forty-two thousand people pay this tax.

The fishing wheels used for taking salmon on the Columbia River are at once simple and ingenious. The wheel consists of three receivers, which are enclosed on three sides by wire netting. As the strong current revolves the wheel each receiver is dipped in turn, and scoops up the salmon as they try to leap the rapids. As

the receiver continues its upward journey the salmon slip down towards the axle, until at last, just before reaching the centre of the wheel, they are shot out on to a wooden slide or trough.

Even in British waters we come across odd methods of fishing. On lakes where for any reason it is difficult to cast a long line, or where the fish feed out of reach from the shore, kites have been employed.

Apart from such crude devices as liming or poisoning the water there are many poaching methods for taking fish. One which is still worked upon some English canals is worth recording. The bargee tows behind his barge a toy boat. Any one seeing this would simply think that the boat was just a toy belonging to the man's children; but, as a matter of fact, to the little craft is attached a spinning bait by a long line, and in this way many a fat jack is caught.



FISHING IS COLD WORK IN ALASKA DURING THE LONG WINTER

This Eskimo woman certainly needs her thick fur coat, fur gloves and furry hood, for she would otherwise be very cold as she squats upon the frozen sea, fishing through a little hole in the ice. It would seem that the fish of these cold waters readily take any bait that is offered, for she has made a good catch.

Lonely Islands of the Atlantic

SPECKS OF LAND AMID WATERY WASTES

Stretching from the icy shores of Greenland to the even less hospitable lands of the Antarctic that we have read about in an earlier chapter, the vast Atlantic Ocean is dotted with many thousands of islands, large and small. Some people have thought that they are but the hill-tops of a lost continent submerged under the waves. The more important of these islands, such as Iceland and the West Indies, are described elsewhere. Those that we read of here are the smaller, though not less interesting, ones. One was the last home of an emperor, another ranked for many years as a British warship, others are pathetically lonely or romantically lovely.

THERE are many thousands of islands of varying size in the great Atlantic Ocean, but so vast is this area of water that on the map most of them look little more than mere dots. When we remember that this, the second largest of our oceans, is nearly thirty million square miles in extent, we can understand how ships might sail across it in all directions without ever sighting one of these islands.

Because the Atlantic is so far-reaching—it touches the Polar regions north and south, and the Equator is a little below its centre—we find its clusters of islands both in cool and in warm waters. There is naturally a great variation in their form and appearance. Very many are volcanic in origin—that is, they have been thrown up from the ocean depths by some convulsion of Nature in past ages—and others are made of coral. Some of the islands are well covered with vegetation and are fertile and beautiful; others are nothing but bare rock, and it is difficult to see what attraction they have for those people who dwell upon them.

In the Wake of Sea-Rovers

With some of the larger islands, such as Iceland, Newfoundland, the Bahamas and others of the West Indian group, it is not our intention to deal, since they are described in other pages. We will confine ourselves to the less important, but none the less interesting islands which are scattered over the waters, from the Azores in the north to South Georgia at the opposite extreme.

If we follow in the wake of some of the old sea-rovers who, centuries ago,

made daring voyages from Europe in their small vessels, and if we sail due westward from Portugal, we shall find the Azores lying directly in our track. This group of islands was given its name by the Portuguese seamen who discovered it in the fifteenth century. The word "azores," which means "hawks," was applied to the flocks of buzzards that were found there.

Peaks of Drowned Mountains

The archipelago, as it is styled, really consists of the summits of a chain of submarine volcanoes. They are not generally active, fortunately for the inhabitants, only about three of them having been disturbed by eruptions or earthquakes within historical times. At one period, according to scientists, the islands were widely covered by forests, but now there are large areas of open land under cultivation on St. Michael's, the largest of the group, and on Terceira, Pico and Fayal, which come next in importance.

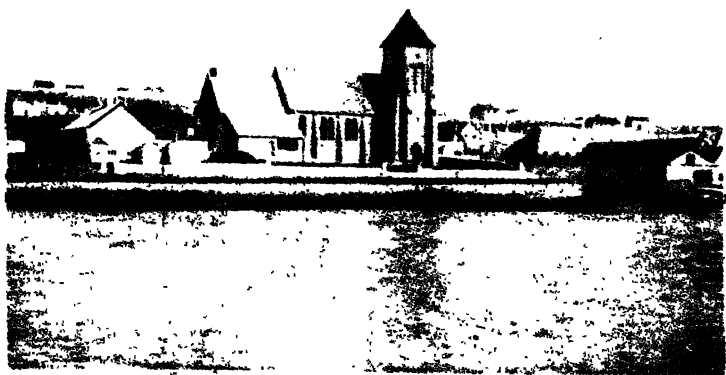
An interesting fact in connexion with the Azores is that they play an important part as a meteorological station. They would seem to have been placed out in the Atlantic to serve as a sentinel for the purpose of warning Europe of storms that are brewing in the ocean. There are observatories at Ponta Delgada in St. Michael's, on the island of Flores, and at Horta, in Fayal, all under the supervision of the Portuguese government.

One of the ocean phenomena for which the observers at these stations are on the watch is the "houle." This is the name given to a remarkable wave that rises out of the sea, apparently without cause,



ON VOLCANIC ST. THOMAS, AN ISLAND THAT TOUCHES THE EQUATOR

A hundred and seventy miles from western Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea, lies the mountainous little island of St. Thomas, or San Thomé, a Portuguese possession. It is very hot and very wet, and cocoa and rubber trees thrive, also coffee bushes. Here we see a "drying floor," where the beans out of the great cocoa pods dry in the sun.



STANLEY, SOLE TOWN OF THE BLEAK, TREELESS FALKLAND ISLANDS

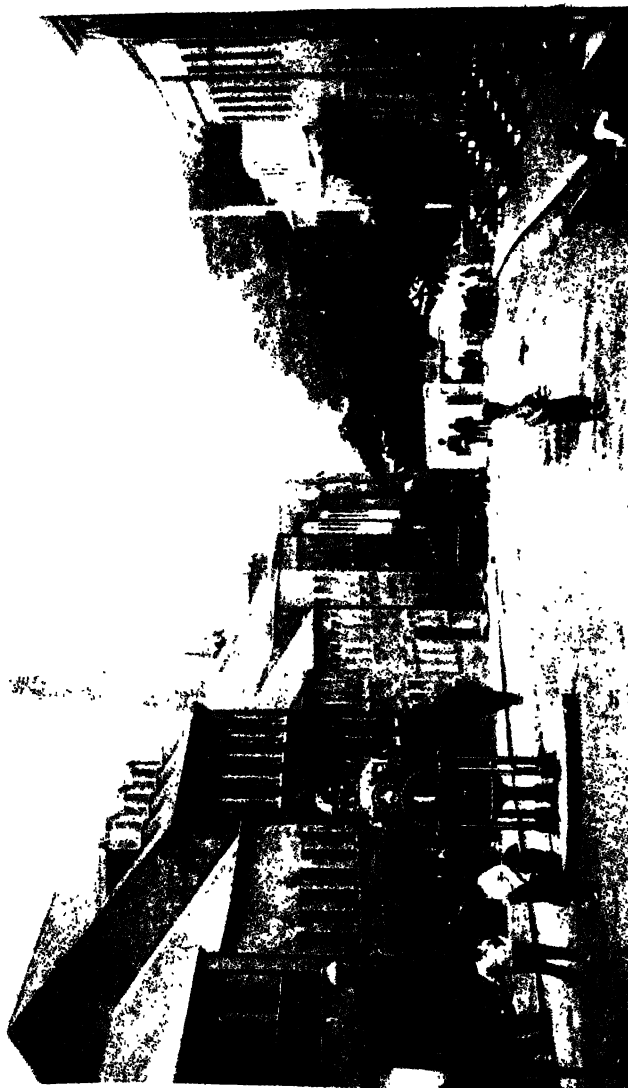
Far away in the South Atlantic, about 300 miles east of America's southernmost point, are the bleak and uninviting Falkland Islands, a British Crown Colony which, though it has only one town, yet boasts a cathedral, Christchurch. There are no trees on these islands--indeed, nothing much grows except grass--and they are swept by strong winds.



M. H. A.

ST. HELENA, THE BRITISH ISLAND WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED IN EXILE

Jamestown on St. Helena is built in a narrow ravine between two high hills. St. Helena is 800 miles from Ascension, the nearest island, and 1,200 miles from Africa, the nearest mainland. It was once covered with forests, but these have been destroyed, and now, especially round the coast, the soil is poor and nothing of great value can be grown.



QUIET STREET IN JAMESTOWN, WHERE HALF THE PEOPLE OF ST. HELENA LIVE

Jamestown is not only the capital of St. Helena, it is also the only town, and houses about half of the population. In 1658 the East India Company, soon after it had acquired the island, erected a fort here that was called James, after the Duke of York, and round that fort Jamestown was built. It has a very good harbour, and at one time was an important port of call for Eastern trading vessels. Since the Suez Canal was opened, however, it has lost its importance, and is now a very quiet and sleepy place, as this photograph suggests.



E N A

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, A VERY LONELY OUTPOST OF BRITAIN

The group of three small islands known as Tristan da Cunha is two thousand miles from South Africa, and twice that distance from South America. It is inhabited by only about a hundred people, all of whom live in Edinburgh, the settlement we show here. The island is named after the Portuguese sailor who discovered it.

somewhere between the Azores and Iceland. It gathers strength as it goes, and sweeps, at a speed that varies from four to twenty miles an hour, upon some coast hundreds of miles distant.

The "houle" does not always announce its coming by a storm or similar sign. It will arise suddenly on a calm day, when the sky is cloudless, and ships riding at anchor in open roadsteads may be flung high up on the beach and wrecked. When the warning of this treacherous wave is given, vessels at sea in the vicinity of the Azores have several good harbours in the islands to which they can flee for safety.

To English people the island in the group whose name is most familiar is Flores. Here it was, in 1591, that Sir Richard Grenville, that famous old sea-dog of Queen Elizabeth's time, fought a fleet of Spanish ships in his little vessel, the "Revenge." Every boy and girl knows Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge" which commemorates this splendid deed.

Supposing that we were not venture-some enough to sail so far into mid-ocean, but were content to make a shorter voyage from the Spanish or Portuguese coast, we might turn our vessel's head in the direction of Madeira. This beautiful,

well-wooded island is one of a group of five islands, of which only two are inhabited. It is a Portuguese possession, but a curious story is told in an old chronicle which attributes its discovery to one of our own countrymen. According to this account, a certain Robert Machin, in the year 1370, ran away from England with his lady love in a small boat, intending to sail for France. Instead, he was blown out of his course and came to Madeira. Here the lady died and was buried, and Machin erected a cross to her memory. In 1420 the island was re-discovered by the Portuguese.

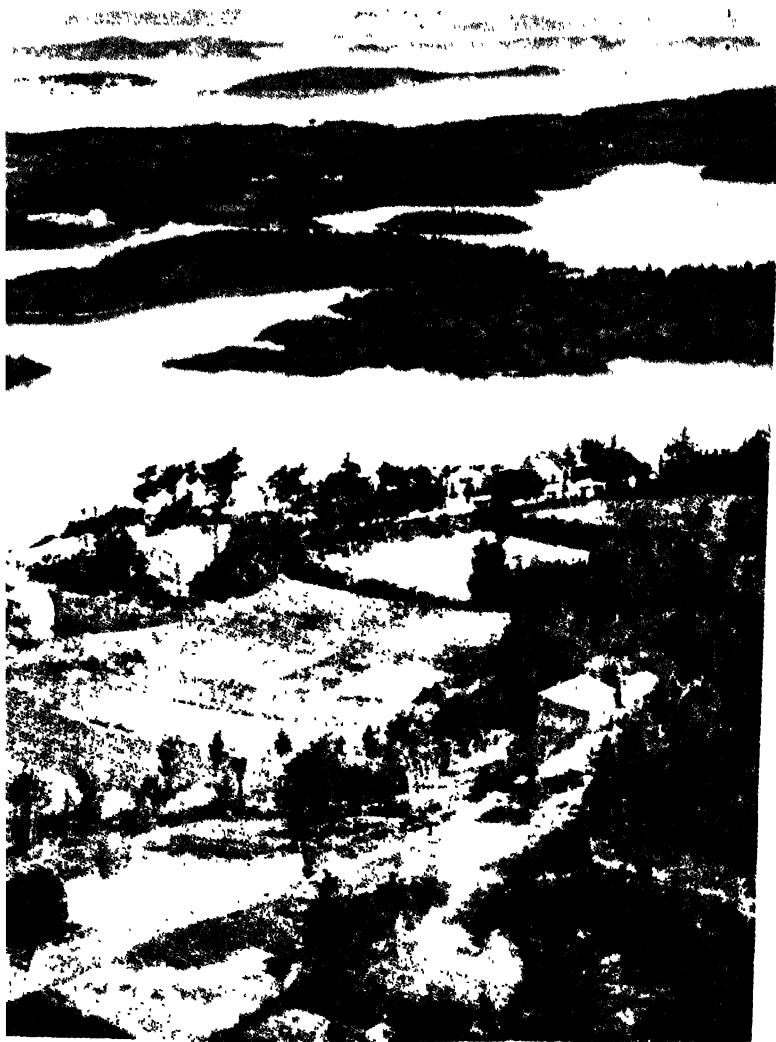
To most people Madeira is familiar as a popular health resort. It is a warm and sunny island which has much to attract the visitor. Its mountainous scenery is grand and beautiful, and in addition to the picturesqueness of its gorges and woods, its caves and bubbling springs, it possesses a very fertile soil, on which coffee and tobacco flourish amid an abundance of fruit and flowers and tropical ferns. For centuries the vine has been grown on the island and Madeira wine has been famous. Sugar-cane growing has been attempted, but not very successfully.

The chief town of Madeira is Funchal, and here there takes place annually a

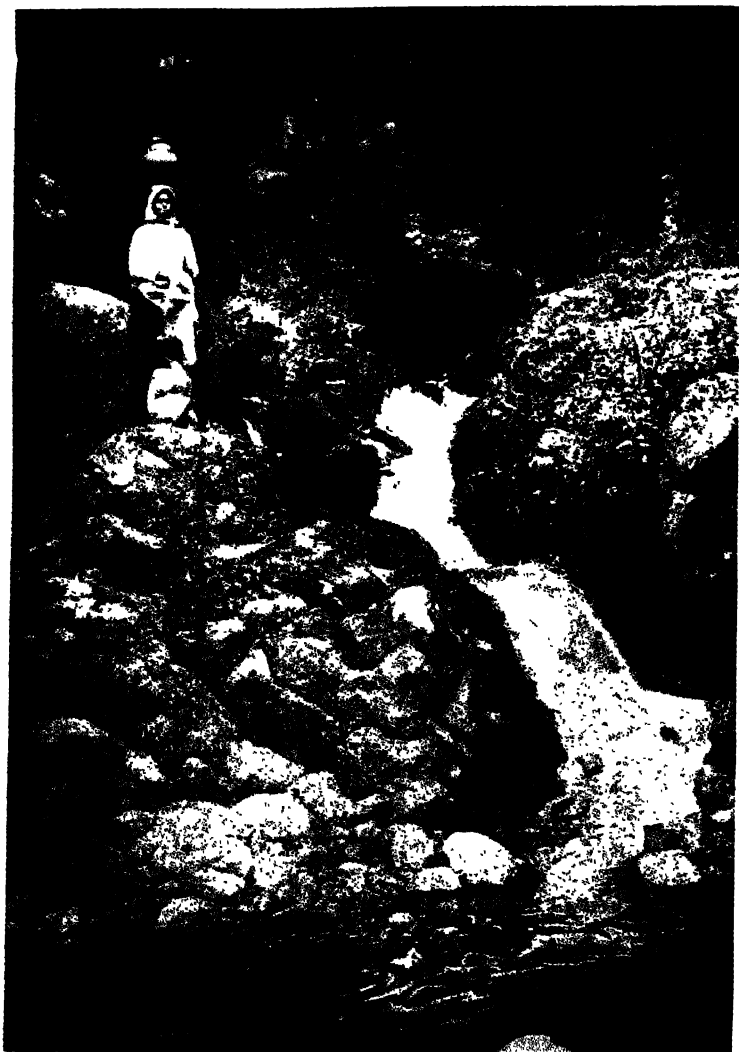


GREEN ISLETS FRINGE THE EMERALD ISLES OF BERMUDA—

The reefs and islets that lie off the coasts of the Bermudas are very beautiful, for, like the mainland, they are also fresh and green, but they make it very dangerous for ships to approach the shore except through a few channels. Indeed, the first three people to land on the Bermudas—a Spaniard and two Englishmen—did so because they were



—LITTLE, LOW-LYING LANDS WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER
shipwrecked there. Sir George Somers took possession of the islands for England. The Bermudas need their rather heavy rainfall, because they have no streams or wells. They are to the United States very much what the Channel Islands and Scilly Isles are to England—for they send to her markets early potatoes, tomatoes and flowers.



BY A SPRING NEAR LAS PALMAS IN BEAUTIFUL GRAND CANARY

The Canary Islands, a province of Spain, get their name, as we explain in page 923, from a species of big dog that used to live there. On Grand Canary, where is this pretty spring at which the peasant women fill their pitchers, the most delicious oranges in the world are grown. They are so thin-skinned, however, that they cannot be exported.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

very curious celebration. On the last day of the year, shortly before midnight, the whole of the valley in which the capital lies seems to burst into flame. It is a magnificent firework display, in which the entire population joins. Coloured lights gleam on all sides, rockets, Roman candles and fountains of fire flash into brilliance here and there, while an added effect is given by the illuminated boats which dart about the harbour. No one who has seen Funchal thus lit up can forget the sight.

Very near to Madeira, to the southward, are the Canary Islands, which were known to the Romans and one of which was called "Insula Canaria"—the isle of dogs—after a species of dog found there. So the group got its name. From the Canaries first came the little yellow bird which has been given the name of the country in which it dwelt. In its native home the canary is coloured more like our greenfinch.

Known to the Romans also as the "Fortunate Isles," the Canaries have had a stirring history. They have been fought for by French, Spanish, Portuguese and English. Over a hundred years ago they were created a province of Spain; later their ports were declared free; and in 1883-4 the laying of the submarine cable linked up these ocean islands with the rest of the world.

The Canaries are of volcanic origin, like the Azores and most of the other Atlantic islands. The famous peak of Tenerife, which rises from the centre of that island, is still an active volcano. During the more recent disturbances several outlets were made some distance below the crater itself, and from these there often come little puffs of smoke and steam, which are lively evidence of its hidden fires.

If the Canaries were of old the "Fortunate Islands," they might very properly



ISLAND ROAD BETWEEN WALLS OF CORAL

The Bermuda Islands have been built up on submerged rock by myriads upon myriads of tiny organisms called polyps, that construct a hard covering for themselves out of the lime in the sea.

now be called the "Fruit Islands," for from them comes a great part of our banana supply. The islands are also rich in other fruits, and, as in Madeira, the grape-vine has been grown for centuries.

One notable feature of these islands is the large herds of goats to be seen there, and we may sometimes see an extraordinarily athletic feat performed by the men who look after them. In the gorge known as the Great Caldera of La Palma, for instance, where the rocks are very steep and dangerous, the goat-herd will jump after a troublesome goat that has got away to some crag many feet below. As he descends he will strike at the animal with his "lanza," a long wooden pole, but even then will be able to break his fall by sliding down the "lanza" the moment it touches the ground. It is said that these men are so expert in pole-jumping that they can even spring from the top of a house into the street without injuring themselves.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

A strange custom among the people of the neighbouring island of Gomera is that of signalling by means of whistling. Indeed, the peasants are such extraordinary whistlers, that they can make themselves heard at a distance of three or four miles, and they have developed a whistling language so that conversation can be carried on. In the country districts it is possible to send a message such as the following: "Pedro, the English visitor is leaving to-morrow. Can you take his baggage down to the boat?"

Let us sail still farther south, where the Atlantic makes a sweep round the coast of Morocco, until we come to Cape Verde, in Senegambia. Off this part of West Africa, three hundred miles out at sea, lie the islands named after the cape. They are fourteen in number. Being of the same volcanic character as the

Canaries, the islands present a bare and uninviting appearance as viewed from the sea. This is deceptive; on landing, we find that the valleys of the interior are green and fertile. Coffee is largely grown here, the biggest Cape Verde island, Santiago, having a good export trade in this berry.

Far more interesting to us, however, is the island of Ascension, that lonely rock which rises steeply from the South Atlantic, about half-way between the continents of Africa and South America. This island, so scientists say, is probably only the summit of a huge volcanic mass, and whatever animals or plants it may have possessed at one time have been completely exterminated by the lava from eruptions.

In history, Ascension has a particular connexion with Napoleon. When, after



WHERE PEOPLE LIVE IN HOMES CREATED BY EXTINGUISHED VOLCANOES

The Canary Islands are all volcanic, and the lava that covers many of the steep hillsides is studded with caves. At Atalaya in Grand Canary the peasants, who are so poor that they must make the best of what Nature offers, have made these lava caves their homes. They have cut terraces in the hillside to make fields for their crops.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

Waterloo, the fallen French emperor was sent in exile to St. Helena, over seven hundred miles away to the south-east, it was feared that Ascension might be used by his friends with a view to effecting his rescue. So Great Britain occupied the island, and since then it has been one of our Atlantic possessions. Before that date, 1815, Ascension had remained uninhabited, except for a short period when Dampier, the buccaneer, and his crew, lived upon it after being shipwrecked. But the most picturesque feature of this ocean rock is the fact that for a long time it was under the control of the Admiralty. It actually figured in official books as a ship—"H.M.S. Ascension"—lying at anchor, so to speak, in latitude $7^{\circ} 57' S.$, longitude $14^{\circ} 22' W.$ Its commander was a naval captain, appointed by the governor of Gibraltar, and under him was a ship's company. This peculiar state of affairs came to an end in 1922, when the Admiralty handed over Ascension Island to the Colonial Office.

It is a lonely rock, the population consisting of the officials of the cable station and a hundred or so coloured people from the Guinea coast. The naval garrison which used to be stationed here has been withdrawn. About thirty-four square miles in extent, the island has little vegetation, but round the coast there is enough to support a few thousand sheep. Were it not for the turtles which frequent its shores the inhabitants might fare badly. These creatures find their way to Ascension to lay their eggs, and enough are killed to keep the islanders in turtle meat.

St. Helena, the island which we are next visiting, is another of the extinct volcano



QUAINT COSTUMES OF RICH CANARY PEASANTS

The Canary Islanders, some of whom we see here at the door of their dwelling on Tenerife, are darker than other Spaniards, because their ancestors intermarried with the natives, the Guanches, a Berber race from North Africa.

type. It is simply a point of rock rising straight from the depths of the ocean. As it is approached there is no sign of a sloping beach or shore, and it presents, indeed, a gloomy and forbidding appearance in the outlines of its coast. Nor does a closer examination do much to dispel this impression. There is very little soil on St. Helena that is suitable for growing flowers or vegetables. Only here and there, in some of the valleys between the great chasms in the rock, can any earth be found.

In the olden days, when the East India Company's ships used to pass that way, they called at the island to obtain fresh water. Nowadays its chief point of



LADY OF THE FAIR AZORES DRESSED FOR A RIDE

The ample cloak and hood of this lady form part of the riding habit fashionable among the natives of St. Michael's in the Azores, ten small islands in mid-Atlantic that belong to Portugal. The people of the Azores are very energetic and enterprising, and make the most of the rich soil of their islands, keeping herds of cattle and growing much fruit.



UNDERGROUND HOME OF A PEASANT FAMILY IN TENERIFE

Many of the poorest families of peasants in Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands, live in cavern-like dwellings bored into the solid rock. The climate of Tenerife is warm and healthy, so that such a home as we see above is not uncomfortable, since the door may be left open all day to admit light and fresh air.



SLEDGE THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF A CART IN MADEIRA

Very few of the roads in Madeira are suitable for wheeled traffic, and everywhere we see the native sledge, or "carro," which is used to transport goods or passengers about the island. Gliding easily on greased runners over the cobbles, these sledges are usually drawn by mules or oxen, like this one that bears a cask of the famous Madeira wine.



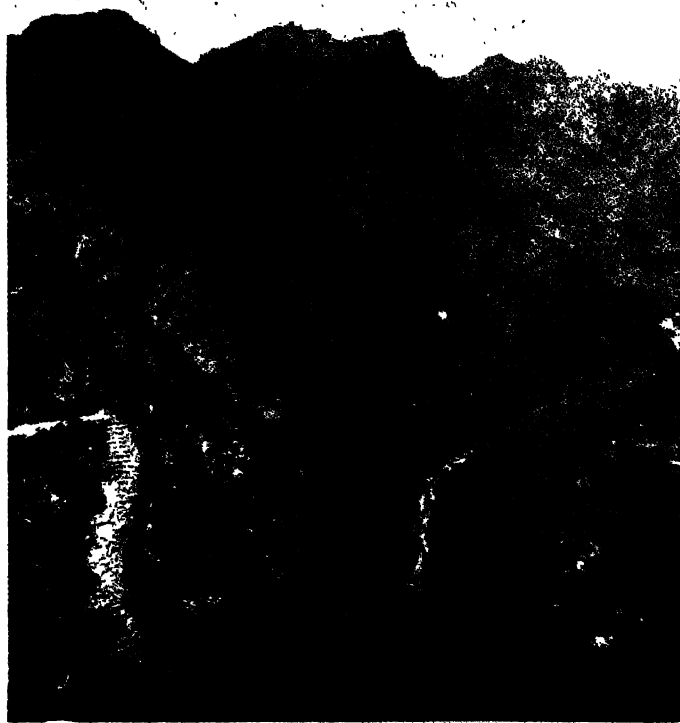
SLEDGING DOWN THE SUN-BAKED ROAD FROM THE RIBEIRO FRIO

Having ascended the steep road to the Ribeiro Frio, or "Cold River," in Madeira, on a "carro" drawn by oxen or mules, the traveller can return downhill in a sledge like this. It is steered round corners by ropes held by the two Portuguese guides, who, when the journey has been completed, will carry the sledge back to its starting point.



JAGGED SUMMIT OF A GREAT VOLCANO IN THE AZORES

The Gran Pico, a huge, volcanic mountain 7,613 feet high, dominates the rich, fruit-producing island of Pico in the Azores. A kind of hammock, such as we see here, slung on a stout pole carried by two men, is one of the few means of transport possible over the rough paths that cross the wild country in the interior of the island.



SAVAGE GRANDEUR AMONG THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF MADEIRA

In the centre of the Portuguese island of Madeira, which lies off the north-west coast of Africa, is a great tableland of rock, whose sides, rising to lofty, precipitous peaks, form deep gorges. The little white patches in the bottom right-hand corner are the buildings of one of the villages that nestle among these fearsome mountains.

interest is its association with Napoleon, who was kept a prisoner here from 1815 until his death six years later. "Longwood," the house which he occupied, is now visited every year by numbers of the emperor's admirers, mostly French people, of course; and the house and grounds, with the tomb in which he was first buried, have been transferred to the keeping of France, so that that country holds a piece

of territory in the heart of a British colony. For our next Atlantic islands let us sail up into the warmer region above the West Indies. Here lie the Bermudas, of whose "still vexed" waters Shakespeare wrote in "The Tempest." Even so far back as the poet's day these islands had an unenviable reputation for storms.

It was during one of these hurricanes, in 1609, that Admiral Sir George Somers



327 13
 ITS WHITE BUILDINGS SET IN TROPICAL GREENERY—FUNCHAL, THE LOVELY CAPITAL OF MADEIRA
 Funchal, its buildings a-gleam in the tropical sunlight, lies on a tree-
 covered slope above the calm, intensely blue waters of a beautiful bay.
 The streets of the city, which is important on account of its exports
 of fruit and wine, and as a health resort and a port of call for ships
 voyaging between Europe and Africa, are steep and narrow, and sledges
 of various kinds, some of which are like those shown in page 927, are
 largely used instead of wheeled vehicles. Behind Funchal loom
 cloud-capped peaks that add greatly to the beauty of the city.



THE LUSCIOUS GRAPES OF MADEIRA ARE PRESSED IN THE SHADE THROWN BY BROAD VINE LEAVES
 Autumn, when the wine for which Madeira is celebrated is made, is loaded with grapes, or turn the screw of the winepress by means of a long lever, as these men are doing. The vine, which is now a busy season for the countryfolk. The men, in their linen shirts and breeches, and the women, with their capes of blue or scarlet, make a largely grown in Madeira, was first introduced into the island by the Portuguese Prince, Henry the Navigator, in the fifteenth century.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

was snipwrecked there while on his way to Virginia. This disaster led to the settlement of the group, a Bermuda Company being formed three years later to send out colonists. On some old maps we find the name of the islands given as Somers; their more general title of Bermudas serves as a reminder of the Spanish seaman Juan Bermudez who first visited their shores early in the sixteenth century.

The Bermudas are coral islands, thus being distinct from the others with which we are dealing. They are some three hundred and fifty in number, but the total area does not exceed nineteen square miles. All round them are reefs, to a distance of thirty miles from the main group.

It is a remarkable fact that such coral-built islands should exist so far from the Equator, surrounded by living coral reefs, but they are right in the track of the Gulf Stream and so the surrounding waters are warm. The Bermudas are unique,

further, in that no native people or traces of them were found upon the islands.

Passing the little, isolated islands of Martin Vaz and Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, we will just take a peep at the Falklands, which lie off Patagonia, the southern extremity of South America. The principal islands are the East and West, but there are hundreds of smaller ones clustering in the straits between these two. Though there are no trees and the climate is cold and damp, the islands are well adapted for grazing, and many cattle and sheep are bred here.

Farther south, nearing the Antarctic, are South Georgia and the bare, wind-swept islands of the South Shetlands and South Orkneys. All are attached to the Crown Colony of the Falkland Islands. On the first-named, it will be remembered, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, died on his voyage to the South Pole and here he was buried.



MYRIAD SEABIRDS ON WHAT WAS ONCE H.M.S. ASCENSION

Ascension Island, whose total area is only thirty-four square miles, lies in the South Atlantic, and is a British possession. It abounds in wild life—rabbits, wild goats and birds. Those that we see here are known as "wideawakes." The island was until recently controlled by the British Admiralty and officially known as H.M.S. Ascension.

The Home of the Goths

BY FOREST, DALE AND WATERWAY THROUGH SWEDEN

Sweden is not a country that we hear very much about in the ordinary way. We learn about it at school—its position, products and towns—we know that it is part of Scandinavia and that Stockholm is its capital. But there is very much more to be learnt about it than that. Beautiful Sweden—a land of lakes and forests and rapid rivers, one of the lands of the midnight sun—was the home of the Goths, the place whence great hordes of "barbarians" swept over Europe from north to south and from east to west in the first centuries of the Christian era, conquering all who opposed them, even the legions of the Roman Emperors. And it was the home of the Vikings, tyrants of the Baltic Sea, whose brothers, the Vikings of Norway, attacked and plundered the shores of Saxon England. Though now few in number, the Swedish people have left their mark upon the world—for there is not one of the great ruling races, except the Japanese, who cannot, through Gothic ancestors of centuries ago, claim kindred with the Swedes of to-day.

SWEDEN belongs to the North. It commences in about the same latitude as the Cheviot Hills, which separate England from Scotland, and thence it stretches northwards for a thousand miles, beyond John o' Groats House, beyond the Orkneys and the Shetlands and the Farøes, beyond Iceland and the Arctic Circle, into that Polar region where the sun does not set in summer and does not rise in winter. The face of the country is turned towards the east, and the whole of its long coastline is washed by the tideless and almost fresh waters of the Baltic Sea.

From these facts we should expect Sweden to have a cold, almost an Arctic, climate, but this is far from being the case. In many respects Sweden has a much more delightful climate than our own land of mists and rains, of changeable summers and of raw, slushy winters. The rigours of its Arctic situation are modified by the warm influence of the Gulf Stream, and at the same time it has a continental climate, with much greater extremes of summer heat and winter cold than we experience in our Atlantic island.

Splendid Land for Winter Sports

In winter, the lakes and rivers of Sweden are frozen solid. Even the Gulf of Bothnia is frozen across from shore to shore, so that a Russian army once marched across the ice from Finland to attack Sweden. The land is buried beneath a thick carpet of snow. But the air is so

crisp, dry and exhilarating that the cold is not felt half as much as it is in Britain. It is the finest country in the world for winter sports.

The Canada of Europe

In summer it is like one great forest from end to end. The woods have a plentiful undergrowth of strawberries, bilberries, cloudberries, raspberries, currants and other wild fruits. Millions of flowers grow in the open glades. The warm air is balmy with the aromatic breath of the pines, and it is pleasant to take refuge from the almost tropic sun in the forest shade or in the cool waters of snow-fed rivers and lakes.

Sweden is the Canada of Europe, except in its lack of prairies. It has the same virgin forests, the same chains of great lakes connected by rapid rivers, the same Arctic north, though that of Sweden is inhabited by wandering Lapps instead of Eskimos. There is no need to cross the Atlantic in order to see the backwoods in all their native wildness. Here, within two days' sail of our shores, we may enter the primitive world, where the wild is still untamed, where man is still fighting the forces of Nature, where the axe of the woodman breaks the silence of ancient solitudes, where rafts of timber are floated down mighty rivers, and where the giant elk crashes through the birch woods and swims across the lakes.

It is most interesting to observe the changes in the character of the country.



WALL ROOM SERVES MANY PURPOSES IN THE HOMES OF THE STURDY DALE FOLK

Though many of the cottages in Dalecarlia are lit by electric light, as is this one, the kitchen, dining-room and bed-room may all be one room. In one corner we can see the stove and cooking pots, and across the room, in another corner, are the beds. These are rather like the floor, and help to give the room a bright, clean, homely air.



McLellan

TEA-PARTIES ARE AS MUCH ENJOYED BY THE LITTLE MAIDS OF LEKSAND AS BY OURSELVES

Dressed in tight bodices, beautiful flowered kerchiefs and striped aprons like those of their mothers and elder sisters, these four little girls of Leksand are enjoying a merry tea-party. There are not many holidays in Sweden, so that when they come the children hail them with great

THE HOME OF THE GOTHs

in the vegetation and in the people, as we make the thousand miles journey from the south to the north of Sweden. There are four well-marked zones, corresponding to the ancient divisions of Gothland, Svealand, Norrland and Lapland.

The Venice of Sweden

Gothland, or Scania as it is called in the extreme south, the ancient home of the Gothic race, is the richest and most fertile part of Sweden. It is a lowland country, broken by lakes and forests, and abounding in meadows and cornlands. Fruit trees flourish; also all the familiar broad-leaved trees of Britain—oak, beech, maple, elm and lime. Ancient castles, with round "Scandinavian" towers, and wonderful churches in the heavy, old-fashioned, northern Gothic style adorn the landscape. Round the coast many commercial and manufacturing towns have sprung up.

Northwards, a chain of great lakes, Vener, Vetter, Malar and others, stretches right across the country from east to west. At the eastern end of the chain is situated Stockholm, the capital, built, like Venice, upon a number of islands connected by bridges, a city of beautiful buildings and beautiful surroundings. At the western end is the great commercial port of Gothenberg. The lakes have been connected by canals, so that we can make the whole journey from Gothenberg to Stockholm by steamer—a fascinating voyage that has none of the terrors of sea travel.

Rivers and Forests of Norrland

Svealand stretches northwards from the great lakes to the dales which surround Lake Siljan. This is the industrial belt of Sweden. Besides its pastures and forests, it has rich iron and copper mines, and great industries have sprung up, and many prosperous towns. In the forests the broad-leaved trees, such as the oak and maple, now begin to give place to gigantic pines and firs.

Still farther north the country becomes more and more rugged, rising to snow-capped mountains on the Norwegian

frontier; the rivers become wilder, the waterfalls grander and the forests more dense and unbroken. This is the vast territory of Norrland, whose forests, carefully renewed as they are felled, are worth more to Sweden than are the gold-fields of the Rand to South Africa. Year by year Nature goes on silently adding to the stores of growing timber. The forests are the haunts of bears, wolves, elks and smaller creatures. Steamers run for hundreds of miles up broad rivers, like the Indals and the Angerman, through magnificent scenery into the heart of the country. The timber, which is felled in winter, is floated in huge rafts down the rivers to the coast with the spring floods. Great timber industries have sprung up at the ports at Gefle, Sundsvall, Hernösand and Umea. There are saw and pulp mills, and cellulose, paper, ply-wood and other factories.

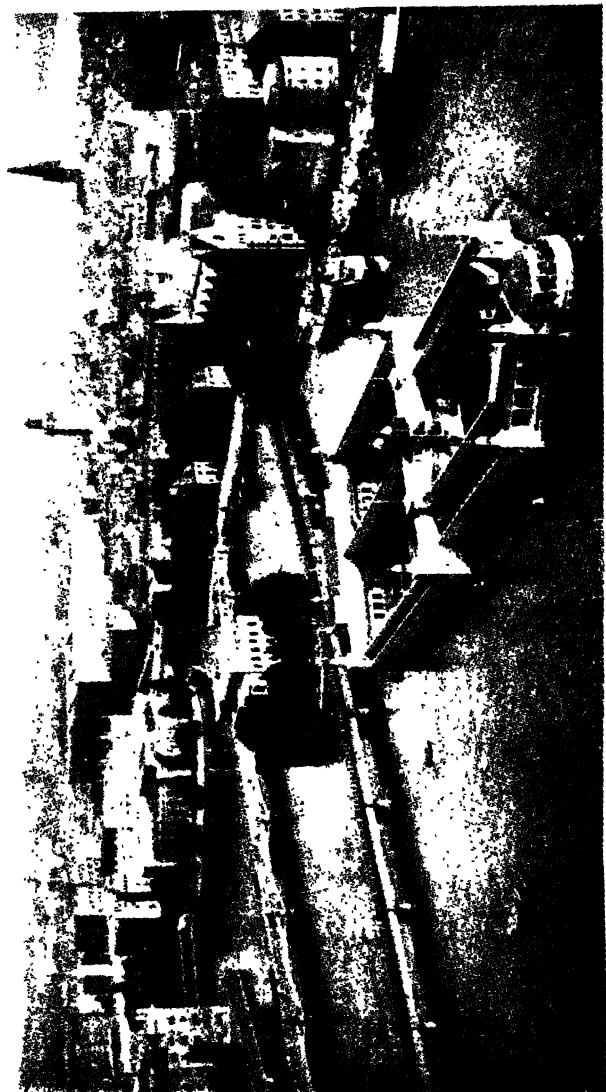
Land of the Lapps

Beyond Norrland, in the extreme north, lies Lapland, reaching up to the point beyond the Arctic Circle where Finland and Norway join. The river valleys are still well wooded with valuable timber, but between the valleys stretch desolate tundra, or mountain moorlands, covered with the peculiar moss which is the reindeer's food. This is the land of the midnight sun in summer and of the aurora borealis in winter, the summer day that lasts for weeks, and the winter night that is just as long.

Here also are some of the richest iron ore beds in the world. At Gellivara and at Kiruna there are solid mountains of ore so rich that they are two-thirds pure iron. Millions of tons are exported every year to Germany and Britain. For the purpose of this traffic an electric railway, the most northerly in the world, has been built right across the Scandinavian peninsula from Lulea, near the top of the Gulf of Bothnia, to Narvik, on the Atlantic coast of Norway, near the Lofoden Islands. No more luxurious electric travelling can be had in London, Paris or New York than by



GIRLS OF LEKSAND wear their old-fashioned, brightly coloured dresses on gala days. E.N.A.
Their beautifully embroidered aprons show that they live in Leksand, for in Dalarna
the costumes of the peasant folk vary from parish to parish. In Mora, for example, women
wear red ribbons in their hair, and in Floda they have roses stitched on their frocks.



Stockholm

Several towns, such as Amsterdam, have been called "the Venice of the North," but Stockholm most deserves the title. It is built on the islands and shores of Lake Malar at the point where the lake opens into the Baltic, and it is intersected by many canals. In the

foreground of this photograph we see the vast swimming-baths, and, beyond the first bridge, the round islet of Strömsborg. Beyond the second bridge is the National Bank, behind which are the Houses of Parliament. To the right of these is the enormous royal palace.



R. N. A.

BUSY SPINNING-WHEEL IN THE HOME OF A SWEDISH YEOMAN

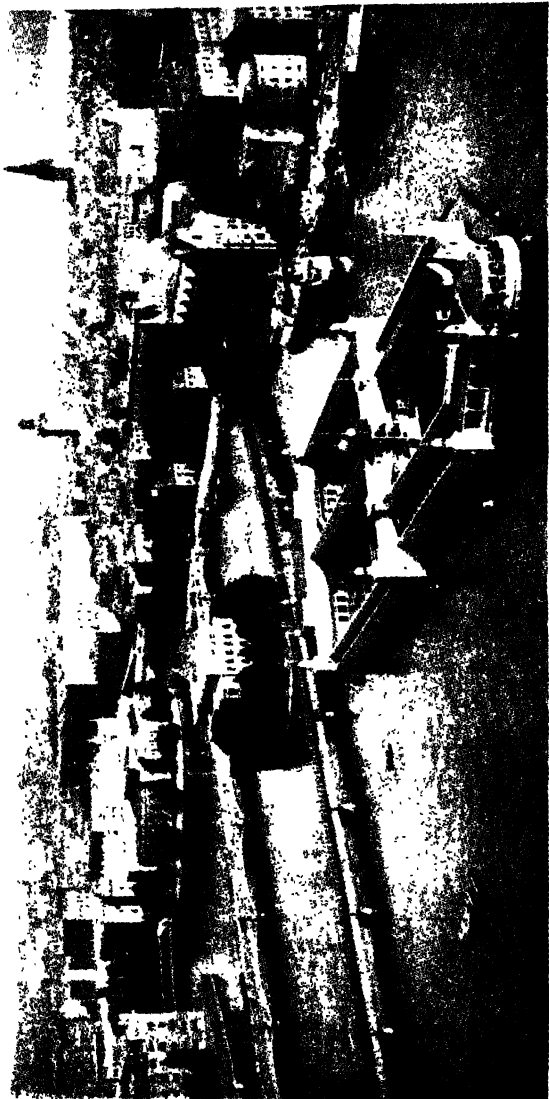
The yeomen, or peasant farmers, of Sweden are well known for their sturdy independence and industrious habits, and at the same time they cling to old traditions. Their homes are filled with good, solid furniture, often richly carved, and such old-fashioned articles as the three-legged cauldron and the spinning-wheel are in daily use.

the Lapland Express, for a hundred miles and more past Polarcircle Station, to the tourist resort of Abisko, on Lake Torne Träsk, which Reignard, the French explorer of the seventeenth century, regarded as the end of the habitable world.

One of the most pleasing features of Swedish geography to the traveller is the Skergard, or Garden of Skerries, a belt of islands by which the coast is surrounded. These islands are so numerous that they are to be counted, not by scores or hundreds, but by thousands. On the west coast they are mostly barren rocks, but on the east coast they are often quite large, fertile and well-wooded. All up the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia they form a perfect labyrinth of fairyland, through which we sail by way of a series of canals and lakes. The two islands of Gothland and Oland, off the Baltic coast, are large enough to be provinces in themselves. They are thickly populated, and have many interesting historical associations with the Vikings and the Hanseatic

traders. The Skergard is to Stockholm what the Firth of Clyde, with its beautiful islands and lochs, is to Glasgow. For a holiday cruise there is nothing to surpass a voyage northwards through the maze of islands, with their picturesque summer villas, to the most northerly point where we can join the Lapland Railway.

Beautiful, wild Sweden has a very small population—less, indeed, than Greater London alone. Practically all the people are Swedes, of whom there are 6,000,000 altogether, settled in the rich plains of Scania, in the large towns in the industrial area, in the iron mining districts and in the forests. In the far north two other distinct races appear. Round the head of the Gulf of Bothnia are settled some 25,000 Finns, of the same race and language as the hardy sons of Finland across the gulf. Two thousand years ago their ancestors migrated from the neighbourhood of the Ural Mountains. Then there are some 7,000 dwarfish Lapps, the Beduins of the Arctic desert, following



WATERWAYS AND BRIDGES OF STOCKHOLM. THE CAPITAL OF SWEDEN, SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE
 Several towns, such as Amsterdam, have been called "the Venice of the North," but Stockholm most deserves the title. It is built on the islands and shores of Lake Mälär at the point where the lake opens into the Baltic, and it is intersected by many canals. In the foreground of this photograph we see the vast swimming-baths, and, beyond the first bridge, the round islet of Strömsborg. Beyond the second bridge is the National Bank, behind which are the Houses of Parliament. To the right of these is the enormous royal palace.



B.N.A.

BUSY SPINNING-WHEEL IN THE HOME OF A SWEDISH YEOMAN

The yeomen, or peasant farmers, of Sweden are well known for their sturdy independence and industrious habits, and at the same time they cling to old traditions. Their homes are filled with good, solid furniture, often richly carved, and such old-fashioned articles as the three-legged cauldron and the spinning-wheel are in daily use.

the Lapland Express, for a hundred miles and more past Polarcircle Station, to the tourist resort of Abisko, on Lake Torne Träsk, which Reignard, the French explorer of the seventeenth century, regarded as the end of the habitable world.

One of the most pleasing features of Swedish geography to the traveller is the Skergard, or Garden of Skerries, a belt of islands by which the coast is surrounded. These islands are so numerous that they are to be counted, not by scores or hundreds, but by thousands. On the west coast they are mostly barren rocks, but on the east coast they are often quite large, fertile and well-wooded. All up the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia they form a perfect labyrinth of fairyland, through which we sail by way of a series of canals and lakes. The two islands of Gothland and Oland, off the Baltic coast, are large enough to be provinces in themselves. They are thickly populated, and have many interesting historical associations with the Vikings and the Hanseatic

traders. The Skergard is to Stockholm what the Firth of Clyde, with its beautiful islands and lochs, is to Glasgow. For a holiday cruise there is nothing to surpass a voyage northwards through the maze of islands, with their picturesque summer villas, to the most northerly point where we can join the Lapland Railway.

Beautiful, wild Sweden has a very small population—less, indeed, than Greater London alone. Practically all the people are Swedes, of whom there are 6,000,000 altogether, settled in the rich plains of Scania, in the large towns in the industrial area, in the iron mining districts and in the forests. In the far north two other distinct races appear. Round the head of the Gulf of Bothnia are settled some 25,000 Finns, of the same race and language as the hardy sons of Finland across the gulf. Two thousand years ago their ancestors migrated from the neighbourhood of the Ural Mountains. Then there are some 7,000 dwarfish Lapps, the Beduins of the Arctic desert, following



THIS FIDDLER of Helsingland, a district in eastern Sweden, is a popular figure at every local festival. With his tasselled cap, his long coat with its bright lining carefully shown, his knee-breeches and his square-toed shoes, he seems rather a character from a history book than a man of to-day, as does also the young man wearing a leather apron.



WEAVING RIBBON, such as is worn by Swedish country girls on caps and dresses and as head-bands, this woman of Dalarne is kept very busy at her hand-loom. Bright colours worked in beautiful designs upon the aprons, kerchiefs and bonnets of the women, and on the waistcoats and coat-linings of the men, are very popular with the peasants of Sweden.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH THE BEST MAN AND BRIDESMAID AT A SWEDISH VILLAGE WEDDING
 The married pair and their guests make the most of the round of festivities afforded by the wedding-day, since they will afterwards return to hard agricultural work. The yeoman bridegroom, who in the typical holiday clothes of his class looks like a clergyman, sets himself exactly the same strenuous tasks on his farm as he sets his labourers. The wife is expected to devote her time to the care of her home and children. The wedding is very gay, we see here that the horses of the bridal carriage are hung with bright ribbons.



MOTHER AND BABY GO WITH FATHER TO WORK IN THE FIELDS

This peasant family comes from the village of Ockelbo, in the district of Gestrikland, beside the Baltic Sea. The men in Sweden often wear a soft, black, felt hat, and darkish coloured trousers tucked into topboots, such as we can see in the photograph. The women work quite as hard as the men, not only in the fields but in factories as well.



AN IDIOT TRAVEL JOURNAL

occupied by Norwegian Lapps, which is shown in page 848. Among them wealth is not reckoned in terms of money, but of reindeer, the man who has several thousand in his herd being accounted rich. Lapp boys wear peaked caps topped with gaily-coloured, woollen tufts.

LAPP CHILDREN have no settled home, since the tribes to which they belong have always to be wandering from place to place in search of game or of fresh pastures for their reindeer. They live sometimes in rough tents such as this, and sometimes in huts of turf like that



FISHERMEN OF MÖLLE discuss the fishing season together on a rock overlooking the quiet little haven, to which one of them has just returned from the sea with a few pollack that he has caught on his hand-line. Mölle is the base for a small fishing-fleet, and is

situated on the headland of Kullen, which juts out into the Kattegat, the strait that separates Sweden and Denmark. Fishing is not the important industry in Sweden that it is in Norway, but it is carried on, nevertheless, by the inhabitants of many of the sea-coast villages.



McLain

GUARDS OF THE KING OF SWEDEN IN THEIR OLD-TIME UNIFORM

The Swedes make good soldiers, and at one time, indeed, ranked among the best in Europe owing to the victories that they won under their ambitious king, Charles XII., early in the eighteenth century. The dress of Swedish soldiers during that period of military greatness is faithfully reproduced in the uniform worn by these lifeguards.

THE HOME OF THE GOTHs

their reindeer herds from pasture to pasture over the bleak moorlands of Lapland. They are slowly disappearing, like the Red Indian in the backwoods of America, before the march of civilization.

Although the Swedes are so few in number they belong to a stock which has peopled other lands, and conquered the world. They are to-day the purest representatives of the great Gothic race which has continually, from the beginning of history, been sending out new swarms to restore the failing energy of decadent races in southern lands. With the exception of the Japanese, there is not one of the great ruling races in the world to-day which has not an infusion of Gothic blood.

Home of a Race of Conquerors

Moreover the Swedes still occupy the original homeland of the Goths. As far back as we can trace, in the dim prehistoric past whose secrets can only be read in the weapons and trinkets and utensils of stone and bronze and the skeletons which are found in grave mounds, southern Sweden was the home of the Gothic race. Here during thousands of years they developed those qualities of body and mind which fitted their offspring to overrun every country in Europe. The same blood, though blended with many other strains, flows in our veins. The same instincts, inherited from common ancestors, sway our minds. Our language came from the same source.

Sweden, therefore, has a double interest for us—as the homeland of our ancestors thousands of years ago, and as the home to-day of a race which is the pure-blooded offspring of that ancient stock.

The Swede at his best is to be found in the islands of Gothland and Oland, in Scania, in the dales that surround Lake Siljan, and among the fisher folk on the coast, who are of the true Viking breed. The Swedes are the tallest race in Europe. Their hair is fair—flaxen or golden—and their eyes blue or bluish grey. Accustomed for generations to live in lonely dwellings surrounded by forest, they have a touch of melancholy in their nature. They are

intensely independent and resent any interference with their liberties, but they are friendly to strangers and most hospitable. They are honest, truthful and simple-minded, and they have other qualities which have fitted them to be great colonisers. They are adventurous, and enterprising, and able to turn their hands to any kind of work.

Changes in Old Sweden

In the past half century many changes have taken place. In some districts mechanical industries have taken the place of agriculture. Factories full of whirling machinery turn out on a wholesale scale the goods which the peasant and his womenfolk formerly produced for themselves with axe, hammer, spinning-wheel and loom. The railway now runs where once roamed the bear, the elk and the reindeer; the "honk, honk!" of the motor-car is heard in the heart of the virgin forest; the motor-boat startles the wild duck upon the rivers and lakes; the telephone, incredibly cheap, links up the remotest cottage with the capital. The workfolk in the towns are beginning to feel the restlessness of modern civilization; they crowd the cinemas and music-halls, and, through the newspapers, direct their eyes to the ends of the earth. But in the midst of all this the Swedish peasant remains the same as ever.

The Backbone of the Country

The peasant is not, and never has been, a mere labourer on the land of others, or a tenant subject to the oppressions and exactions of a feudal landlord. He is a freeholder, tilling his own land and enjoying its fruits—a peasant proprietor, like the yeoman who, before the industrial age, was the backbone of England. Some of the Swedish "Bondar," or "Dwellers," as they are called, can trace their descent and their tenure of the same land back for a thousand years. They constituted one of the four Estates of the Realm—Peasants, Burghers, Clergy and Nobles—who together formed the National Legislative Assembly. They were the



Special Travel Bureau

FLOWER-GATHERERS from Leksand wander over the meadows, white and golden with marguerites, that lie along the shores of the Östervik, an arm of Lake Siljan, in Dalecarlia. This district is considered to be one of the most beautiful in Sweden, and, as we see

here, the natives wear costumes that in charm and colour are in keeping with the natural loveliness of the meadows and hills. Dalecarlia, which has been called the Land of the Dales on account of its many valleys, is dotted with little villages and lonely farmhouses



SWEDISH PEASANT GIRLS in their quaint, old-fashioned clothes have a wonderful charm. Their aprons are of soft leather, with the bodices elaborately decorated. The short jackets, fringed with thick wool, and the be-ribboned bonnets, add greatly to the effect of the already beautiful dress. We may occasionally see these costumes in the towns.



CUTTING GREAT BLOCKS OF ICE AT STOCKHOLM TO STORE FOR USE DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS
 Although Stockholm, with its many waterways and islands, is subject accordingly, ice-merchants send out workmen to obtain stores of ice to frosts for about seven and a half months in the year, the summer from some of the waterways, and it is kept in cellars until the hot weather comes. The blocks of ice are hacked from the solid sheet is often extremely warm, and ice is not only necessary for preserving food, but a very profitable commodity to sell. During the winter, with big, long-handled saws such as we see the men using here.



Swedish Travel Bureau

SKI-ING AND SLEDGING AT A SWEDISH HOLIDAY RESORT

Saltsjöbaden is filled with holiday-makers all the year round, since it is famous for its sea-bathing in summer and for all manner of sports on the snow and ice in winter. Swedish children learn to skate and to ski at an early age, and the winters are usually severe enough to give them plenty of chances of showing their skill in such pastimes.

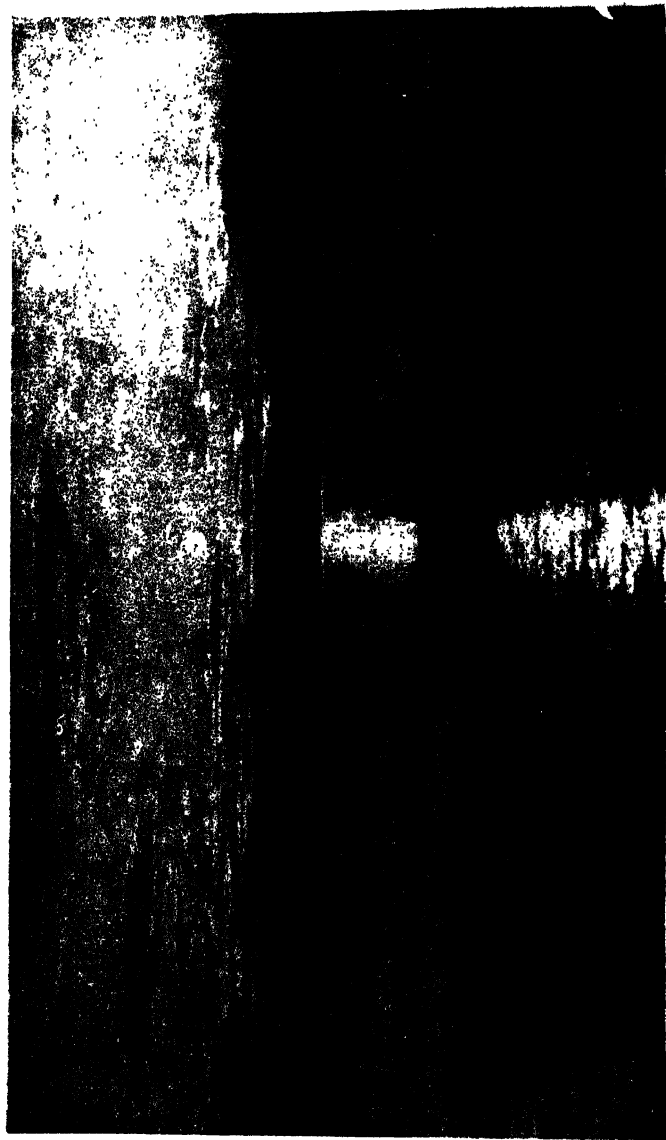
class from which the Vikings sprang. Most of them are prosperous, some of them are wealthy; but they are content with simple, wholesome comforts, and with the delights of Nature by which they are surrounded.

The Swedish peasants have a proud history. Just as Wallace and Bruce found their most stalwart supporters among the peasants of the Scottish Lowlands, so Gustavus Vasa, the patriot king who rescued Sweden from the Danes, found his mainstay in the peasants of Dalarne, in Svealand, who received him as a homeless fugitive and by their courage and devotion placed him on the throne. Like the English yeomen at Crecy and Agincourt, these Swedish peasants were the troopers who, in the Thirty Years War, enabled Gustavus Adolphus to maintain the Protestant cause in Germany and Northern Europe, and so saved the Reformation.

The beautiful Lake Siljan, which lies as far north as the Shetland Islands, is

known as the "Eye of Dalarne," or Dalecarlia. It is surrounded by luxuriant forests, and by dales in which live stalwart peasants. Here survive the ancient manners, speech, customs and traditions of the Swedish race. The people still preserve the beautiful costumes which originated in the days when they did all their own spinning and weaving, and, just as the Scottish clans delighted to invent each a distinctive tartan, so here each parish devised a special costume of picturesque design and bright and varied colours. On all gala occasions these costumes are still worn.

In Dalarne, the ancient custom of coming to church by boat, in preference to any other means of transport, still survives. The parishes are large, and people have often to come great distances. The church boats are large open boats of the same model as the longships of the Vikings. They hold as many as seventy people and they may have eight or more pairs of oars. It used to be a great sight



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, tinting the earth, the sea and the sky with the colours of dawn, is the sun that we see in England on any cloudless day. At the Arctic Circle, however, it never sets on Midsummer Day, and for longer periods as we go further north it

E X X
can always be seen above the northern horizon. In the evening twilight comes as usual, but there is no darkness, and those who are not used to the spectacle cannot believe that the night has passed even when the sky grows lighter with the beginning of another day.

THE HOME OF THE GOTHs

to see the lake covered with this Viking fleet on a Sunday morning. The church boats are few in number now and to sail in one of them is considered a great treat.

Midsummer Day, the 24th of June, is the most popular festival throughout all the northern countries. It is known as "Johannesdagen," or S. John's Day, but it is really an old pagan celebration which the early priests adopted into the Christian calendar. It is the Feast of the Sun, a relic of the worship of the Sun God. In the north, the power of the sun is most wonderfully manifested on this, the longest day of the year. It shines all night, with an exquisite pale radiance. All the long winter the country has been buried under snow and ice, and the daylight has been short and fleeting. The rapid change to high summer, with waving woods, shining water, gay flower and perfumed air, has been like a miracle. The people are beside themselves with delight. They dance round poles garlanded with flowers. They decorate their houses, carriages and streets with leafy birch branches. On Midsummer Eve they kindle fires on the hill tops and every point of vantage, and they spend the whole bright night in dancing and singing and playing in the woods.

Charm and Polish in Society

In the large towns the people are very different from these simple peasants, but are no less charming. It is the difference between rough-hewn granite and polished granite. The Swedish upper class are among the most highly civilized peoples of Europe. They are very well educated and love art and music. They delight in healthy open-air sports, are quick to adopt all new scientific inventions, and above all, they are hospitable to strangers and have great gaiety of manner.

The etiquette of Swedish society is much more formal than ours. The elaborate forms of politeness and courtesy may seem a trifle alarming to us, but further acquaintance proves them very charming. They add a touch of the gaiety of masquerade to society. Mr.

O. G. Von Heidenstam, in his "Swedish Life in Town and Country," gives a lively sketch of the Swedish gentleman:

"To stand bolt upright, to strike his heels together and bow low, to move softly and elegantly in a room, to bend over a lady's hand, to lower his hat to the ground in passing one in the street, to doff it to all, high and low, to go up and bow to the lady of the house after dinner in thanks for the hospitality received, or, on the part of the host, to drink with everyone of his guests in order of rank—all these things are to his mind essentials of good manners."

What Swedish Hospitality Means

A real Swedish dinner is a triumph in the art of hospitality, there is so much to eat and to drink, the food is so varied and so pleasantly stimulating to the palate, the host is so jovial and so attentive to his guests and the talk is so merry, that the hours fly past unheeded.

The feast commences with "smorgasbord." For hors-d'oeuvre we are accustomed to have a few pickled dainties served round in tiny portions, just enough to tickle the appetite. In Sweden a large side-table is loaded with a multitude of dishes of the most intriguing kind. Here are smoked, salted and marinated fish in great variety—salmon, sturgeon, sprats, herring, anchovies, sardines, eels and caviare. Here are weird, sliced sausages, like coloured marble or mosaics, gelatinous pigs' feet, cold meats, smoked reindeer flesh and ham; pickles and cucumbers and gherkins and beetroot and radishes; strange cheeses of piquant flavour and sweet fresh butter; wheaten bread and black rye bread with a sharp, sour flavour, which forms an admirable contrast to the butter and cheese, and crisp "knäckebröd" like oat-cakes.

Traps for Unwary Diners

Each diner helps himself to his favourite dainties, and returns to his seat, coming again for more. Strangers might well be forgiven for mistaking this bounteous spread for the dinner, and finding to



Owen

HOW A LAPP MOTHER OF SWEDEN GIVES HER BABY AN AIRING
In the bleak north of Sweden live wandering tribes of Lapps, who live by hunting and by keeping great herds of reindeer, from which they obtain hides for making clothes and an important part of their food in the shape of meat and milk. This baby's cradle, which can be hung from the ceiling when the mother is busy at home, is of reindeer hide.



Moletisi

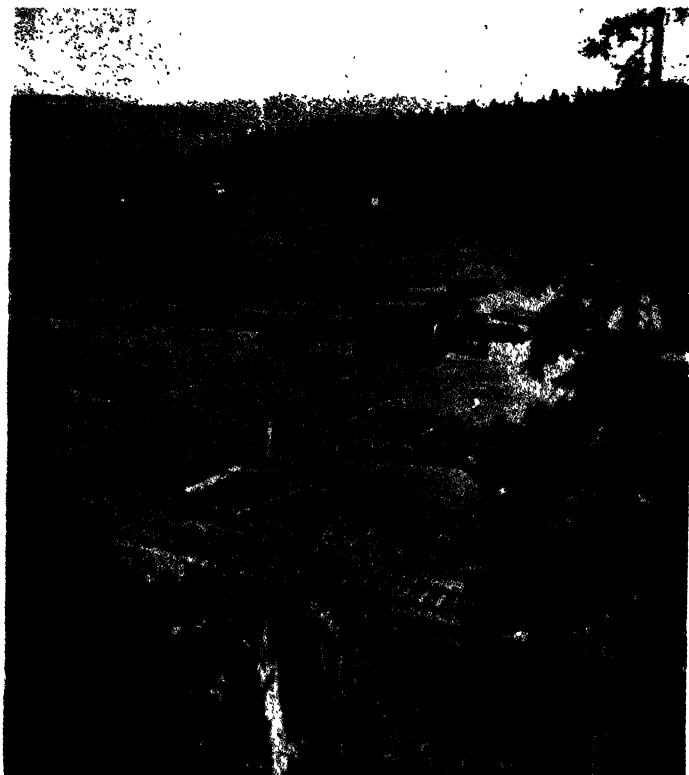
DIGNIFIED AND BECOMING COSTUME OF A GIRL OF RÄTTVIK

In Rättvik, the village folk delight to dress themselves in a style that was fashionable long ago, and has never since lost favour. All the week we may see the women wearing their beautiful native costume, but it is on Sunday that the villagers appear at their best. This girl wears a green jacket, a brightly-coloured apron and a pointed cap.



TWO LITTLE MAIDS OF MORA IN THEIR RUSTIC COSTUMES

On the north-west shore of the beautiful Lake Siljan, in Dalarne, lies the village of Mora. It is a haunt of artists desirous of painting pictures of the beautiful costumes of the natives. The belfry tower, in front of which these girls stand, adjoins the curious old church of Mora, and, like many other such towers in Swedish villages, is made of wood.



FLOATING TIMBER DIVIDED BY ITS OWNERS INTO GROUPS

Lumbering is one of the chief industries of Sweden, and the swift rivers of the country are very useful for carrying logs down to the great saw-mills on the Gulf of Bothnia. Here, on the River Angerman, below the town of Solleftea, we see the timber sorted into sections according to its different owners and stamped with the owners' marks.

their consternation, after having eaten their fill, that this is only the hors-d'oeuvre, and that the main business of a dinner of four or five courses has still to come !

Sweden is now in the throes of the Industrial Revolution—the transformation from an agricultural country, with a population of freeholding peasants living in isolated dwellings, into a highly organized industrial country, with a much denser population living in towns and

working in factories. The two primitive industries, besides agriculture, were lumbering and iron working, but they were not carried on under factory conditions. From the Middle Ages, Sweden has been renowned as one of the chief storehouses in Europe of timber and iron, the two raw materials which play so large a part in the framework of civilization, but they were exported to other countries to be worked up into manufactured

THE HOME OF THE GOTHES



LEKSAND'S PRIMITIVE FIRE-ALARM

Behind these two girls, who wear the distinctive aprons of Leksand, hangs a horn contained in a glass-fronted case. In the event of a fire the glass is to be broken and the horn blown, thus rousing the fire brigade.

articles. The past half century, however, has witnessed a rapid development of the manufacturing side in Sweden. The timber industries now embrace, not merely saw-mills to convert the logs into deals, but pulp and paper-mills, ply-wood and furniture factories and the greatest match-making industry in the world. Also among the iron industries, Swedish engineering takes front rank.

The secret of this rapid industrial development is the discovery of the vast resources of electric power in Sweden. The many great rivers abound in rapids

and waterfalls which can be utilized for the generation of electricity on a colossal scale. Already more than half the houses in the country districts use electric light, and forty per cent of the farms use electric power for domestic and farm work. This cheap and plentiful power is leading to a great extension of factory work in deal, healthy surroundings. In particular, the application of electric power to the smelting of iron ore seems likely to place Sweden at the head of the iron and steel producing countries of the world.

Sweden has been a pioneer of the electric age. Her rapid progress has been based, not merely upon her vast natural resources of timber, iron and electric power, but upon the energy and skill and inventiveness of her people. Hitherto the Gothic race has displayed its genius chiefly abroad, now it is beginning to show what it can make of Sweden.

Sweden's industrial development, however, does not mean that her agriculture has declined. On the contrary, it is even more important than it was, for the produce of the farms has recently increased both in bulk and variety, and has at the

same time greatly improved in quality. This is because the small free-holders, who form the largest part of the farming community, have readily adopted all the help that modern science has offered. The agricultural machinery is up-to-date and often worked by electricity; the breeds of cattle and horses have been improved, sugar beet has taken an important place among the crops; fruit also is now grown on a larger scale than formerly; and the excellent co-operative dairies have given Sweden front rank among the butter and cheese producing countries.

A Look at London

GLAMOUR AND CHARM OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY

As one who has always been more interested in the ways of cities than in the open country, I may claim a fair knowledge of the great towns of Europe and of the two Americas, and I should have found it no hardship to make my home in any one of at least a dozen I could name—Rome probably in preference to them all. Yet I esteem it a fortunate thing to have had to pass more than a quarter of a century as a dweller in London. For London is the friendliest of all the great towns—the least pretentious. It is the vastest collection of buildings ever erected on an equal area of the earth, and most of these buildings are either the homes of warm-hearted people, or the factories, warehouses and offices in which they earn their livelihoods. In no other great city do we find the good qualities of human life better illustrated.

FORTY years ago children were taught that there were fifty-two counties in England and Wales, but now there are fifty-three. London spread so much into Middlesex, Essex, Kent and Surrey, that parts of all these counties were taken from them, and made into the County of London. Yet Greater London, included within the Metropolitan Police District, has spread even further. It has an area of nearly seven hundred square miles, and includes every parish any part of which is within twelve miles of Charing Cross. Within this immense double shell of the Metropolitan Police area and the area under the London County Council lies one square mile closely packed with buildings, which is known as the City.

When we speak of London as a city, we must remember that the word can be used in two senses. Everyone living within the county area is a citizen of London, but there is also *the City* in the centre of London, the seed from which it sprang in all its greatness.

When the Romans Came

The first men who settled here chose a position on rising ground above the River Thames, with a stream flowing on one side. This was about the place where Cannon Street Station, a railway terminus, now stands. When the Romans came they found a little fort on a hill, and when they departed, four hundred years later, they left behind them a compact and well-defended city, about a square mile in extent, with a wall all round it

and a bridge across the river. Even to this day the line of that wall can be traced. There were gates in it where the principal roads went forth, and in the names of existing streets—Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Newgate and Ludgate—are preserved their sites. There are fragments of the wall itself existing—one at S Giles', Cripplegate, and one at the Tower.

Within and Without the Walls

Houses were later built outside the walls, and the borders of the City were extended; so that there are wards Without—that is without the wall—as well as Within. In this way the City reaches westward as far as Temple Bar, though the old Lud Gate was about half way up Ludgate Hill. It is especially necessary to mention this because, when the King comes in state to visit the City, the procession halts at Temple Bar, near the Law Courts, and the Lord Mayor presents him with the Sword of the City. The City is not under the jurisdiction of the County Council; it has its Lord Mayor, its own government, its own courts of law and its own police.

It is a very remarkable thing that there should be two cities so near to each other that they are joined by houses—houses all the way. The other is the City of Westminster. When London proper was but an isolated fort, the district at Westminster was very marshy, and the river spread round an island called the Isle of Thorney. When a river widens, it almost always becomes

A LOOK AT LONDON

shallow, so at this place there was a ford, over which travellers could pass with their pack-horses and goods. They came from the north by way of what is now Edgware Road and Park Lane, which lie over one of the oldest of the British track-ways. The monks founded a church on Thorney Island. This church grew through the ages into the magnificent Abbey of Westminster, which is the scene of the coronation of our kings and the burial place of our great dead.

Perilous Journey to Westminster

S. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey can peep at one another over the curving reaches of the river, but at one time there seemed little likelihood of their both forming part of the same London, for Westminster and London, as cities, were separated by some miles of horribly bad and robber-infested roads. It was much safer to go by river than to run the risk of your horse slipping into a deep pit of mud between two tree-trunks, and throwing you down helpless at the mercy of footpads.

S. Paul's Cathedral was burnt down in the Great Fire which followed the Great Plague, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, so the actual building is not so ancient as that of Westminster. It, too, is a great national church, and has its share of the heroes of the nation resting within its walls.

Where Queen Elizabeth was Born

Could we take an aeroplane view of London, beginning at the east end, the first thing we should notice would be numbers of ships, apparently enclosed by the land, lying in the great docks made in the bends of the river between the Pool of London and Limehouse Reach. Below these docks is Greenwich Hospital and the great park with the Royal Observatory. The hospital is on the site of that royal palace where Queen Elizabeth was born. She lived here a great deal, and is said to have preferred this palace to any other. Since 1873 it has served as the home of the Royal Naval College.

It was designed and built much about the same time as Chelsea Hospital, farther up the river, where military pensioners are housed.

The river near the Tower Bridge is full of traffic. Passenger boats, tramp steamers and long strings of barges are tied up at the wharves taking in or discharging cargo, or else are bent on avoiding one another in the fairway. In and out among them, like water-beetles, dart the smart little launches of the River Police or the Customs officers. The Custom House is away yonder above the Tower. The Tower Bridge is one of the sights of London. When a tall ship wants to pass upstream a bell is rung to warn all the wheeled traffic to clear off the roadway, then the road itself splits across, and the two great sections of it rear themselves into the air, hinged on the inner ends as on elbows.

Palace, Prison and Fortress

The Tower of London is a relic of Norman days. William the Conqueror pulled down an ancient fortress close by, and began to build this palace-prison-fortress as his stronghold. It grew gradually as age succeeded age. There was also a palace at Westminster, where the Houses of Parliament now stand, and the kings of England lived at either. But it is as a prison and not as a palace that the Tower is remembered, and the groans of those who sighed out their lives within four close walls, or went forth only to be beheaded on Tower Hill, are registered in the painfully-cut scrawls on its dark walls.

North and east of this part of the river lies the East End, a strange and squalid district, less known to some Londoners than are many foreign countries. Rows and rows of brown brick houses, with tiny back yards crammed with rubbish, form rows and rows of mean streets. The main thoroughfares, however, are wide and well built.

Sunday mornings are the liveliest times of all in some of these side streets. Mid-dlesex Street, once called Petticoat Lane,



THE EMBANKMENT that runs along the left bank of the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars is always beautiful, especially in the evening light. Here we see, at the western end of this tree-bordered way, a silhouette of the Houses of Parliament and their clock tower, Big Ben. The eagle in the foreground surmounts the Air Force Memorial.



THE MONUMENT, BUILT TO COMMEMORATE LONDON'S GREATEST FIRE

A visitor to England's capital is certain to visit the Monument, a column 202 feet high, that stands near the north end of London Bridge, and marks the place where the Great Fire of London started in 1666. Many people, too, climb the 345 steps of the spiral stairway inside it, for the sake of the wonderful view from the top.



McLeish

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE: ANCIENT EGYPT IN MODERN LONDON

On the Victoria Embankment there are many monuments and memorials, but none more interesting than this. It is a huge granite obelisk that, about 3,500 years ago, was erected in Egypt by order of Thothmes III. In 1877 it was towed from Alexandria in a big wooden box. It only reached its present site, after several adventures, in 1878.



IN THE STRAND, towards its eastern end, two churches stand on islands in mid-street. S. Mary-le-Strand is the one farther west, the other, which we see here, is S. Clement Danes, built in 1681, whose bells, if we are to believe the old nursery rhyme, say "Oranges and Lemons!" Behind the church we can see part of the Law Courts.



NELSON'S COLUMN, in Trafalgar Square, is guarded by four great bronze lions. The statue of the great sailor, though it looks so small, is three times the height of a tall man. As we look at it from this view-point between pillars of the National Gallery, we can see past it down Whitehall to the great clock tower of Big Ben.



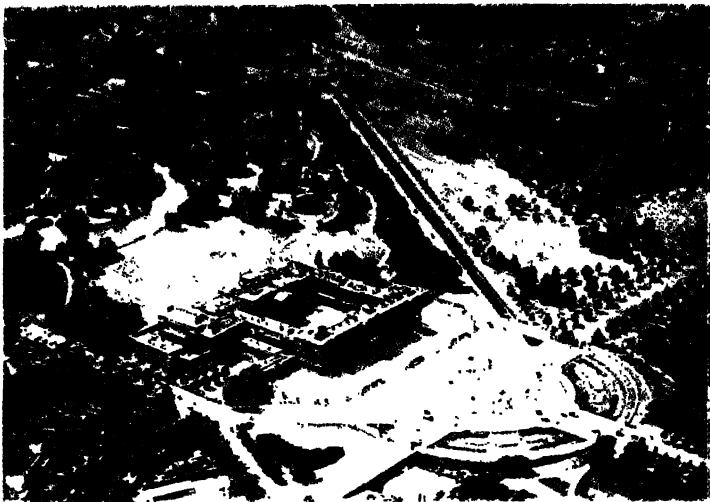
THE CENOTAPH. IN MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS DEAD

Of all the many monuments to be found in London, the Cenotaph is the most dignified and, in its extreme simplicity, the most beautiful. It was erected in memory of those men of the British Empire who died in defence of their country during the Great War. It stands in Whitehall, opposite the Colonial Office, which we see on the left.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SEEN FROM ACROSS LONDON'S RIVER

The beautiful building in which Britain's laws are made stands on the left bank of the Thames, in Westminster. The great tower at its southern end is called the Victoria Tower; Big Ben stands at the north. To the right of this photograph we can see a bit of Westminster Bridge; to the left, the twin towers of Westminster Abbey.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THE KING LIVES, FROM THE AIR

Buckingham Palace is nearly surrounded by green and open spaces. From the Victoria Memorial, before the palace, the wide Mall, seen on the right, runs for a short way between the Green Park and St. James' Park, a corner of which we see in the right foreground. Separated from Green Park by Constitution Hill are forty acres of royal garden.

and Wentworth Street running from it, are lined with stalls at which are sold all kinds of things, not only old clothes, but white mice, dogs and cage birds, and sweets the colours of the rainbow. Cats' meat and billowy embroidery are side by side, rusty old iron, which looks as if it could be of no earthly use to anyone, lies on a barrow beside another hung with festoons of grapes. The familiar costers of the London streets are seen at their best upon Bank Holidays, when they drive round in little carts drawn by the "moke," as we can see in page 608. But nowadays we rarely see them in their one-time customary gala dress covered with pearl buttons.

The City of London is the financial centre of the world. Transactions involving millions of pounds go on in its narrow streets and around the open space enclosed by the Bank of England (now being rebuilt), the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House. Near by is the Guildhall, which may be called the

Parliament House and Law Courts of the City. Hundreds of banks and insurance offices, and the headquarters of the largest mercantile firms in the world are found here close together. Into this square mile thousands of men and women pour every day from the great railway termini, north and south and east and west. When evening frees them, back they go again. Then, except for a few cats and pigeons, policemen and night-watchmen, the place usually seems to be deserted.

The City, from just west of the Tower to just east of Temple Bar, was swept bare by the Great Fire in 1666, and few relics of earlier times survive. Some fragments there are in those churches not wholly pulled down before being rebuilt; and, until recently, there was that priceless gem of medieval architecture Crosby Hall, which was carried off bodily to Chelsea and re-erected there.

London Bridge, with its long low lines, carries no suggestion of that older bridge

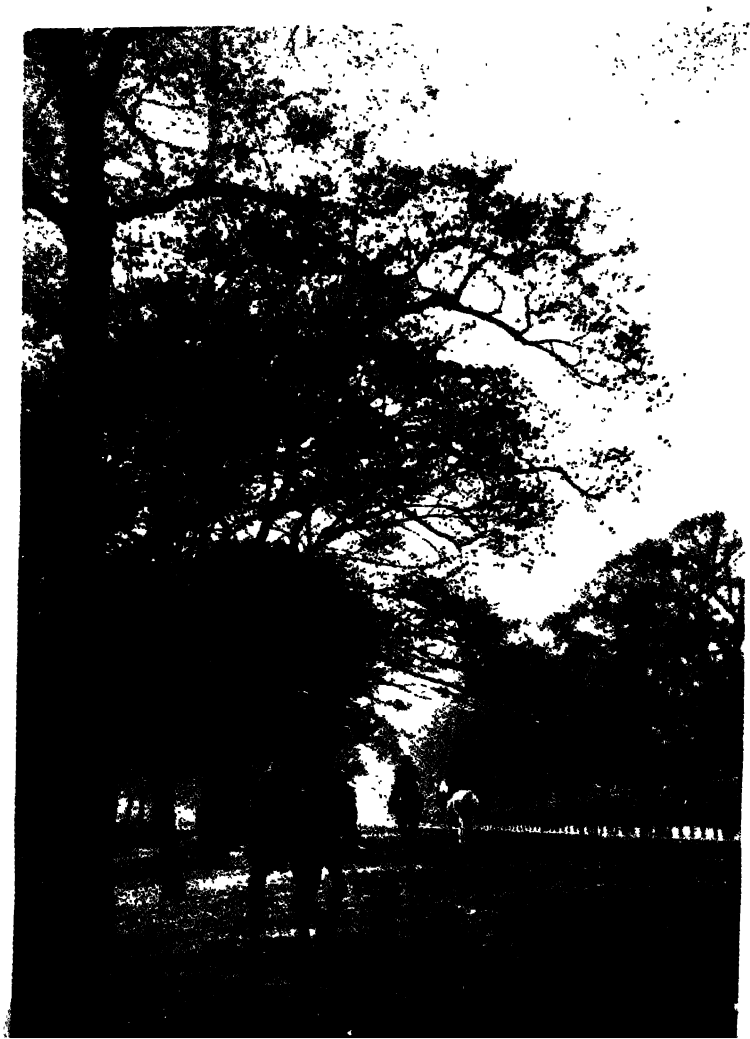


IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE two fountains attract the loiterer with the music of their falling waters, and in the hot days of summer London urchins find them a good substitute for the seaside. We see here the church called S. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The nearest fields are now many miles away, though once they here surrounded the village of Charing.



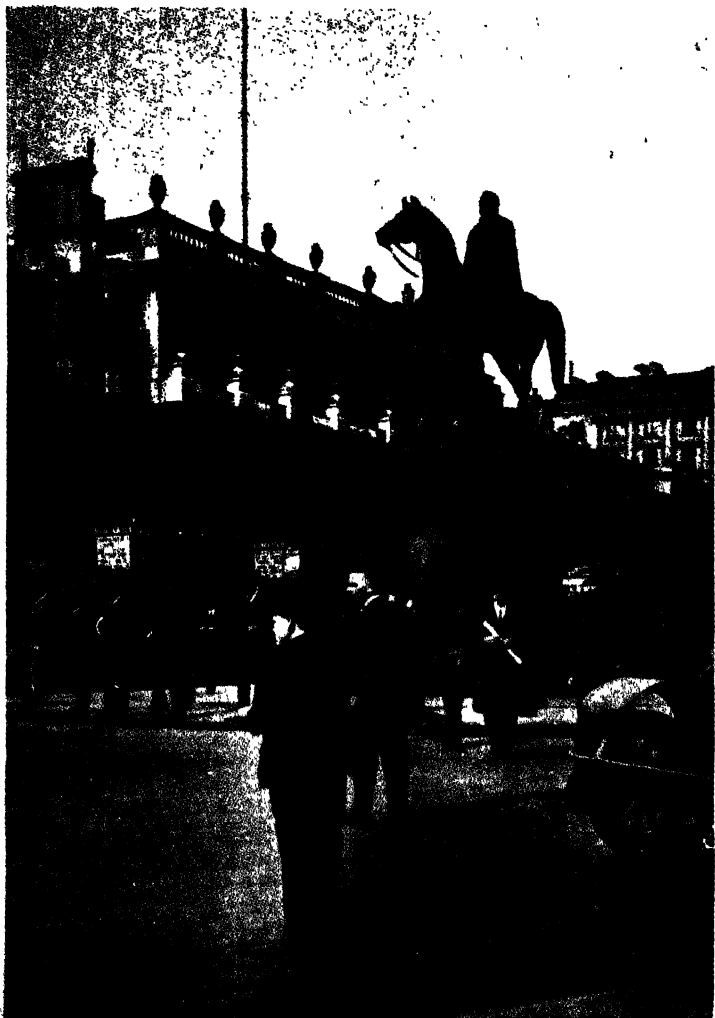
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, London's great church of S. Peter, is in Westminster, quite close to the Houses of Parliament—of which, indeed, we can see the Victoria Tower to the right. We are looking at the Abbey from the west. In it the Kings of England have been crowned for centuries, and here many great and famous people lie buried.

McLish



UNDER THE TREES OF ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK'S RIDING TRACK

In west London, two great parks are separated only by a fence. They are Kensington Gardens, the playground of London children, and Hyde Park. Hyde Park is crossed by many carriage drives and wide pathways. There is also here the Rotten Row. Its curious name perhaps comes from the French "Route du Roi"—the King's Way.



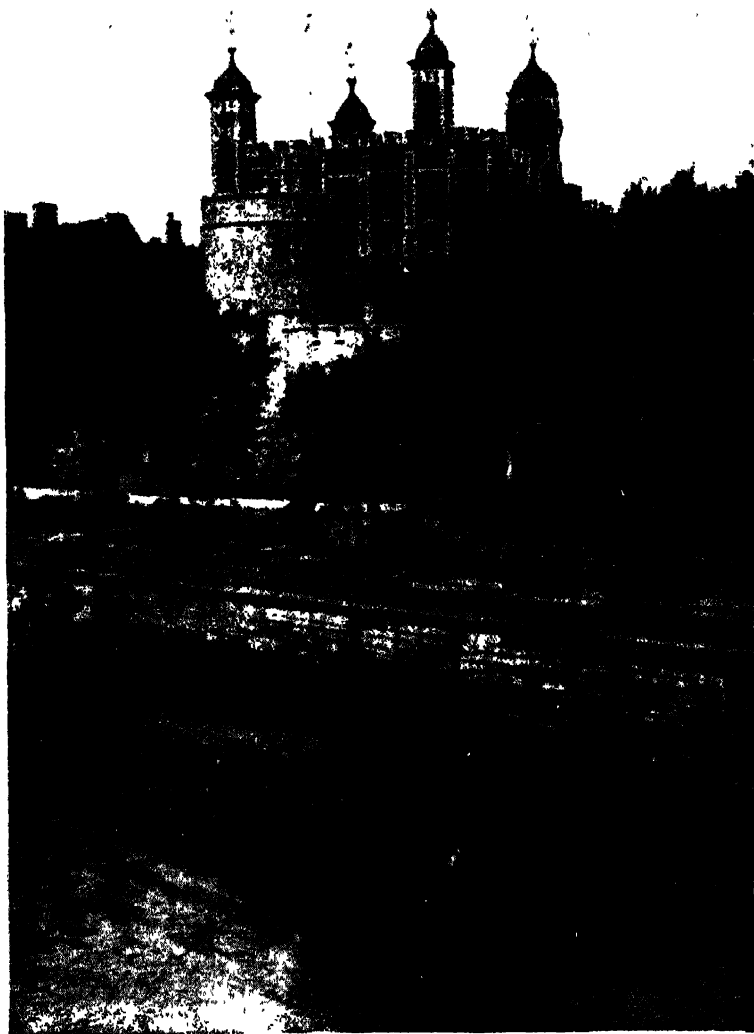
OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET IN THE HEART OF THE CITY

The very important building that has been given this queer nickname is the Bank of England, which stands opposite the Mansion House at the junction of many busy thoroughfares. Portions of the building are being reconstructed, but the lower part of the exterior will remain much as we see it here. The statue is of the Duke of Wellington.



S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL is so hemmed in by houses, and the streets around it are so narrow, that it is difficult to get a good view of this noble building from the ground. One needs indeed to mount upon a neighbouring roof to see it at its best. From near the Old Bailey, we see it here across quiet, sheltered Amen Court.

Campbell



THE TOWER OF LONDON, fortress, royal palace, state prison, and now a barracks and museum, is seen here from the Tower Bridge over the Thames. Beyond the Lanthorn Tower and the modern red-brick Guard House is the great White Tower, the oldest part of the fortress, built in William the Conqueror's time. Its walls are fifteen feet thick.



CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE SANDS IN LONDON TOWN

There are few big cities to rival London in the number of open spaces in which children may play. Some of London's parks even devote special areas to these young people. In St. James' Park, for instance, not far from Birdcage Walk, is a low-walled enclosure full of sand, where all who will may make sand-castles—or dig a tunnel to Australia!



IF YOU CANNOT GO TO THE SEASIDE GO TO FULHAM PARK

Fulham Park offers a substitute for the sea as well as for the beach. There is a pond there where, in the hot, dusty days of summer, crowds of little children, many of whom have never visited the real seaside, come to paddle. They have no fear of the tide coming in and making the water too deep.

A LOOK AT LONDON



A BOY SCOUT OF LONDON

Boy Scouts are familiar figures in the streets of London. Prepared for any emergency and always ready to do a kind action, they are learning to become good citizens

which once stood here, with houses hanging out over the water, lining it like a continuous street, except for certain spaces here and there, where people could go to escape being run over by the traffic. Only from these could the river be seen. This was for very many years the only bridge.

It is an odd fact in the history of London that the fashionable quarter has always moved westward. In Thames Street today, the slow grind of ponderous vans and lorries and the hoarse shouts of the draymen echo in the narrow street as

in a ravine. Yet this was once the stronghold of the aristocracy. At Billingsgate, now the fish-market, lived the earls of Arundel, near by in the (present) Herald's College dwelt the proud earl of Derby. Where Blackfriars Station stands was Baynard's Castle, many times a royal palace. Hence knights went riding up Knighttrider Street

We pass on to the Strand, now a great business thoroughfare, with shops and the overflow of newspaper offices from Fleet Street, with theatres and lordly hotels, and two dignified churches, S. Mary-le-



SEEN IN COVENT GARDEN

The porters of Covent Garden, London's great fruit and vegetable market, are proud of their skill in balancing great piles of baskets and boxes upon their heads.



TOWER BRIDGE lies just east of the Tower of London—indeed, we can see on the left some of the guns on Tower Wharf. The bridge was built between 1886 and 1894 and spans the part of the Thames known as the Pool of London, above which large vessels cannot pass.

Seton & Mower

1911

A LOOK AT LONDON

Strand and S. Clement Danes. Here we shall find Somerset House, built on the site of the palace erected by the proud Protector Somerset in 1549-52. It is now the General Register Office for the nation, and the Board of Inland Revenue.

York, Durham, Exeter and Northumberland Houses all had here their gardens sloping to the river, and "stairs to take water at." With Charing Cross, technical centre of Greater London, we come into a new atmosphere. Around Whitehall are the Government offices, the Foreign, Colonial, India and Home offices being grouped round one quadrangle. Off Whitehall is Downing Street, in which is the queer, unpretentious home of our Prime Ministers.

Since the Great War a new object, stately and severely plain, stands out sublimely, speaking of the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of proud young souls to deliver their country from the menace of a foe—the Cenotaph, before which every head is bared!

Vast Storehouse of Treasures

North of Trafalgar Square, with its towering Nelson Column, its bronze lions and playing fountains, is the National Gallery. Close by is S. Martin's Church, so reminiscently named S. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Further east, north of the Strand, we find Covent Garden, with its fruit and vegetable and flower market, busy in the early morning while most of us sleep. There is an idea of moving the market northward where it would have more room. The great markets at Smithfield and Billingsgate seem to do well enough away from the centre.

Further north is the British Museum, rivalled by no other, a vast storehouse of treasures. The departments of art and science live at South Kensington, but the Museum, solid behind its immense pillared portico, stands as an emblem of true learning in the sight of all Londoners.

Buckingham Palace, west of Charing Cross, looks out upon the fine memorial to Queen Victoria, and the long vista ending in the Admiralty Arch.

The parks are a great feature in London life. St. James' Park and the Green Park lie outside Buckingham Palace. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are also side by side, and can show their palace, too, in Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria was born and brought up. With these takes rank Regent's Park, about two-thirds the size of both together. It is best known from the popular Zoological Gardens, with their infinite variety of strange animals, gathered from all countries and climates.

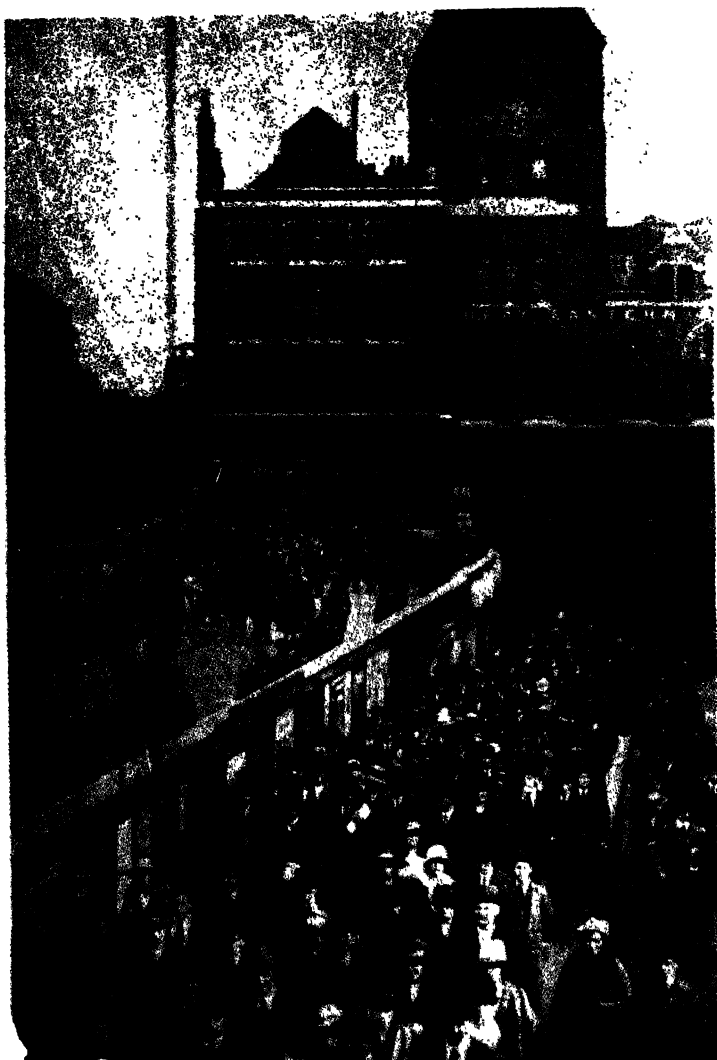
Playgrounds and Pleasaunces

Across the river is Battersea Park, truly democratic, forming the playing fields of hundreds of children. There are also Brockwell and Dulwich and Southwark parks. Farther out westward are Kew and Richmond. Kew is like the private garden of a great nobleman, and Richmond, with its coverts and its herds of deer, its long sweeps of undulating green and its glimpses of blue water, is unsurpassed in its wildness and beauty by any public land so near to a great city. In the north-east is Victoria Park; the open spaces at Stoke Newington and Finsbury are by no means to be ignored, and the heights of Hampstead are a playground known to thousands.

From Hyde Park Corner begins the fashionable residential district of the London of to-day, extending far beyond Chelsea and into Kensington and northward to Bayswater.

The Londoner at Home

The real Londoners, however, are those who live in the city or its inner suburbs all the year round, with a brief holiday in the summer. The crowds which throng the Oval and Lord's at the great county cricket matches are mainly composed of them. They go to see the football matches at Twickenham or Stamford Bridge in their countless thousands. They throng Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, and cram the river steamers to the utmost limit of capacity. On a week-day they struggle for places in crowded omnibuses or Tube



LIVERPOOL STREET STATION: ONE OF THE TWELVE LONDON TERMINI

Every morning, between eight and ten, thousands of business men and women pour in a steady stream out of the great railway stations, brought thither by train from their homes in the suburbs. A photograph taken in the evening, between five and seven, would be just the same, only we should then be looking at the backs of all these people.



IN COVENT GARDEN: LONDON'S MARKET FOR FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Billingsgate for fish, Smithfield for meat, Covent Garden for fruit, vegetables and flowers —these are the three great wholesale markets of London. Covent, or Convent, Garden, once a real garden belonging to the monks of Westminster, is thronged early every morning by all the florists, greengrocers costers and flower girls of London

A LOOK AT LONDON

trains. They know and love their London. They see the King in his glass coach and royal robes going to open Parliament. They are at the Law Courts when the Lord Chief Justice strides across in full-bottomed wig and robes. How they manage to do it no one knows, for they are a sober, working crowd. But not a street scene is staged in London, from the holding-up of a car to the Lord Mayor's Show, at which crowds of these

Londoners do not manage to be present. Besides these rarer sights, they enjoy the sights on view every day, loitering by the magnificent displays in the great shop windows of Oxford or Regent Streets; they throng the cheaper seats of theatres and music halls; they crowd into the cinemas or picture palaces—some lordly buildings, others but gaudy halls—which have sprung up in almost every main street of Central London and its suburbs.



WHERE LONDONERS OF MANY RACES LIVE AND DO THEIR SHOPPING
Though London may certainly claim to be a beautiful city, very many parts of it are ugly in the extreme. In this photograph we show a street market in the East End, in Wentworth Street, Whitechapel, a centre of the Jewish quarter. Here crowds of poor people, mainly Jews and foreigners, barter for goods of every kind.

The Lands of El Dorado

FABLED RICHES OF THE THREE GUIANAS

In the days of long ago, when bold adventurers sailed out upon the seas to plunder the Spanish galleons, there were stories of a city of gold and of vast riches in the region now known as Guiana that lay awaiting the coming of those who were strong enough to capture it. These legends had a good deal to do with the enterprise which led to the founding of the three colonies of British, Dutch and French Guiana. Although the tales turned out to be untrue, the country is so rich in natural resources, which include gold and diamonds, that it may even yet prove to be a genuine El Dorado.

IN the adventurous days of good Queen Bess, when gold, silver and jewels poured into Spain from the newly-discovered lands of South America, there was a story concerning a Spaniard who, exploring the Orinoco River in search of wealth, became separated from his companions and was lost in the tropical forest. Years afterwards he found his way back, and when dying asserted that he had been captured by Indians and taken to a wonderful land farther east where there was a lake fringed with sands of gold, and where stood a city called Manoa whose very houses were roofed with gold.

This story, implicitly believed by all Europe, fired the imagination of men, and sent them—our own Sir Walter Raleigh among the number—to search for this fabulous El Dorado, “the golden land,” and its phantom city of Manoa. It is to this that we owe the existence of the three Guiana colonies—British, Dutch and French—which lie side by side on the northern coast of South America.

The searchers did not find the city of gold; they found instead a land of golden possibilities which even to-day await the adventurous. Access was easiest from the sea, and here the mariners found a belt of mud from 10 to 40 miles wide, brought down by many rivers and frequently flooded during the rainy season.

Denizens of the Forest

Behind this mud belt the turbulent rivers poured down through a land covered for the most part with impenetrable tropical forest, often swampy, where snakes were plentiful and jaguars, pumas and numerous other creatures roamed;

where monkeys and parrots chattered in the tree-tops, gorgeous orchids and rich ferns decked the banks of the creeks and butterflies and humming-birds flitted about.

As the land rises ever higher towards the mountains of the south, the forest gives place to “savannas,” rolling grasslands where in some cases the grasses stand man-high. But within a hundred miles of the coast most of the main rivers are impeded by waterfalls and rapids which make further navigation impossible for any but native craft, so the settlers contented themselves with the mud belt. Here at the mouths of the rivers they built their homes, and they started to drain the land and to cultivate tobacco and sugar, coffee and cotton.

The Beginnings of the Guianas

In 1831 the three provinces of Essequibo, Demerara and Berbice, named after the rivers flowing through them, became the colony of British Guiana, which is about the size of Great Britain. Save that it is only half the area and not nearly so prosperous, Dutch Guiana is very similar to its British neighbour. French Guiana differs somewhat from the other two, and it is not so well developed nor so rich and for years has been used as a place of punishment for criminals.

Small as is the population of British Guiana—less than half that of Greater London—it is very mixed. In a walk through the streets of Georgetown, the capital, at the mouth of the Demerara River, we should meet a few white people, mainly English, and a host of coloured folk—African negroes, descendants of the old slave population who worked the



British Guiana Govt.

WATER STREET IN GEORGETOWN, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH GUIANA
Georgetown is situated on the right bank of the Demerara River and was founded by the Dutch, who called it Stabroek, in 1781. The streets are wide and clean, and some of them have canals, which are locally termed "trenches," running down the centre. Large numbers of frogs live in these canals, and they keep up a concert throughout the night.



NATIVE HUNTERS WHO ROAM THE FORESTS AND SAVANNAS

Two of the hunters are holding modern rifles, but a third evidently still believes in the power of bow and arrow to kill the jaguars, pumas, tapirs, sloths and monkeys which live in the dense forests and jungles. The savannas are splendid grasslands a few hundred feet above sea-level where many different kinds of game are to be found.



CARIB WOMAN STANDING BEFORE HER UNWALLED HOME

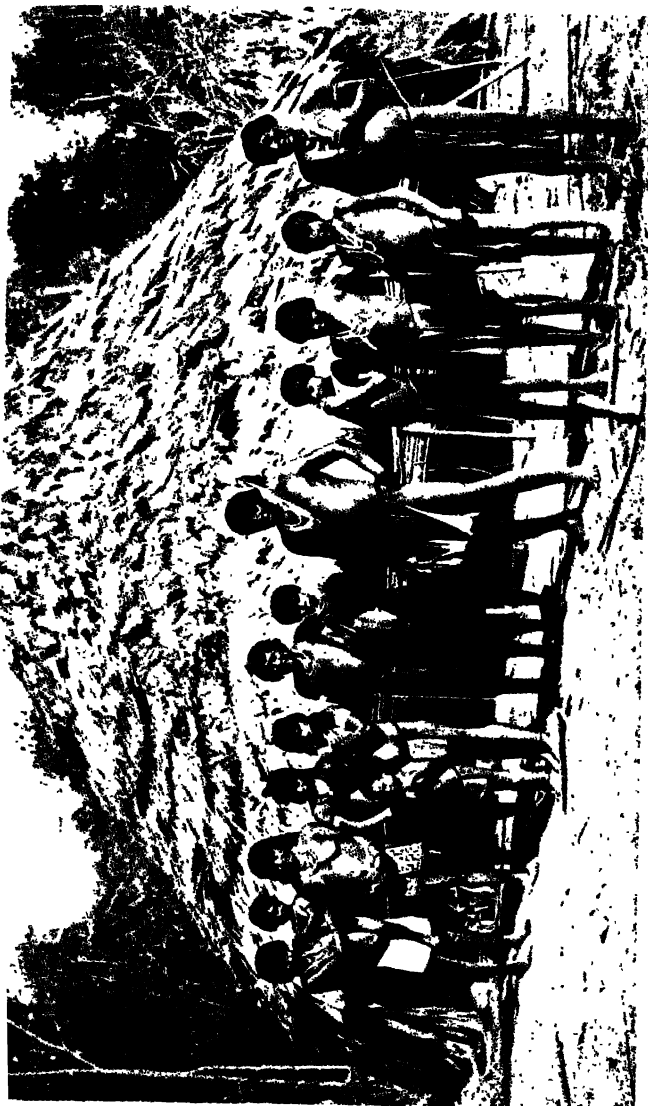
As it is always warm in the Guianas and the natives have no desire for privacy, there is really no need for walls. All that they want is shelter from the rain, and a place in which to sling the hammocks that all the Caribs use as beds. The hammocks are made by plaiting palm-fibres, so that the Indians can make a new one at any time.



COLOURED CONVICTS DANCING IN A PENAL SETTLEMENT OF FRENCH GUIANA

M.H.A.

For many years France sent numbers of her most dangerous criminals to Guiana, and colonies were established for them about 1855. Hundreds of them died very soon after their arrival, owing to the unhealthy climate and the bad conditions in which they were forced to live. There is a penal settlement at Maroni, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of the colony is descended from exiles. The convicts did not come only from France, but also from the other French possessions. French Guiana is the least developed of the *Guianese*.



MEMBERS OF THE TIMID ARAWAK TRIBE,
 Here we see a group of Arawak Indians who are to be found in the districts of British and Dutch Guiana that are, as yet, only partially explored. The word "arawak" means "meal-eaters," and as these people live principally on bread made from cassava meal, it fits them

ONCE THE PREY OF THE SAVAGE CARIBS
 very well. The tribe formerly occupied all the islands of the West Indies, and even had villages in Florida. Much of their territory was taken from them by the warlike Caribs, and they were enslaved by



WOMEN OF THE FIERCE MACUSI CARRY BABIES IN SLINGS

Warlike and cruel, the Caribs, who include the Macusi, occupied territory in the Guianas and some of the islands of the West Indies by conquering or driving out the Arawaks. The Macusi women wear a band of cotton just above the ankle and about the upper arm; some of the tribes also wear a strip just below the knee.

sugar plantations there and in the West Indies near by, slim labourers brought from far distant India, slant-eyed Chinese, and perhaps a silent, copper-coloured man, one of the aboriginal natives, stalking indifferently along in the land that was once his own.

In Georgetown, at the mouth of the Demerara River, the wooden houses are built on piles as a precaution against floods; they have verandas and many windows but no chimneys, for it is summer all the year round and fires are not needed except for cooking.

Some of the negroes are highly educated, but for the most part they are not ambitious and will only work sufficiently to

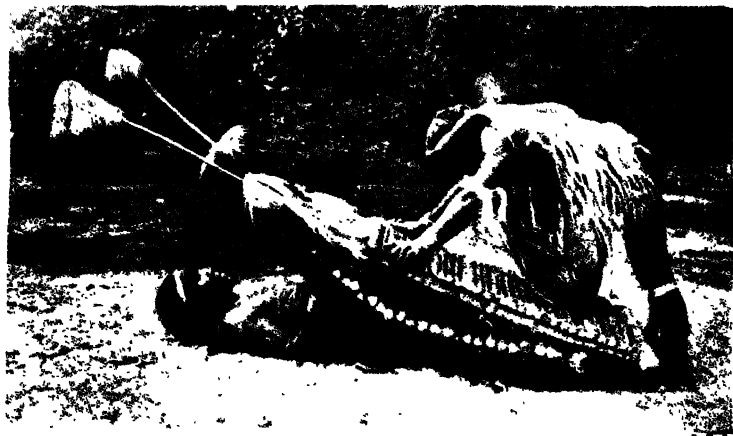
provide the simple food their family requires. The plantain, which forms their staple food, is a kind of banana which is gathered unripe and, boiled, roasted or fried, is eaten as a vegetable.

Cassava roots, from which we get tapioca, are grated and crushed to extract the poison they contain, and are then made into flat cakes, cooked on an iron plate and eaten as bread. The "pepper-pot," once the standard dish all over the colony, is a great stand-by. Into it is put the red pepper we call "cayenne," with a thick sauce known as "cassareep," which is made from the juice expressed from the cassava, and all sorts of vegetables and pieces of meat and game. The "pepper-pot"



WARRAW BRAVES AT THEIR STRENUOUS SHIELD GAME

The Warraw Indians form a small, coastal tribe living near the mouth of the Barima River in British Guiana. Formerly they lived on the mud upon the shore and were a dirty people, but they have now been moved to higher ground. They made excellent canoes and built their houses on piles. In this photograph we see the start of the shield game.



WOE TO THE VANQUISHED! THE END OF THE SHIELD GAME

As soon as the heavy wooden shields have been placed face to face the warriors begin to push, the one against the other. Their object is to push their opponent over either by sheer strength or by trickery. Here one brave has fallen flat on his back and the victor is pressing him down to make his triumph obvious to the spectators.

THE LANDS OF EL DORADO

is put on the fire every day and never allowed to get empty.

The East Indians, who comprise nearly half of the population, must have rice, so now this is grown in large quantities, and some is exported. These men work on the huge sugar plantations along the coast, for sugar is the main product of this part of the world.

How the Indians of Guiana Dress

Sugar, coffee, cotton, cocoa, rice, maize, plantains, oranges, coconuts—all flourish in the moist heat of Guiana—but once away from the mud belt the tropical growth of weed, bush and tree makes cultivation difficult. The forests themselves contain untold wealth in the form of valuable timber trees. One, the green-heart, is much in demand and was used in making the Panama Canal. There is also the balata-tree, whose milky sap, when dry, forms a rubber-like substance.

In little forest clearings beside the rivers or higher up on the wide savannas, going ever farther and farther into the interior, are found the native Indians. Some of them are Christians and wear—sometimes, at any rate—clothing of sorts, but for the most part the Indian to-day lives a life as simple and uncivilized as that of his warrior ancestors. He wears a piece of cloth known as the "lap" which is hung from a cord passed tightly round his waist. His wife wears a small square apron known as the "queyu"; this was originally made of threaded seeds, but since the traders came to Guiana the queyu has become a piece of coloured bead-work, often elaborate and artistic.

Simple, Native Homes without Walls

The native house is a simple thatched affair. It has open sides if in the forest, but if in the savannas it has mud walls to keep out the cool winds. There is little furniture in the "benab," or hut; a hammock serves for a bed by night and a sofa or chair by day.

The women cook, cultivate the cassava patch and collect wood for the cooking fire, carrying great loads on their backs

in baskets called "pegalls," which they weave very cleverly from the strips cut from a certain palm. The men are the hunters. They make their own bows and arrows and blow-pipes, the last, with poisoned darts, being used for killing birds and monkeys.

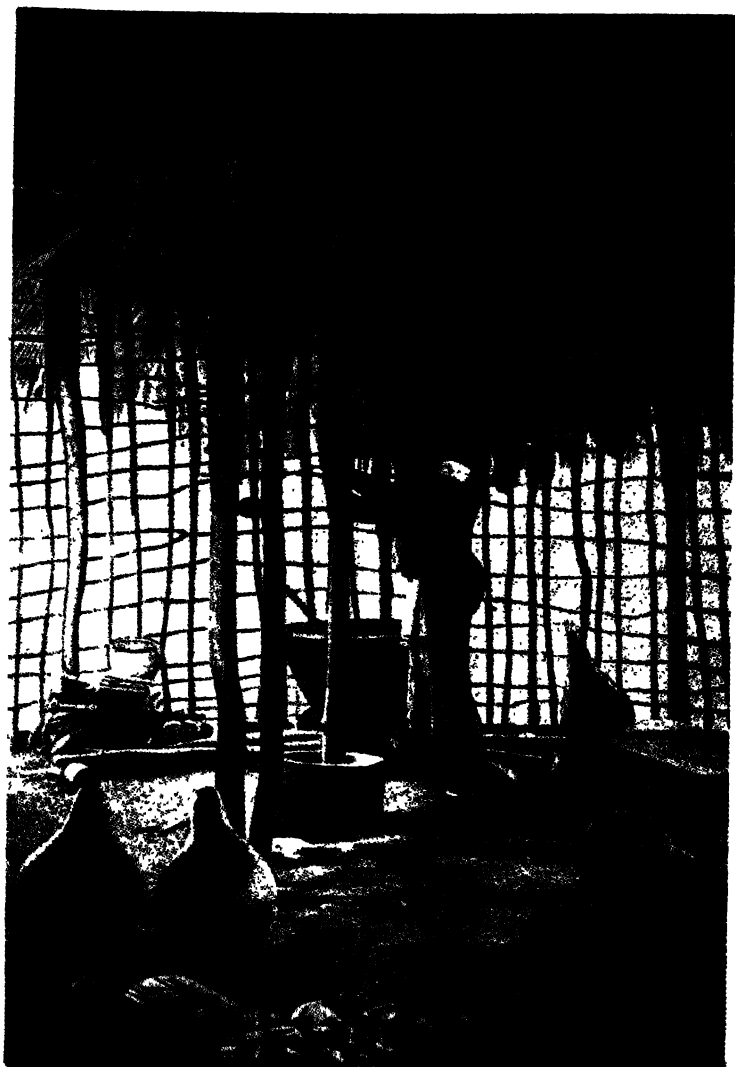
The Indians make good guides, and they earn a certain amount by catching and taming parrots and macaws, which they sell in the towns. Necklaces and armlets and often anklets of coloured seeds, beads, or alligators' teeth are regarded as ornamental, and on festive occasions an Indian buck is a very gorgeous person in his head-dress of many coloured plumage, his mantle of macaw tail feathers, or his collar of egret plumes.

Gold is found in the upper reaches of the rivers and through the forest area, but it was not until about fifty years ago that the industry assumed any importance. During the search for gold, diamonds were discovered, and in 1925 one million pounds' worth of these precious stones was exported. Bauxite, from which aluminium is extracted, is also found.

Waterfall far Higher than Niagara

This then is British Guiana, the only British possession in South America. A rich, tropical country with fertile lands awaiting cultivation, with spacious grass lands which could supply grazing for multitudes of cattle, with enormous forests of valuable wood, with water power unlimited in its rivers and cataracts—one cataract alone, that of the Kaieteur Falls, which we illustrate in page 159, is nearly five times the height of Niagara—a country of golden possibilities which cannot become anything else until its riches are made more accessible.

At present there is a railway along part of the coast, but a line of less than twenty miles, which joins two of the rivers, is the only railway in the interior. What is required is a line which will run right through the colony from Georgetown to the borders of Brazil. When it comes, it will make this little known corner of the empire a veritable El Dorado.



TRELLIS-WORK WALLS ABOUT A MACUSI WOMAN'S KITCHEN

It is easy to watch this Carib housewife about her daily tasks, since the walls are formed of nothing more than a wooden trellis. On the floor are several gourds for storing water or food, and wooden basins. The woman is using a pole as a pestle, with which to pound the grain in the mortar. The roof is well thatched to keep out the tropical rain.



BOLIVIAN INDIAN DIGGING WITH A SPADE OF ANCIENT PATTERN
 Agriculture is in a very backward state in Bolivia, though portions of the country are capable of producing excellent crops. The Indians till their own land, but their implements are very crude. This man is using a sharpened stake as a spade, such as primitive man might have used several thousands of years ago.



OX-DRAWN PLOUGH SCRATCHING THE SOIL OF BOLIVIA
 As we learnt in the chapter "The Land of the Incas," Bolivia once formed a part of the great Inca empire, and it is known that agriculture was carefully fostered during that period. It is easy to see, when we look at this wooden plough, that little progress has been made in this industry since the Incas were overthrown by the Spaniards.

Man's Oldest Industry

HOW HE TILLS THE SOIL AND GAINS HIS FOOD

Ploughing, sowing, harrowing and harvesting has been the story of the seasons since man first began to grow his food instead of taking it where he found it—wild fruits, berries and nuts, and such animals as he could kill. The man who first discovered—perhaps twelve thousand years ago—that he could grow food—some grain probably not unlike our wheat—instead of having to hunt for it, sowed the seed of all civilizations. So it is extremely interesting to find, as we do in some of the illustrations to this chapter, that in many parts of the world man is still ploughing and harvesting with implements little less primitive than those his far-off ancestors used. We shall read by way of contrast what wonderful methods and instruments modern science has invented for increasing and improving the food we gain from the earth.

A FIELD of ripe wheat in this twentieth century of the Christian era looks, no doubt, very much the same as one in the twentieth century before Christ. Yet if the modern farmer used the same methods of growing wheat as those employed in the old days, then wheaten bread would now be a luxury such as only the richest people could afford.

Many pictures remain to us of the ancient Egyptian ploughs, which were made of wood and could only scratch soft ground to a depth of two or three inches. This kind of plough was used even in parts of Europe up to about one hundred years ago. The "hack" which was employed to till fields in Norway and Sweden was nothing but a length of fir trunk with a bough, sticking out at the lower end, cut short and pointed. The first people to use a plough shaped like the modern one, with a share and mould-board for cutting and turning the sod, were the Romans, though to-day man makes his ploughs of better materials than the Romans did.

Harnessing Steam to the Plough

The first patent for a steam plough to be taken out in England was granted in 1769, but the invention was not successful, and it was not until 1855 that Mr. Fowler of Leeds and Mr. Howard of Bedford made a success of steam ploughs. Mr. Fowler used a stationary engine and an anchor, and the plough was pulled by steam power to and fro between them. But steam ploughs have never been popular in Britain because, for one thing, the fields

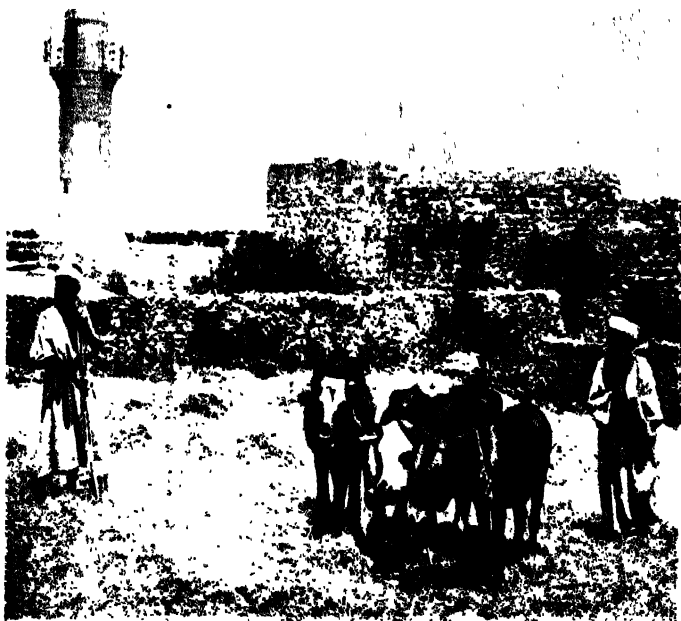
are usually too small to make such a method of cultivation worth while; and for another, the steam plough has been found to harm the land by cutting too deeply, burying the good soil and bringing the poorer earth to the surface.

A Field of Forty Square Miles

The case is very different in the United States, Canada and Australia, where there are huge areas of flat prairie land, and where single wheat fields are measured not in acres but in square miles. Many of these wheat farms have an area of from thirty to forty thousand acres, and on these all work is done by labour-saving machinery.

In California there is a wheat field of twenty-five thousand acres or about forty square miles. This field is on the bank of the San Joaquin River near the town of Clovis in Madera County. It is almost as flat as a floor and nearly square, each side being a little over six miles in length. A man and a horse would take thirty years to plough and plant such a field, but two hundred men are employed to plant it, and by the use of modern machinery the whole work is done in about three weeks.

American farmers owe a great debt to a young Virginian, Cyrus H. McCormick, who, in 1831, exhibited the first practical reaping machine. Within ten years his firm was turning out fifteen hundred reapers a year, and was beginning to make all sorts of steam ploughs, cultivators and other forms of agricultural machinery. McCormick invented a self-binding harvester which not only cut grain, but bound it and laid it in shocks each of six



OXEN AND A DONKEY INSTEAD OF A THRESHING-MACHINE

We are used to seeing the grain separated from the ears by a threshing machine, but in Palestine and elsewhere other slower and older methods are employed. Sometimes, as in this photograph, animals are made to walk over the threshing floor. The beasts are not muzzled for this work in Palestine, because the Mosaic law forbids this.

bundles. He then produced a machine called a "header," which cut off the heads of the standing wheat, threshed them and separated the grain from the chaff. This is used in regions where the wheat straw is too brittle for the ordinary binder.

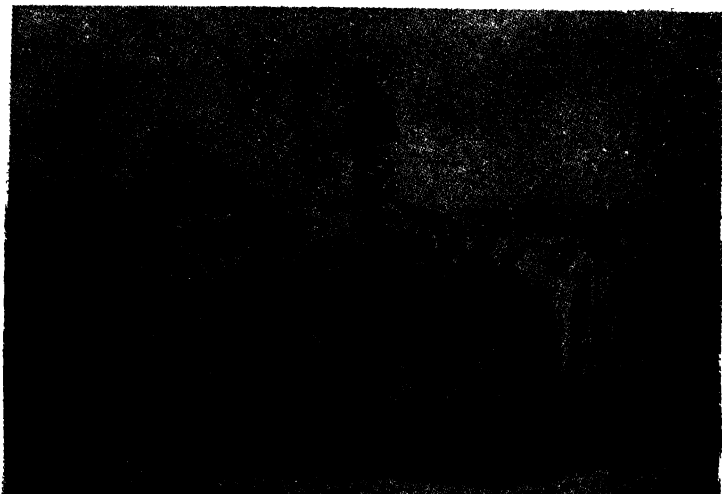
Each of these machines does the work of at least ten men, and at first they were all worked by horses. The ploughs, drilling machines (for sowing grain), the harrows and the threshers were built for teams of from two up to sixteen horses, so until a few years ago it was not uncommon to see as many as sixteen horses attached to one of the multiple ploughs. In Australia, horses are still used for the work,

and our illustrations in page 1003 show cultivators in a vast Australian wheat field, each pulled by five horses abreast.

But in North America most of the farmers who cultivate big areas have given up horses and use either steam or motor tractors. A large steam tractor will draw as many as eighteen ploughs at one time, doing an amount of work equal to that of fifty or more horses. These giant tractors are supported on three wheels, each having tires five or six feet in width, so that they resemble steam rollers. No matter how soft or sandy the ground, these wide tires get such a grip that the wheels cannot slip even under the heaviest load.



CARRYING HIS PLOUGH, THE INDIAN PEASANT STARTS OFF TO WORK
 If the plough and harrow were made of metal, like those of the farmers in many other lands, he would not be able to carry them over his shoulder. Much is being done in India to help the farmer to reap a better harvest, but he is content with a little and does not like adopting new ideas, which he distrusts.



MUZZLED OXEN TRAMPLING OUT GRAIN NEAR ADEN, ARABIA
 Unlike those in the photograph in page 992, these oxen are muzzled so that they are unable to eat the grain. The animals work in pairs, and are roped to a stake around which the jowari, a grain grown near Aden, is piled. Oxen are specially suited to this work, since the more tired they become the more heavily they tread.



SEPARATING THE GRAIN FROM THE CHAFF IN KATHIAWAR, INDIA

Every village in Kathiawar, a province in the Bombay Presidency, has its own grain yard where the harvest of the whole village is collected. After the threshing, the grain and chaff are separated by people standing on high stools, who pour the grain on to the ground, the chaff being blown away. Of course, they have to wait for a windy day



ROUGH WAY OF CLEANING GRAIN EMPLOYED IN KATHIAWAR

When the grain and chaff have been separated, the grain is swept up off the ground and so becomes mixed with dirt. To clean it the grain is poured through a sieve such as the two women are holding. We should not care to eat it even then, but these people are not, as a rule, nearly so particular as we are about such things.



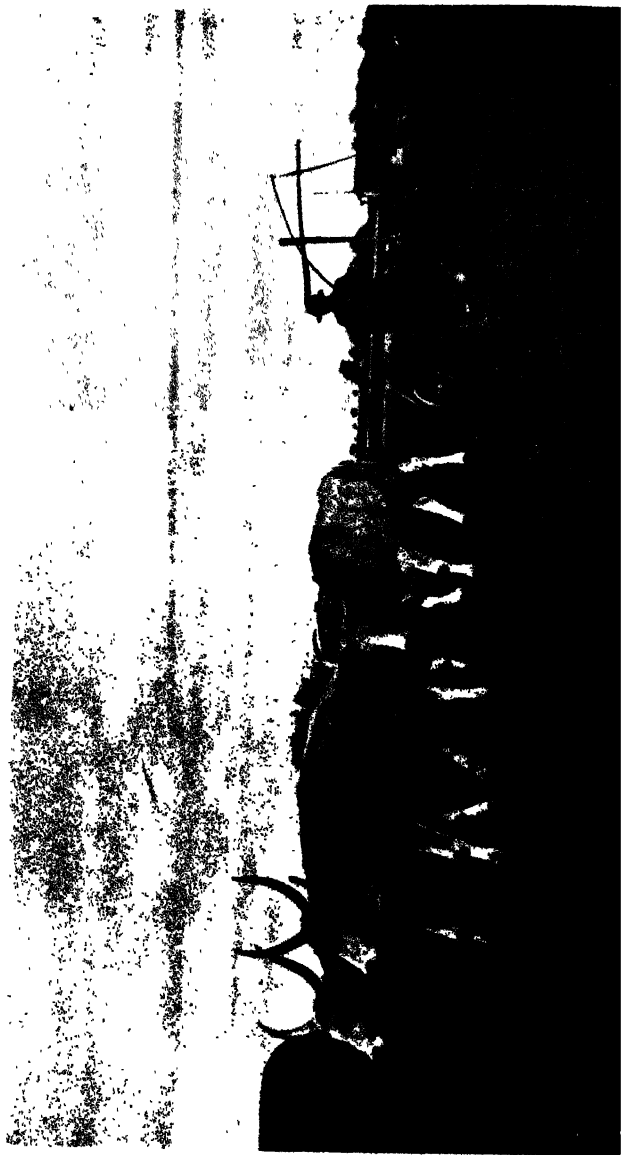
FIRST PROCESS IN THE THRESHING OF CORN IN GREECE

In Greece the threshing of the harvest involves two separate operations. In the first place, the corn is tossed into the air by means of a large, clumsy fork, such as we see wielded by this woman. In this way the grain is separated from the ears, although the husks, or chaff, must yet be removed before it is ready to be ground into flour.



SIFTING AND WINNOWING REMOVE THE HUSKS FROM THE GRAIN

This Greek method of separating the chaff from the grain is not very different from that used in India, which is shown in the top photograph in the opposite page. The corn is poured to the ground through a sieve, and the chaff is wafted away by the winnowing fan of twigs carried by the man, instead of by the wind as in India.



TEAM OF FOUR LONG-HORNED OXEN YOKED TO A PLOUGH ON THE HORTOBAGY PLAIN, HUNGARY
Near the centre of the Alföld, or great plain, is the plain of Hortobágy. Like the rest of the Alföld, it is a grass-land, with lagoons breaking here and there the pusztas, or prairie-like stretches of heath lands. The Hungarian farmer uses the famous breed of oxen here.

MAN'S OLDEST INDUSTRY

With one of these giant tractors a farmer can plough fifty acres in a day and harrow twenty acres in an hour. By way of comparison it should be pointed out that one acre of ploughing is a fair day's work for a man and a horse, and that they walk a distance of from twelve to fourteen miles in completing it. A tractor such as has been described above requires five or six tons of coal a day and 2,700 gallons of water, yet even so it works at one-sixth of the cost of men and horses. It does everything on the big farms, first the ploughing and harrowing, then the sowing. It cuts the ripe wheat, threshes it and ends by hauling the piled up sacks of grain to the nearest railway-station, or to the elevator in which they are stored until loaded into ships for transport to all parts of the world.

In the eastern part of the United States, in Great Britain and in Germany, motor ploughs are being used in ever-increasing numbers. Being small and handy, they are more suitable for the smaller fields. A very interesting demonstration of the use of motors in harvesting was given at Kirton, in Lincolnshire. An acre of standing corn was marked out and was cut, bound and threshed by motor-driven machines.

At half-past eleven in the morning the tractor took the threshing drum into the cornfield, and at twenty to twelve began to draw two harvesters. These not only cut the corn but bound it. Men walking behind formed the sheaves into shocks, and in exactly fifteen minutes the acre had been cut. By one o'clock the corn was lying beside the threshing drum. Then the threshing was done, and as the corn was threshed, part of the grain was ground in a mill worked by a pulley



OLD-FASHIONED METHODS 'N MODERN CYPRUS

It is a surprise to find that the Cypriot farmer carries his plough to the fields like the Indian peasant in page 993. The plough is made of wood, but an iron spike is attached to turn the earth.

off the threshing drum. The flour was hurried to the house, and at half-past three loaver, made from corn which, four hours earlier, had been standing wheat, were taken out of the oven. A little later in the season the same motor tractor ploughed and harrowed an acre of land and sowed it with wheat in seven and a half hours.

The principal food of mankind is the seed of certain grasses called cereals. These include wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, maize, durra or guinea corn, and the several different sorts of millet. Barley, oats and rye are the grains of cold countries, and the first two have actually been grown within the Arctic Circle.



Center

TEAM OF FOUR LONG-HORNED OXEN YOKED TO A PLOUGH ON THE HORTOBAGY PLAIN, HUNGARY

Near the centre of the Alföld, or great plain, is the plain of Hortobágy. Like the rest of the Alföld, it is a grass-land, with lagoons breaking here and there the pusztas, or prairie-like stretches of heath-lands. The Hungarian farmer uses the famous breed of long-horned oxen for practically every kind of farm work and would not dream of substituting machinery for them, though he does not mind employing up-to-date agricultural implements. He controls his team by voice and whip. The whip has a long, heavy lash and is hard to use skillfully.

MAN'S OLDEST INDUSTRY

With one of these giant tractors a farmer can plough fifty acres in a day and harrow twenty acres in an hour. By way of comparison it should be pointed out that one acre of ploughing is a fair day's work for a man and a horse, and that they walk a distance of from twelve to fourteen miles in completing it. A tractor such as has been described above requires five or six tons of coal a day and 2,700 gallons of water, yet even so it works at one-sixth of the cost of men and horses. It does everything on the big farms, first the ploughing and harrowing, then the sowing. It cuts the ripe wheat, threshes it and ends by hauling the piled up sacks of grain to the nearest railway-station, or to the elevator in which they are stored until loaded into ships for transport to all parts of the world.

In the eastern part of the United States, in Great Britain and in Germany, motor ploughs are being used in ever-increasing numbers. Being small and handy, they are more suitable for the smaller fields. A very interesting demonstration of the use of motors in harvesting was given at Kirton, in Lincolnshire. An acre of standing corn was marked out and was cut, bound and threshed by motor-driven machines.

At half-past eleven in the morning the tractor took the threshing drum into the cornfield, and at twenty to twelve began to draw two harvesters. These not only cut the corn but bound it. Men walking behind formed the sheaves into shocks, and in exactly fifteen minutes the acre had been cut. By one o'clock the corn was lying beside the threshing drum. Then the threshing was done, and as the corn was threshed, part of the grain was ground in a mill worked by a pulley



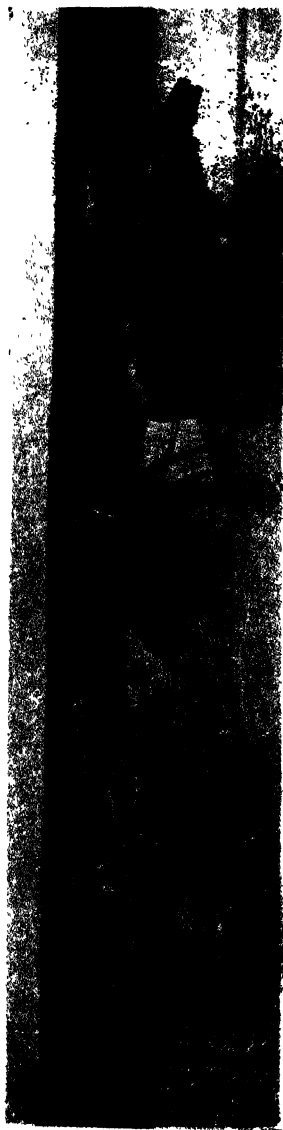
OLD-FASHIONED METHODS 'N MODERN CYPRUS

It is a surprise to find that the Cypriot farmer carries his plough to the fields like the Indian peasant in page 993. The plough is made of wood, but an iron spike is attached to turn the earth.

off the threshing drum. The flour was hurried to the house, and at half-past three loaver, made from corn which, four hours earlier, had been standing wheat, were taken out of the oven. A little later in the season the same motor tractor ploughed and harrowed an acre of land and sowed it with wheat in seven and a half hours.

The principal food of mankind is the seed of certain grasses called cereals. These include wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, maize, durra or guinea corn, and the several different sorts of millet. Barley, oats and rye are the grains of cold countries, and the first two have actually been grown within the Arctic Circle.

MAN'S OLDEST INDUSTRY



WATER BUFFALOES DRAW THE PLOUGHS OVER THE FLOODED RICE FIELDS IN SICHUAN

In page 460 we see water-buffaloes ploughing rice fields in Ceylon, and we shall find that these animals are used for this purpose all over the East. They are easily controlled by the natives, but often have a keen dislike of white people, whom they will sometimes attack.

Wheat is the principal grain of the temperate regions, but its range is very wide, for, though it can be grown in India and Egypt, good wheat crops have been produced since 1924 as far north as Dawson City on the Yukon River, Canada. The latitude is sixty-four degrees—that is, the same as southern Iceland. Maize, rice and the millets belong to warm countries, and durra is a tropical grain.

All these grains have been grown from time beyond memory or record, and have been gradually improved by the process known as selection. That is to say, seed for sowing has constantly been saved from the finest, strongest plants, so that by slow degrees the cultivated plants increased in size and bearing until the yield was multiplied many times over. Selection was for thousands of years the only way in which man knew how to improve his food plants, yet even so the results were very wonderful. Then as the nineteenth century brought its great advances in invention and science, slowly the mysteries of cross-fertilisation were disclosed. To get a grain of wheat, or any other seed, the dust known as pollen, which most flowers possess, must reach the part of the flower known as the pistil. This is called fertilisation. In cross-fertilisation, the pollen of one variety of the plant is dusted on to the pistil of another variety. The plant that grows from the seed so produced is a "cross" between the two kinds, and combines the merits of both. Within the last thirty or forty years the results obtained in this way have been greater than those obtained in as many centuries before.

The man who has done most to improve wheat plants by this method is an Englishman named John Garton. He has made more than two ears of corn grow where one grew before. It was he who first realised that what our wheat plants required was new blood, and he began by procuring this from wild wheat and oats.

To give an example, he crossed the highly developed English oat with the wild oat grass brought from China. The wild oat's seeds are too small to have food value, but the plant itself is extremely



NEW HAN

HOW RICE HAS BEEN CRUSHED IN CHINA FOR CENTURIES

As in many other Eastern countries changes come but slowly in China, and this boy still crushes rice with a wooden roller. The grain is first piled upon the stone platform, then the boy moves the roller slowly backwards and forwards. In his left hand he is holding a brush with which he sweeps the rice into heaps to make the work easier.



FRIGGAS

SMILING CHEERILY AT HIS MONOTONOUS TASK OF SIFTING RICE

Time does not matter to this Chinese labourer, so the thought that it will take him hours to sift the rice does not worry him at all. He puts the grain into the basket he is holding and shakes it into the large wicker sieve, through which it falls into a receptacle beneath. Probably one of his family will take a turn when he is tired.



H N A

MODERN INVENTIONS ENABLE MAN TO TILL VAST FIELDS AND GROW HUGE CROPS IN THE NEW WORLD
This reaping machine, which is helping to gather in the golden grain the richness of the earth than could have been accomplished by the of Alberta, in Canada, not only cuts the wheat but binds it into the crude implements and methods shown in the previous pages of this sheaves that we see scattered about the field. It is typical of the chapter. Very often, now, steam-tractors take the place of horses modern inventions that have helped man to make so much more of in the work of turning the Canadian prairies into wheat-fields.



PREPARING AN IMMENSE FIELD IN NEW SOUTH WALES FOR THE SOWING OF A WHEAT CROP

New South Wales is one of the great agricultural states of the Australian Commonwealth, and wherever the land is suitable we find industrious farmers bringing it under cultivation. About three million acres of its vast fertile plains have been made to yield huge crops of wheat. This prepares it for the plough and for the sowing of the grain.



THIRTY-THREE HORSE TEAM AT WORK IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
 American farmers make great use of many labour-saving devices, one of which we here see at work. This team of thirty-three horses is drawing a machine called a "header," which cuts and threshes wheat at the same time. The San Joaquin Valley is known as the granary of California, since in it are grown immense quantities of fruit and grain.



'MODERN METHODS OF HARVESTING CANADA'S WHEAT CROP
 When his crop is ripe, the Canadian farmer must carry out all the operations of harvesting it as quickly as possible, since a high wind, a sudden hailstorm or a fire might destroy it all. Many farmers, therefore, prefer to use a tractor and an elaborate reaper and binder like those seen above, instead of the old-fashioned horse-team and reaping-machine.



South Australian Govt.

HOW THE WHEAT CROP IS STORED IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

This method of storing wheat in use at Keswick, in South Australia, has several disadvantages. The farmers have to buy the sacks in which the wheat is stored every year. These are stacked with the help of the elevator that we see here carrying full sacks up a steep incline. Wheat thus stored is subject to the constant ravages of mice.

hardy, being able to withstand the longest and most bitter frost. Also its stalk or straw is very tough and strong. The result has been surprising. A single head of this new oat holds very nearly a thousand grains—that is, ten times as many as were previously found in the best crops—while the straw is stronger and stiffer. The great advantage of a stiff straw is that the crop is not easily beaten down by heavy rains. The new oat has yielded crops up to one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre, that is twice the weight of the best average of the older oats, and that without special manuring.

Mr. Garton has also crossed cultivated barley with barley from Nepal, and here again has given the world a new and wonderful plant. The cross-bred barley has lost its "beard," and has a loose skin which falls away in threshing, so saving much labour in preparing the grain for the market. The quality is of the finest and the yield heavy.

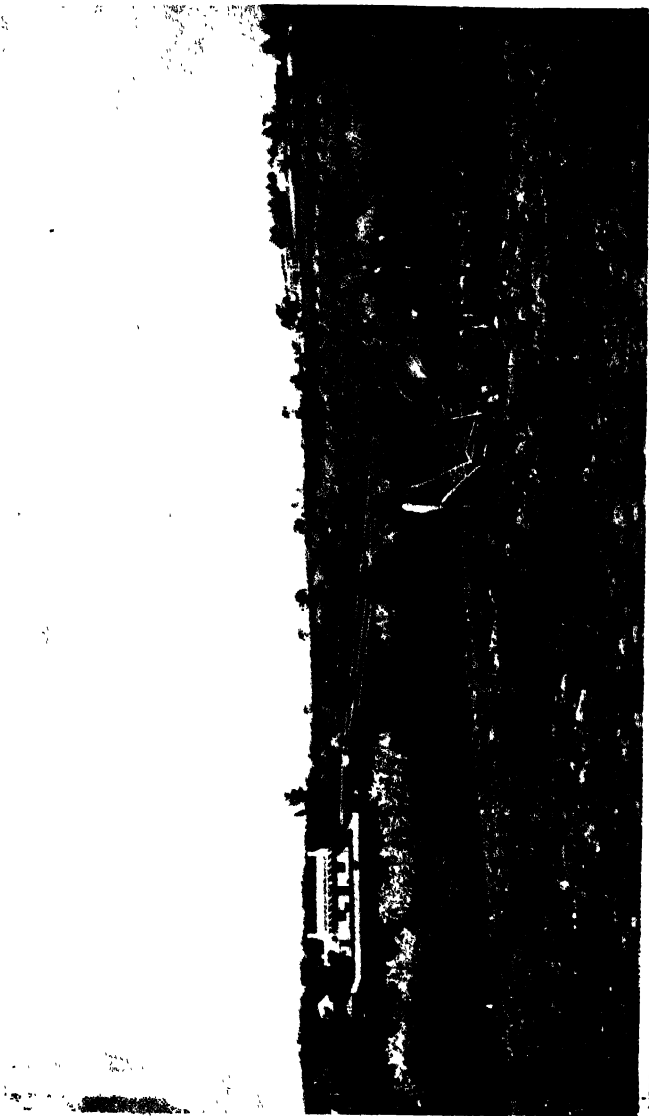
The new wheats grown of late have other advantages besides those of increased yield. Some, for instance, ripen far more rapidly than older varieties. A

wheat has been produced which, sown on July 19th on an Essex farm, sprouted in five days and it was fit to cut at the end of twelve weeks. Such a wheat is invaluable for a country like north-western Canada, where the summer is so short that ordinary varieties are frost-bitten before they are ready to be cut. It should be added that the seed of this wheat was treated electrically before sowing. Others of these new wheats are proof against "rust," a fungoid disease which affects wheat in every part of the world, and which destroys fully one-tenth of the world's wheat crop.

One of the greatest inventions of the present century is the discovery that electricity may be used to make plants of all sorts grow faster and produce larger crops. It had long been noticed that plants grew faster in thundery weather than at any other time, and this led a Swedish scientist to make experiments. He strung wires about ten feet above the ground and passed through them currents of ten to fifteen thousand volts. The results were remarkable.

Strawberries in electrified plots showed an increase of from 50 to 128 per cent.





HOW PATIENT LABOUR WITH THE AXE AND THE PLOUGH HAVE CHANGED THE FACE OF AUSTRALIA 1907
There is real romance in the commonplace work of ploughing in Australia, since, by means of the plough, what was formerly unprofitable forest-land has been turned into a fair countryside dotted with fruitful farms. A few years ago this peaceful landscape, with its orchards bright with blossom, its trim fields and snug, little farm-houses, was "bush," like that shown in the opposite page. When the trees had been felled, the soil tilled and crops sown, excellent harvests rewarded the farmer, so that he is now well on the way to prosperity.

MAN'S OLDEST INDUSTRY



South African Govt.

STURDY WOMEN WHO TILL THE FIELDS

While the men of a Zulu community tend the cattle, agriculture is in the hands of the women. They work hard in the fields, preparing them for crops of maize, which is the staple food, sweet potatoes and other vegetables.

over those grown in the ordinary way. Corn showed an increase of 35 to 40 per cent, potatoes 20 per cent, beet 26 per cent. These experiments were carried out about twenty years ago, and since that date experiments have been made in Perthshire, Cheshire and at the Rothamsted Experimental Station near Harpenden. In every case it has been found that the increase in the crops is considerable, and that the result is most marked when the land has been well fertilised and cultivated.

As much as eight inches difference in height was noticed between wheat growing under electrified wires and that in a neighbouring plot, and a curious result of

one of these electric experiments was the extraordinary growth of a length of hedge within reach of the electric influence.

At present the cost of electrification is too great to make it pay when the crop is merely grain or potatoes, but in the case of fruits such as raspberries or strawberries, or where the crop is tomatoes, electricity can be used profitably. It has also been discovered that it is not necessary to keep the electric supply going continually, but that a few hours' treatment each day is sufficient. Those who know most about it prophesy that within fifty years all farmers and gardeners in every part of the world will use electricity to increase the yield of their crops.

The farmer has to struggle against many difficulties, one being late frosts, which are particularly dangerous to fruit crops. But he is learning how to protect himself even against such troubles. Smoke has been found to be the best guard against that sharp nip of cold which is so fatal to the fruit blossom, and in orchards

damp straw or green wood is kept ready to fire when the temperature becomes dangerously low.

Another enemy of the farmer is insects; but science is teaching him the uses of all kinds of chemical washes which destroy these pests, and, more than that, is showing him how each of these pests has some natural enemy which will destroy it. The most interesting example of this is the destruction of the "cottony cushion scale." This scale insect was ruining the whole orange industry of California, and acres of leafless, dying trees were seen in every direction. Ladybirds were imported; they rapidly increased, and within a couple of years quite cleared the scale.

Bonnie Scotland

RICH LOWLANDS AND ROMANTIC HIGHLANDS

Scotland contains an undue share of the natural beauties of the British Isles. The scenery of the Scottish Highlands has always offered our artists the most attractive subjects, the heather hills of the north being more beautiful in their ever-changing colours than any other mountain scenery in Europe, though lacking the austere grandeur of the Alps. The English Lake District can vie with parts of Scotland, but Loch Lomond is unique and the landscape of the famous Trossachs is unsurpassed. The beauty of Scottish scenery is only equalled by the ugliness of many of the small towns and villages, but, in spite of smoky skies, Glasgow is a splendid city, and Edinburgh is one of the most picturesque of the larger towns of the British Isles.

SCOTLAND is now so much a part of Great Britain, and its people are so intermingled with the English, that we are inclined to forget that it was once split up into many divisions, rent and torn by strife and at deadly enmity with the sister kingdom of England.

Who are the Scots? They came from Ireland to the country now called by their name. One of the earliest things that we read in English history is how the Picts and Scots came down from the north and ravaged England. It is supposed that the Picts were the ancestors of the Highlanders and the Scots of the Lowlanders.

The Highlanders are, as we might suppose, those people who live in the hill-country of the north. Draw a slanting line across Scotland from Aberdeen in the north-east, to the Firth of Clyde in the south-west, and this will roughly divide Scotland into what are called the Highlands and the Lowlands.

Two Bitter Enemies Now United

The Romans built two walls, one of turf and earth across the country from Firth of Clyde to Firth of Forth, and the other, a splendid piece of engineering, within the English borders. Between these two walls was the debatable ground to which, for centuries, Scots and English laid claim. The real history of Scotland begins with Kenneth MacAlpine, who ruled both Picts and Scots. His kingdom consisted of the country north of the Forth and Clyde, and his capital was near Perth.

There were many centuries of war between the Scots and the English before

the two kingdoms were joined under one king, James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. The son of the Scottish Queen Mary, he was a descendant of Henry VII. of England, and so, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, became king of England, after he had been king of Scotland for many years. It was not until the reign of Queen Anne, however, that the two kingdoms were really made one by the Act of Union. Even after that the fierce loyalty of the Scots to the descendants of the Stuart kings caused terrible bloodshed, for they supported "Prince Charlie," who tried to raise the northern country to recover the throne of his ancestors.

Highlands and Islands

The beauty of Scotland lies in its mountains and forests, its wide moors and huge lakes, the largest of which is Loch Awe, twenty-four miles in length. The western coast of the country is deeply cut by the sea, which forms inlets of sea-water also called lochs, and, sometimes, kyles. These and the lakes are as well known to holiday-makers as the fjords of Norway. There are also many islands off the west coast and, of these, hundreds of people visit Arran for its mountains, Mull for its precipitous cliffs and Skye for its grand scenery. Some go farther out to that great chain of islands, the Outer Hebrides, which lies in the Atlantic, like a huge kite with a tail to it, across the rough channel called the Minch.

Among all these islands, however, there is one, only three miles and a half long, which claims attention more than all



LOCH LOMOND, its placid surface starred with many green islands, is encircled by wild, rugged country and lofty mountains. At one time it would not have been safe for a farmer to allow his sheep to graze on this sunny hillside near Luss, since round the shores of the

loch and on some of its islands lived unruly Highland chieftains and their robber followers. To-day, however, all is peaceful, and pleasure boats cruise on the clear waters of Loch Lomond, bearing crowds of tourists to the hotels that have been built throughout the district.



SHETLAND WOMEN do not waste a minute of the day, these two are busy knitting even while they are walking to the market at Lerwick, the capital of the far Shetland Islands that lie to the north of Scotland. The farm produce that they mean to sell is packed

into panniers carried by two shaggy little ponies, the raising of which is an important industry in the islands. Sheep are also reared in great numbers, and from their wool the natives make the beautifully knitted garments that one may buy in shops all over the world.



Mr. Leish

MIST-CROWNED BEN VENUE MIRRORED IN LOVELY LOCH ACHRAY
 All the lochs of the Trossachs are beautiful, but none can afford a more exquisite picture than this view of Loch Achray, with its calm, silver water and dark, tree-grown island. Beyond it looms the huge, irregular shape of Ben Venue, which is almost 2,400 feet high, with the mist of early morning writhing about the rugged crags near its summit.



McLellan

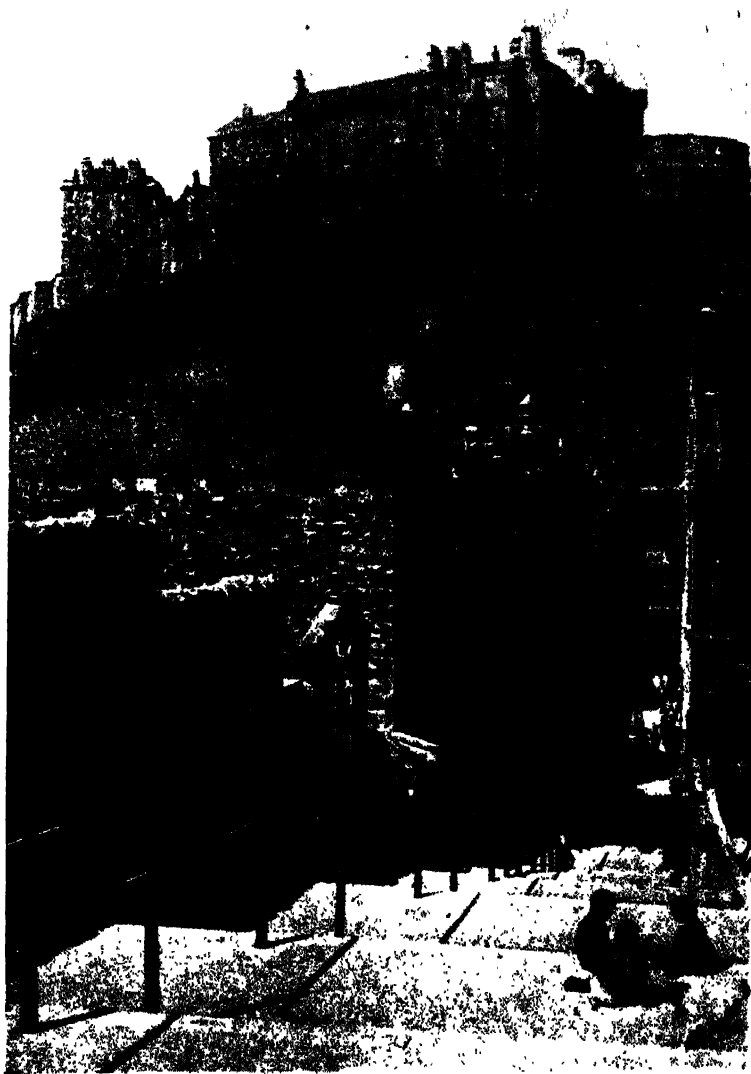
ON A MIGHTY ROCK STANDS THE OLD CASTLE OF STIRLING

Stirling Castle contains within its strong walls the royal palace, once the favourite residence of many of the Scottish kings, and the old Parliament House of Scotland. Hence, when Scotland was yet independent, the government of the country was directed. In later years the castle guarded the road to the Lowlands against Highland invaders.

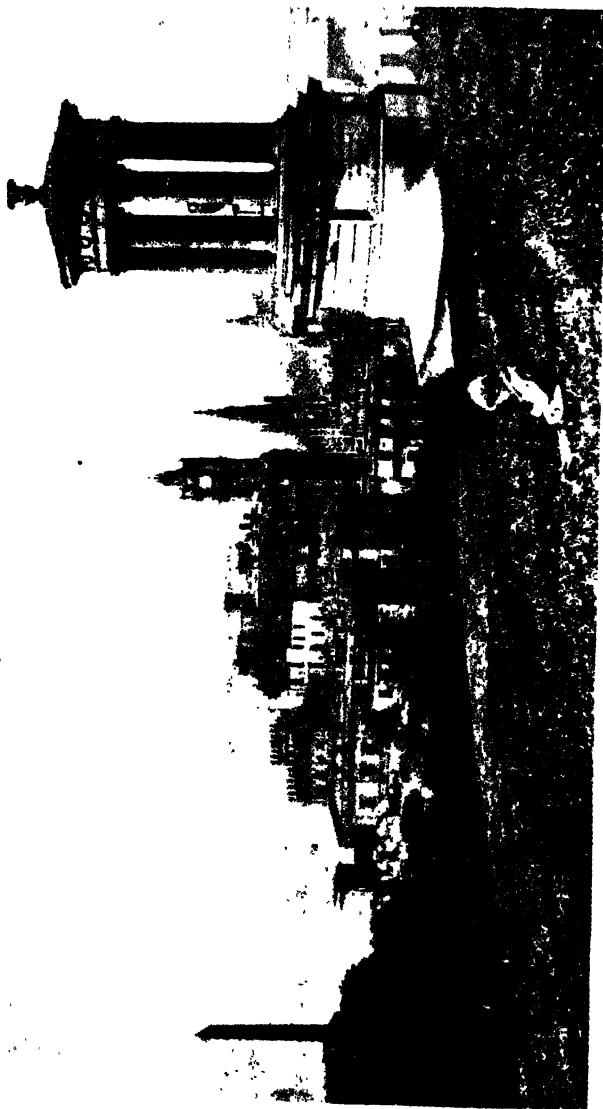


THE TOLBOOTH, with its conical turrets and projecting clock, stands in the Canon-gate in Edinburgh, and is all that remains to-day of the old prison described by Sir Walter Scott in *"The Heart of Midlothian."* The gaol, however, only occupied the ground floor; upstairs was the Court room, which also served as the city council-chamber.

McLeish



EDINBURGH CASTLE, here seen from the old town, occupies a very important place in Scottish history. In the buildings on the immediate left of the rounded battery are the hall in which, long ago, the Scots Parliament assembled and the rooms in which Queen Mary lived and James VI. of Scotland was born.



Melrose

ROMANTIC "AULD REEKIE," VIEWED FROM THE GRASS-GROWN SLOPES OF THE CALTON HILL to the left in the background, we see the spire of the Tolbooth Church and Edinburgh Castle. To the right is the North British Hotel, with its clock tower, and beyond it is the Scott Monument. In the foreground is the memorial to Dugald Stewart, a great Scots philosopher.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

the rest. This is Iona, where Scottish Christianity was born. The great apostle Columba came here from Ireland and made Iona his home. Thence he wandered far and wide over Scotland, then wild and barbarous, to bring the light of the Gospel to the scattered people.

Many tourists visit the chief town, Edinburgh, every year. Here they are delighted with all they see; Princes Street with its magnificent shops lies open on one side to gardens, where, among the flower-beds, rise statues of eminent men. At the east end is the towering pinnacle of the Scott Monument over the greatest figure of all—that of Sir Walter Scott. From the gardens we can look across to what is called the old town and see the Castle at the top of a long ridge of rock which slopes down to the Palace of Holyrood. From the annals of the Castle and the Palace almost the whole of Scottish history could be written. Edinburgh is a queer mixture of wealth and poverty, grandeur and misery. On the one side are fine shops, on the other tenement-houses called "lands," which may be eight or ten storeys high.

The Tartans of the Clans

To go without shoes is not uncommon in Scotland; boys and girls run to school barefoot every day and think nothing of it. Many such little barefooted children live in the tenements and come out to see the grand sights of the town—a Scottish regiment with pipes skirling and kilts swinging as the men march up to the Castle, or a procession coming out to meet the Lord High Commissioner, the King's representative.

The visitors see the soldiers, too, and admire the tartans. As they see tartans in the shops for sale, they often buy them to wear, for they are quite ignorant of the fact that these tartans are the colours of the Scottish Highland clans, and should only be worn by people belonging to those clans. Some of these tartans differ from each other only by a shade or a thin stripe, not easily to be recognized and remembered. Certain clans have one

tartan for ceremonial dress and quite a different one for ordinary common wear.

The Scottish people are the most intellectual in the world. They love learning for its own sake, and even the farm labourers are often able to discuss books and philosophy. Children frequently walk many miles to get to school, and carry with them a "piece" for the day. A "piece" is a piece of bread-and-butter. A "jam piece" is a treat.

Great Britain's Second City

Young men whose parents cannot afford to send them to the university will work in the fields all the summer to earn enough to keep them frugally through the Scottish university session. It is not so long since students used to set out from their homes to walk many miles to the university, taking with them a bag of oatmeal on which to live while they studied.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews are the university towns of Scotland. Glasgow is the second city in Great Britain and owes much of its prosperity to the two facts that coal was found almost at its gates—in Lanarkshire—and that it has a magnificent waterway in the Clyde. The shipbuilding works have increased amazingly in late years. Along the Clyde are the enormous slips and dry docks where ships are built and repaired, and the clang of thousands of hammers striking on rivets makes a strange music of its own in the ears of those who pass in the pleasure steamers from the quays at the Broomielaw. Glasgow has blast furnaces within its boundaries and great forges and boiler works. The water supply comes all the way from Loch Katrine, some twenty-five miles off.

Centres of Industry and Sport

Dundee is the third largest city in Scotland and stands on the Firth of Tay. Here the great industries are jute and linen-making. Dundee is also a centre of the whaling industry, and whaling ships go forth from here every year.

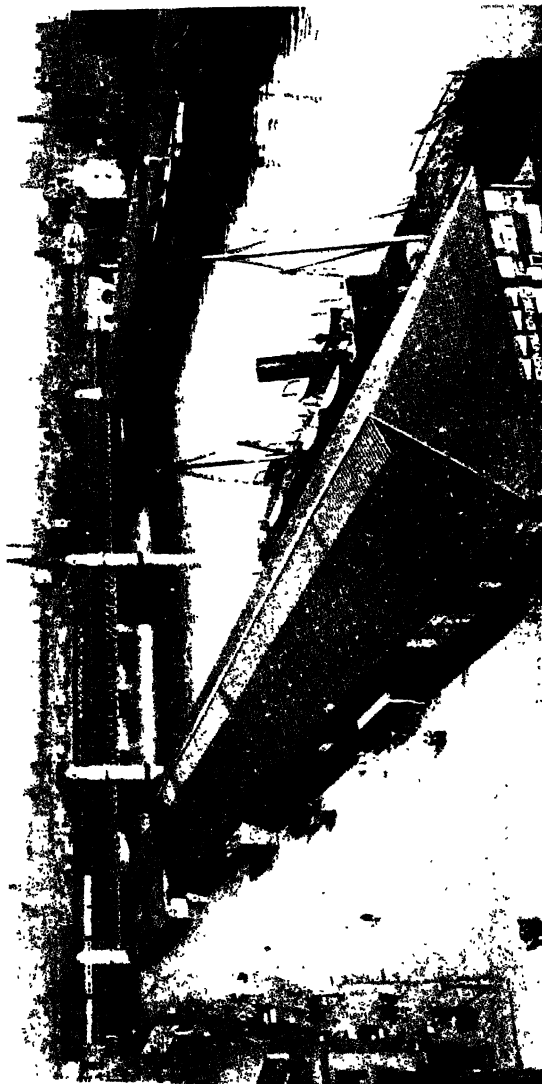
St. Andrews is an ancient town and is widely known for its splendid golf-links.



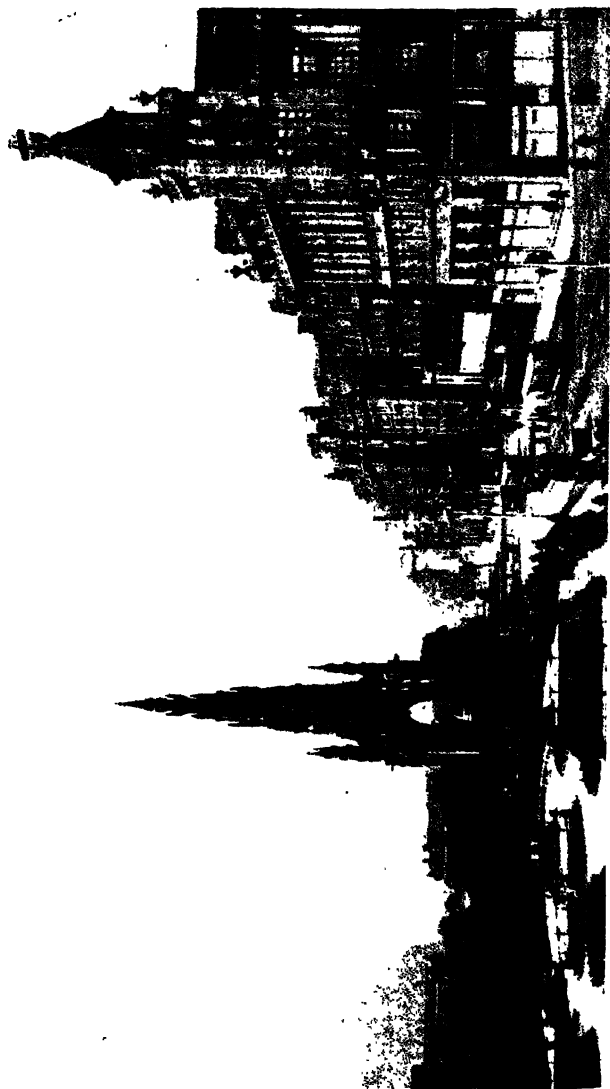
A COTTAGE HOME in Scotland is usually remarkable for its comfort and neatness. The hard-working and thrifty countryfolk can afford to have good furniture and to keep a big fire burning. Many, like this family of Loch Leven-side in Argyllshire, have spinning-wheels and chairs that have been handed down from generation to generation. The Scottish peasantry has long been known as the best educated in the world. We may find, in a remote country village, a ploughboy who is studying to enter the Church, or a labourer who reads Latin.



THIS SHETLAND HOUSEWIFE cards and spins the soft wool that she will later knit Re. 6



THE BROOMIELAW, ONE OF THE BUSIEST QUAYS IN THE RICH, COMMERCIAL CITY OF GLASGOW
The quay nearest to us in this photograph is known as the Broomielaw, is often called the industrial capital of Scotland. It stands on the since here was once a peaceful hillside covered with golden broom. River Clyde, which has been deepened so that large liners and cargo To-day this stretch of river-bank is a busy, noisy part of the great ships may come right up to the city. The Clyde is lined by docks, port of Glasgow, which is an extremely important trading centre and quays, shipbuilding yards and factories from its firth to Glasgow.



McLellan

EDINBURGH'S MOST LOVELY THOROUGHFARE, PRINCES STREET, WITH ITS GARDENS AND MONUMENTS

In striking contrast to the drabness of Glasgow is the noble beauty of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. Perhaps the best idea of the charm of this historic city is to be obtained from Princes Street, a great Scotsmen—we see here the lofty spire erected in memory of Sir Walter Scott—and pleasant gardens. Beyond them is the Castle.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY has a beautiful situation on a tree-covered hill overlooking the River Kelvin. Although the handsome buildings are modern, the University is the second oldest in Scotland. Many distinguished Scotsmen, such as Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, have been connected with it. McLeish



THE MOUND, on which is the long, flat building of the National Art Gallery of Scotland, is a raised causeway running across the valley that divides the old and new towns of Edinburgh. From the Scott Monument, with its gargoyles and statues, we have here a fine view across the Mound to the strong old castle, perched high on its steep rock.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

These, however, are outrivalled now by many others, both on the east and west coasts. Golf attracts a large number of visitors; many people, also, come for the shooting over the northern moors and others come for the fishing. Salmon are very plentiful, and there is trout-fishing in the innumerable lochs and burns.

The Fishwives of Scotland

Aberdeen, standing on the most prominent part of the great eastward shoulder of Scotland, is the fourth town in size. It has an ancient cathedral and is built almost entirely of grey granite, which is quarried in the neighbourhood. Farther north are Peterhead and Fraserburgh, which share the fishing-trade with Aberdeen. In the herring season, which is in early summer, hundreds of girls come to these towns from inland and the north, to split, or gut and salt the herrings. The work is hard and anyone not used to it would bungle it sadly, but the same girls, with shawls thrown over their heads and rough clogs for footwear, go from port to port down the coast, year by year, and reap a rich harvest of wages.

Stirling, which was called "The Gateway of the Highlands," lies on the River Forth. It is a beautiful old town, and its strong fortress once guarded the Lowlands against the Highland raiders.

Another important town is Inverness, the "capital of the Highlands," as it is called. From Inverness, northwards, runs a railway, keeping more or less to the east coast. This line goes to Wick and Thurso, between which is John O'Groats house, the extreme northern point of Scotland. From Inverness also runs the Caledonian Canal, a marvellous feat of engineering, which joins three lochs by canals and thus makes a water highway across the country.

A Sturdy, Independent Folk

The greatest Scottish poet is Robert Burns and the greatest author Sir Walter Scott. Burns describes the people in their simple everyday life, in a way which has gone straight to the hearts of all who

know and love Scotland. He has drawn the character of the nation as no one else has done. He shows us God-fearing, shrewd, hard-working people, economical and frugal, and most independent. It is very unjust to label the Scots as mean, an idea of them which has been kept alive by many silly jokes. There is no nation which is more hospitable. They will give a wayfarer food, or shelter a wandering stranger with the greatest courtesy and kindness. The Scots are not extravagant in their expressions of joy or affection, and many have been called "dour," merely because they are shy and reserved. Scottish mothers are strict, but their love for their children is deep.

Shepherds of the Cheviots

The Scots bring their religion into their daily lives, and to many people who live in remote parts the long walk to the service at the "kirk," as they call the church, is the chief pleasure of the week. They will listen to sermons of a length that would make an English congregation fidget. In some of the sheep-rearing districts the wise collie dogs come to the kirk with their masters and slink under the pews, lying as still as mice until the end of the service. The churches are very simple, bare and unadorned. Not so long ago there was no music in some of them, a tuning-fork being sounded to give the note for the singing, but now nearly all of them have got a harmonium at least.

The shepherds who tend the sheep in the famous borderland on the green hills of Cheviot are a hardy, upright set of men. They walk miles every day in charge of their flocks, with their plaids—a long, woollen wrap of a check or dark coloured design—thrown across one shoulder, where it least inconveniences them. If they get caught by wild weather this plaid serves as a cloak, or it may be used as a blanket at night. Sometimes an ailing lamb is tucked away in its folds, to be laid before a peat fire and fed with warm milk. With the plaid is worn the "bonnet," a flat, soft, round



THE PIPER can always stir the heart of the Scottish Highlander with his beautiful music, whether it be a battle-song, a dance, a lament for the dead or for lost causes, or a love-lid that he plays. On occasions of ceremony, the piper's kilt, the plaid over his shoulder and the ribbons on his bagpipe are of the tartan of his clan or regiment.



BRAWNY HIGHLAND ATHLETE TOSSING THE CABER AT OBAN

The caber is a trimmed tree-trunk, about twenty feet in length. To toss it, the athlete carries it for a little way, the thin end balanced in his hands, the thick end high above his head, then heaves it suddenly into the air. If the toss is good, the thick end comes to earth first, and the thin end falls away from the man.



1027 **SWORD-DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF BAGPIPES AT ABOYNE**

Every September a Highland gathering is held on the huge village green of Aboyne, and athletes and dancers come from all over Scotland to take part in the various competitions. Here we see two Highlanders engaged in the sword-dance, in which with the greatest skill they avoid treading on the crossed swords and scabbards.

cap, still worn by many in the Lowlands and in the Highlands. In the winter, when the snow makes the rough roads impassable, these shepherds are imprisoned for months at a time in their cottages. Their sole business is to go to and fro over the track that has been dug out of the snow between the cottage and the sheep pens, to feed and tend the flock.

They do not live entirely alone in the snows of winter, as they always have the companionship of their dog and a more loyal, intelligent race of dogs than the Scotch collies could not be found. They understand what is wanted by their master without a word being spoken. One of the chief diversions north of the Border, at the fairs, is the sheep-dog trials, at which a collie will unerringly pick out a certain number of sheep from a flock and either pen them, or run them up as directed.

Oatmeal is still the staple fare of Scotland, white bread being a luxury to those who live in the wild parts. The fuel is still mainly peat, but whereas the necessities of life used to be "peat and porridge," they are now, in many parts, "coal and bacon."

The chief food of the poorest people is still, however, porridge, kail, brose, potatoes, oatcakes, barley scones, wheaten flour scones, sowans, butter and cheese. Kail is a thick broth, mainly flavoured by the curly kail or greens. Sowan, which is not now so commonly eaten as it once was, is made from water in which husks of oats have been soaked; when poured off and boiled, it thickens, as there is some floury matter left in the husks, which has been soaked out. An Englishman who once saw this done, came home to tell of a miracle: "The



THE PURPLE HEATHER, that covers this hillside with its wealth of blossom, grows thickly on the roadsides, the moors and mountains of Scotland. This country girl hopes to find a sprig or two of pure white heather with its tiny delicate flowers, since this, according to the old superstition, brings good fortune to the finder.

At home



IN THE TROSSACHS are many wooded glens such as this, where all is peaceful in the leafy shade. A fitting contrast to the rich loveliness of the glen is provided by the barren slopes of Ben Venue. The Trossachs district, which lies between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray, is one of the most beautiful in Scotland.



Reid

SHEPHERD CARRYING A WEAKLING OF HIS FLOCK TO SHELTER

Sheep rearing is an important industry in all the bleak, upland districts of Scotland, since the flocks thrive on land that is unsuitable for cultivation. The shepherds are a wonderful type of men who devote all their energies to their occupation. This one is taking a lamb, whose mother has died on the hills, to be fed and tended at the farm.



Reid

COUNTING A FLOCK ON THE BARE UPLANDS OF LANARKSHIRE

The shepherd must keep a close watch over his flock at any time, but during snowy weather his task is made doubly difficult, since sheep may fall into snow-drifts or be lost. At these times the sheep-dogs, the inevitable companions of the shepherds, are very useful. They seem to be able to think for themselves and to be even wiser than humans.



GRINDING CORN in a stone handmill, laboriously turned by the long shaft that the woman holds, is very slow work. This rough and primitive method of preparing flour is still popular in Skye, the second largest island of the Inner Hebrides. The islanders are distrustful of modern change and cling to old customs and old-fashioned implements.



CROMARTY FOLK are nearly all engaged in the fishing industry, since their town has a very fine harbour. The men spend most of their time on board ship, reaping the harvest of the sea with line and net. Their wives help them by baiting hooks, as this woman is doing —unpleasant work at which constant practice has made them extraordinarily deft.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

woman poured some dirty water into a pan and boiled it, and it became a delicious pudding" Brose is made by pouring hot water on raw oatmeal; when served in a bowl, it is like gruel. In the outlying islands the women still grind the oats in primitive handmills, as the negro women of Africa grind the corn.

The southern villages are not so pretty as English ones. The houses are often whitewashed, but are sometimes of slatey-looking stones laid on each other without mortar. The cottages stand right on the edge of the roadway and if there is room for a tuft of sweet william, a few

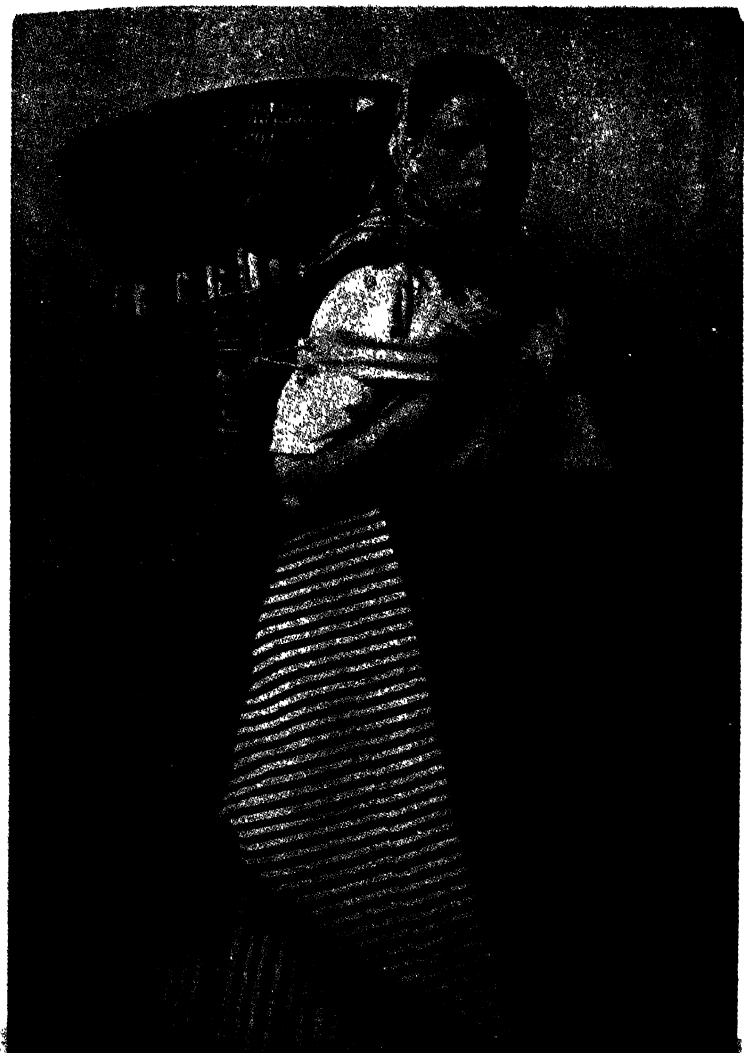
marigolds or some wallflower among the stones by the door, the owners make good use of these spaces.

To those unaccustomed to the bagpipes the curious skirling wail they produce is at first startling. Its music is fierce and plaintive, like that of no other instrument, but whatever else a Scotsman may forget about his native land, the sound of the pipes will take his mind back to the days of his childhood, whether he be Highlander or Lowlander. There is an impression, sometimes found among those who do not know the country, that every Scotsman wears a kilt. We see very



MERRY ABERDEEN GIRLS IN A FISH-MARKET OF SHETLAND

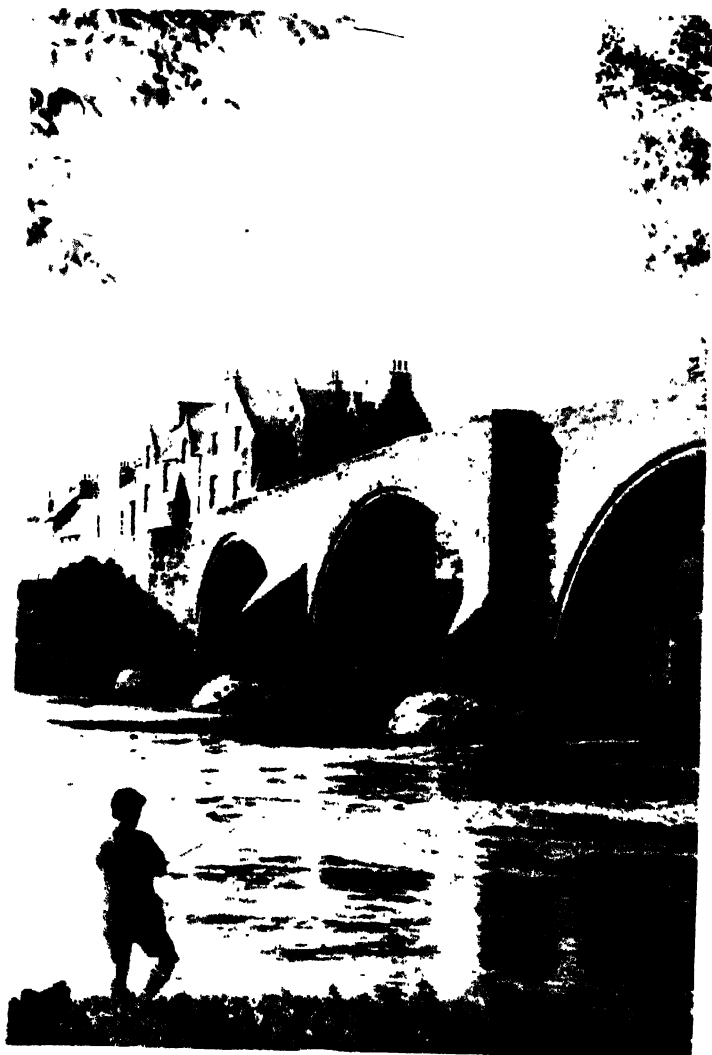
The fish-markets of Aberdeen are themselves very large and keep a great number of girls in employment, but good wages entice many Aberdeen lassies to the Shetland Islands every year for the herring-fishing season. With great dexterity they clean and sort the fish, which are covered with salt and packed into barrels for export.



Englis

STURDY FISHWIFE OF NEWHAVEN IN HER QUAIN T DRESS

Newhaven is a fishing village on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, and from it the fishwives, basket on back and wearing their distinctive striped petticoats, upturned skirts and dark cloaks, once tramped the few miles to the capital to hawk their wares. To-day, however, this striking costume is little worn, even in Newhaven.



OLD STIRLING BRIDGE, over the Forth, is seldom crossed to-day, and never by any vehicle, since it is considered unsafe. At one time it was the "gateway of the Highlands," bearing on its delicate arches a constant stream of travellers, and was carefully guarded against the Highlanders who ventured south in quest of plunder



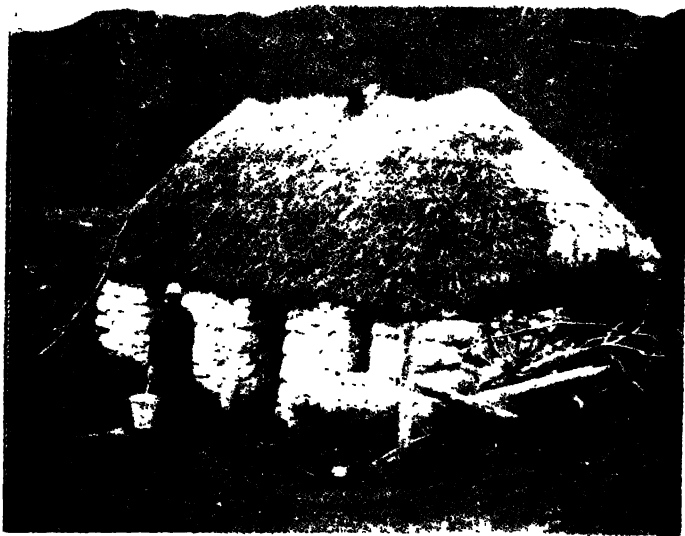
PEEBLES-SHIRE the steep valley-sides, watered by the many small tributaries of the Tweed, are laboriously ploughed, that they may be planted with oats. The rolling, grass-covered hills of this Lowland county afford grazing for sheep.



HIGHLAND CATTLE, which roam among the western mountains in a half wild condition, are akin to the wild oxen that used to live in Scotland long ago. They are much smaller than the ordinary bulls and cows that we know.



BY THE SHORES OF BEAUTIFUL LOCH LUBNAIG, NEAR STRATHYRE, A SHEPHERD DRIVES HIS FLOCK
Loch Lubnaig, from which the River Leny flows, is set amidst wonderful mountain scenery. Near its northern end is the village of Strathyre, whose few small cottages are a delightful sight in summer, being covered with shrubs and bright flowers that form a splendid contrast to the green and purple of the hills around. The famous outlaw, Rob Roy, and his followers were once the terror of this lovely countryside, but the troubled age in which he lived has long passed away, and the shepherd now drives his flock in peace by Loch Lubnaig.



BRINGING WATER FROM THE SPRING TO A LONELY SHIELING

This shieling, or cottage, is typical of many that we see nestling in glens and at the foot of high, solemn mountains in the Highlands. It is small and badly lighted, but its owners take pride in keeping the thatch trim and the whitewashed walls spick and span. There is a lonely life, and but little different from what it was a century ago.

few grown men in kilts to-day, but it is still popular with boys. Even some Highland regiments wear trousers of tartan—"trews," as they call them. The kilt is a very fine garment, but the wearer must have been used to it from childhood if he is to carry it naturally. The bonnet, that we call a "tam-o'-shanter," is often worn by old men and also by the gillies, as the gamekeepers are called.

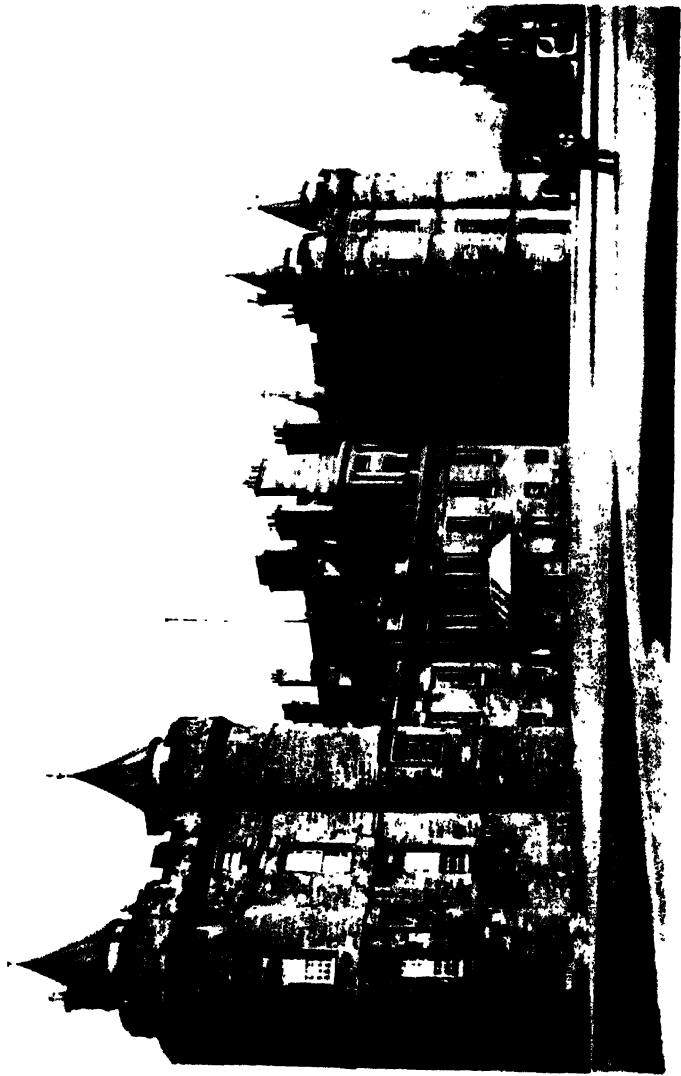
Let us visit a Highland home set far in the hills, or on one of the islands lying off the coast. We shall find it built either of irregular stones or of a kind of mud smeared over and whitewashed. It will probably be thatched, and will be very low. The walls may be of a great thickness, so that the narrow windows, set deep in it, give little light. The house almost invariably consists of two rooms. These low houses are called shielings and they are all much on the same pattern.

There will probably be a great ingle-nook like a cavern, where a peat fire is

smouldering with a huge iron cauldron, called the kail-pot, swinging above it from an iron chain.

The old lady sitting by her spinning-wheel will wear a frilled cap surrounding her brown, wrinkled face, and she will have a shawl of good home-spun across her shoulders, while her skirts will be large and very full. The wool that she is constantly spinning may be used to make knitted garments, or it may be sent to be woven into the stout cloths known as tweeds, which wear practically for ever and smell always of peat, amid the smoke of which the wool was spun and carded.

Some of the older people in the Highlands speak nothing but Gaelic, so that, although the mistress of the house may say politely, "Have you the Gaelic?" she will probably have to wait until the grandchildren come home from school to interpret for her. They speak English very correctly and slowly, like a foreign language carefully learnt, which, indeed,



HOLYROOD PALACE, in Edinburgh, was a residence of the Scottish kings before James V I. became King of Great Britain in 1603, and members of the present royal family still live in it when they visit the northern capital. The palace is chiefly associated, however, with

Mary, Queen of Scots, whose rooms were in the tower on the left of the canopied main entrance. It is recorded that she loved Holyrood, and many relics of her stay here are preserved. The ruined Chapel Royal is all that remains to-day of the ancient Abbey of Holyrood

BONNIE SCOTLAND

it is. The children of the islands are thin, brown-skinned little people. The rough bog-land affords little pasture for cattle and they go almost without milk, living on oatmeal and potatoes.

The large islands around her shores are a peculiar feature of Scotland. Hundreds of people visit them by steamer for the sake of the fishing and the fine scenery.

The great island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides has no very high land and hardly a tree except near the one town Stornoway. It has been said of this part of Scotland that the "sea is all islands and the land all lakes," and there is much truth in this. The island of Harris, which is joined to it by a tiny isthmus and so is not really an island at all, was, until lately, mainly a deer forest. There is plenty of grass here and high hills with valleys between, in which feed droves of the sturdy little Highland cattle who look so fierce, with their tawny hides and wide-spreading horns a yard long.

Fishermen of the Islands

Many of the people are called "crofters," because they try to get a living from the poor soil by cultivating a small croft or plot of land. These plots are worked by the women. The men are all fishermen, but even if their catches are good they have great difficulty in disposing of them, because to take them across to Stornoway is a big undertaking. The late Lord Leverhulme, who wished to improve the conditions of life of these islanders, established a fish-market and port and did all he could to help them, though it was not easy because they were suspicious of him as a stranger. In the end he presented the whole island to the people. In a little place on Harris which was once called Obbe, but is now Leverburgh, there is a whale-curing factory. Here the whale's flesh is dried and exported to Africa, where it finds a ready market.

But even these islanders are close to civilization when compared to those who live on St. Kilda, which lies forty miles out to sea and is often cut off by storms for long intervals. The islanders catch

sea birds in nooses, and use them for food, but long years of this practice have thinned down the birds considerably. All the outer islands are the homes of sea birds of many kinds, such as gulls and gannets, puffins and auks and cormorants.

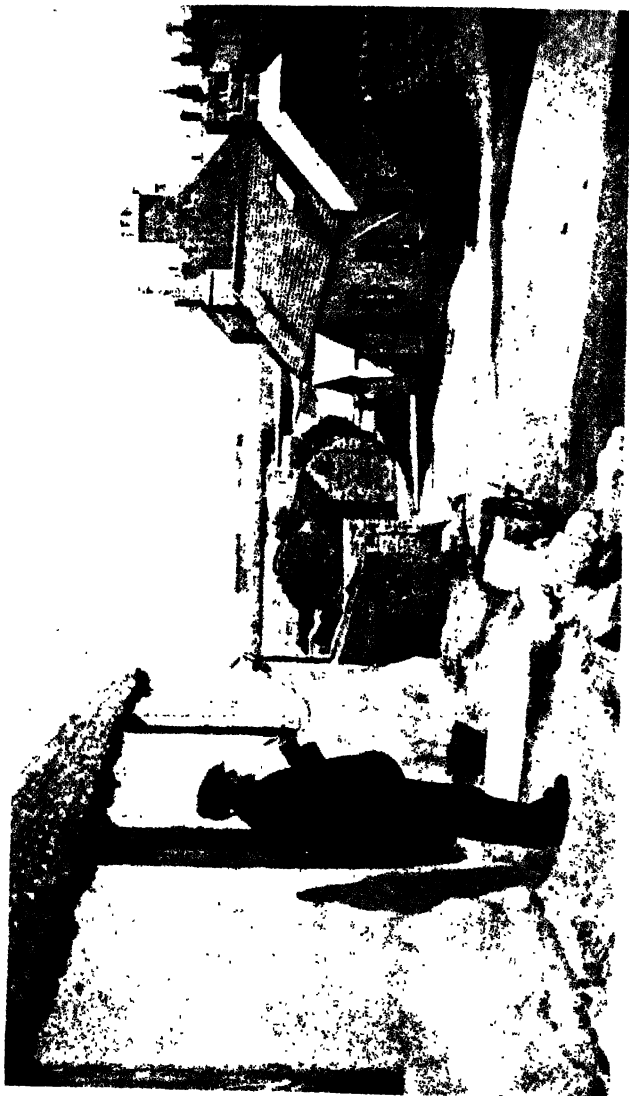
Isles of Wind and Fog

Off the extreme north coast of Scotland are the Orkney and Shetland Islands. On the main island of the Orkneys there are many curious old monuments called "Picts' houses" and "standing stones," and other relics of a bygone people. The chief town, Kirkwall, has a beautiful old cathedral. The climate of these distant islands is never very cold, but there are grey fogs on still days and raging gales at other times. Visitors who come in the summer hear the lark singing at midnight, for it is far enough north to be light practically all night long. Larks, indeed, are almost the only inland birds, for there are so few trees that there are no convenient nesting places.

On the long undulating stretches of open country the people grow oats and barley. Peat is the sole fuel, and we may see the women drawing home the "turfs" in wheelbarrows, or in queer boxes made of packing cases and pulled by ropes. Every man is a fisherman, and next to the herring, the chief catches are cod and ling, lobsters and crabs. In many of the houses we can see big, dried fish hanging from the smoky rafters above our heads as if they were pieces of bacon. In the Great War the Grand Fleet sheltered in Scapa Flow, waiting for the Germans to come out. It was off the Orkneys that Lord Kitchener was drowned on his way to Russia. A monument on Birsay, where the cliffs are 287 feet high, commemorates this fact.

Britain's Farthest North

The Shetlands are altogether different from the Orkneys. Instead of being gathered together in a round compact group, their conformation is long and pointed. Their shores are carved and cut up by the sea into weird shapes, and



MORNING IN A MORAY VILLAGE BRINGS AN OLD FISHERMAN TO HIS DOOR TO FORECAST THE WEATHER
 Long experience of the Moray Firth and the North Sea has made this old, wind-tanned fisherman weather-wise, and every morning he inspects the sea and sky, which tell him whether the day will be calm or stormy, hot or cold. Most of the inhabitants of the villages that fringe the Moray Firth are engaged in the fishing industry. The men go out to sea in their smacks, while the women are kept busy at work packing and preserving the catches and baiting hooks. Haddocks smoked in the manner used in these Moray villages are a great delicacy.



STURDY WOMEN OF THE WIND-SWEPT ORKNEY ISLANDS BURNING HEAPS OF SEAWEED TO MAKE K
 The Orkneys lie to the south of the Shetland Isles, off the north of sea-girt homes. Fishing and agriculture are both important industries. Here, in Pomona, the largest of the islands, we see women burning seaweed for its ash, called kelp, used in the manufacture of soap and glass. Kelp is also produced in Western Ireland, as we saw in page 780.



Hebride

BRAWNY MEN OF THE LONELY ISLAND OF ST. KILDA IN THE MAIN STREET OF THEIR ONLY VILLAGE
The little island of St. Kilda is about seven miles in circumference, and lies in the Atlantic Ocean forty miles to the west of North Uist, in the Hebrides. It has a population of about eighty persons. They speak Gaelic, and are under their own laws, regulations and local government, since even the mails only come to them from the mainland of Scotland two or three times a year. Although small patches of land are cultivated and a few cattle and sheep are raised, the main occupation of the islanders of St. Kilda is the catching of seabirds.



NATIVES OF ST. KILDA RETURNING HOMEWARDS WITH SEABIRDS CAUGHT ON THE FEARSOME CRAGS
 The islanders of St. Kilda are daring cragmen, and adventure down the tremendous cliffs of their rocky home to catch seabirds, from which they obtain flesh, oil and feathers. Sometimes they take their prey by means of a long rod, to the end of which is attached a running noose that is dropped over the neck of an unsuspecting puffin or guillemot and tightened with a sharp jerk. The most important prize in the eyes of the islanders is the fulmar, a large bird nearly twenty inches in length. From it is derived their supply of oil for lighting purposes.



DEER SHOOTING IN A WILD FOREST WHERE NO TREES GROW

In the north of Scotland are great stretches of country that are called deer-forests, although no trees grow on them. This is an old use of the word "forest," which long ago meant any kind of land on which wild animals were preserved for the king's hunting.

Here we see two gillies, or gamekeepers, dragging a dead stag to a rough hill-path.



RED DEER THAT ROAM THE HILLS OF THE ISLAND OF ARRAN

Arran, a large, mountainous island in the Firth of Clyde, is still but little affected by modern civilization, although a great many visitors come to it in the summer. Golden eagles nest in the glens of the north, and herds of wild deer are to be found all over the island. The natives make their living by tilling the soil and by fishing.

on the shores of the inlets seals may be seen. Flocks of sheep are pastured wherever there is any chance of their getting food, even on high islands whose precipitous sides rise from the sea and form a smooth tableland. The sheep are taken over by boat and carried or swung up laboriously one by one. Shetland sheep are plucked, not sheared as in other places, the peasants believing that the wool which grows after this process is finer than that which grows after shearing. Shetland shawls are known to most people and they are made from this fine soft wool. These, with the little, rough-coated hardy ponies, called Shetland ponies or Shelties, are the best known products of the islands.

It is natural in such a country as Scotland, where the people often live long distances from each other, that home industries should always have been popular. With the introduction of modern methods and machines, and the turning out of large quantities of woollen and knitted garments by factories, however, these cottage in-

dustries fell on bad times. By the help of an association called the Scottish Home Industries Association, they were revived, and attention was called to the excellence of the hand-made work. There has recently been more demand for Harris and Sutherland tweeds and Shetland shawls and for the baskets and carved articles of wood, especially quaint chairs, which are a speciality of the Orkneys.

In the lowlands of Scotland are rich coal mines and these have made this part of the country one of the richest industrial districts of the world. Chemicals and cotton are made, great ships built, and engineering carried on. There are also iron-works, dye-works and textile industries.

Yet if a single industry had to be chosen as the chief one of the whole of Scotland it must be said that fishing is the most important. Fishing of all kinds, from the catches with the trawl and nets round the coast, trout fishing in the innumerable lochs and salmon-fishing, which brings wealthy visitors to this land where so many are poor, is a source of livelihood to thousands of families.



IN A SINGAPORE MATTING FACTORY WIDE HATTED COOLIES SPREAD RATTAN CANES TO DRY IN THE SUN
After rubber, rattan is, perhaps, the chief vegetable product of Malaya. The strong, thin stems of the rattan palm, a plant that by means of its hooked prickles can climb the highest jungle tree, are cut down and stripped of their leaves. Then, as they may be 600 feet long, they are cut into lengths of from five to thirty-five feet, and are dried in the sun on trestles, as we see here. When the outer skin has been peeled off, they are split. Much split rattan is shipped from Singapore to Europe and the United States, where it is used in furniture making.

Malay States Agency

City and Jungle in Malaya

WEALTHY EASTERN LANDS & THEIR INDOLENT PEOPLE

Singapore stands at the "Cross-roads of the East" on the ocean highway between Europe and the Far East, and it is the main gateway into countries whence comes much of the world's rubber and tin. It stands at the end of a long peninsula, which, with a number of islands, makes up the Straits Settlements and the Malay States, some under direct British rule and some governed by native Sultans. Malays, Portuguese, Dutch and British, each in their turn, have ruled these once wild lands, but only the last have really tapped Malaya's immense wealth. The Malays, descendants of a race of conquerors and pirates, are too proud and lazy to do any real work, so we shall find that in the city and the tin mine and on the rubber plantation coolies have had to be brought from India or China to do it instead.

WHEN we speak of Malaya we mean those parts of the Malay peninsula that are under British rule or protection. This is an area of approximately 52,500 square miles, divided for political reasons into three parts. These three divisions are the Crown Colony of the Straits Settlements, comprising the island of Singapore, the island of Penang with Province Wellesley and the Dindings, and the settlement of Malacca, the Federated Malay States of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang; and the Non-Federated Malay States, consisting of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan and Trengganu.

Although we know of these provinces as Malaya, the peninsula is still called Malacca by the peoples on the continent of Europe, after the name of its oldest town. The settlement of Malacca was founded by the Malays, who came from Sumatra as early as the twelfth century. Malacca is a quaint old city, and shows the influence of many different nations.

Reminders of Olden Days

We can still see the ruins of the church built by D'Albuquerque in the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese were in power. Not far away is the old Dutch Stadhaus and several English churches. Another ruin which interests us is the solitary gateway, all that is left of the Portuguese fortress destroyed by the English in 1824.

In the harbour we see a few Japanese ocean-going steamers, but, as with many of the Malayan ports, especially on the

east coast of the peninsula, silting has taken place, and sandbars have spoilt the harbour. Inland rice, fruit and rubber trees have been planted, and their products are beginning to give the settlement new life. In the shops we can find beautiful examples of basket work. The Malayan forests are famous the world over for producing the finest materials for basket-making, and in Malacca, by far the best of the baskets are made. Malays work very slowly, however, and, as they take a month to make a set of baskets, the craft is of little commercial value.

The Gateway of the East

As, with the coming of the Dutch, the trade of Malacca began to decline, Penang, an island at the northern entrance of the Straits of Malacca, which was the earliest British settlement, became the more important place. But no sooner was the settlement of Singapore founded than Penang began to lose its trade. Recently, with the increase of tin-mining and rubber-planting in the Malay States, it has become busy once more, and its beautiful scenery attracts large numbers of tourists. So that now it shares with Singapore the first place among Malayan ports.

At Singapore we cannot fail to be impressed by the shipping, for we are at the gateway of the Far East, on the highway from Europe and India to the west, and China and Japan to the east. Ships from all over the world bring merchandise to Singapore, for it is the distributing centre for the whole of the Malay Archipelago. At all seasons of the

CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA

year the port is filled with strange craft—Malays with their strange fishing boats—the only home of many of them—Chinese junks and sampans, large and small steamers from Indo-China and Japan, and great vessels loading cargoes of tin and rubber for European and American markets. Besides the tin-smelting and rubber-refining industries of Singapore, there is a great trade in canes, which are there cleaned and prepared.

As we wander among the shops and markets of Singapore we meet all sorts and types of peoples. The majority of them are Chinese, Malays take second place. Although European and Japanese manufacturers have done away with much of the picturesque native dress, we can still see the stately Malay in his loose trousers, jacket and sarong, or tartan skirt, which is bundled round his waist and reaches down to his knees. On his head he wears a kerchief or a velvet cap, which he would never be without. The Malay considers his

headdress even more a point of etiquette than his coat, though it may be only a thin wisp of palm-frond tied round his forehead. After the Malays come the Indians, and there are about six thousand Europeans in the total population of nearly half a million.

In the shops there is evidence of a decline in Malay arts and crafts, for most of the wares are Chinese and, in recent years, articles of Western manufacture. But we can still buy beautiful examples of Malay weaving—bright shiny cloths, mixed with gold leaf, from Selangor and striped shawls or plaid materials that are made in Kelantan. Odd pieces of pottery are sent down from Perak and Pahang, and from the former district come also very delicate examples of silverware. We can buy embroidered mats and slippers made of fine silk and gold thread, and occasionally we shall find pieces of wood-carving, the craft of the people of Negri Sembilan.



EAST MINGLES WITH WEST IN THE PORT OF SINGAPORE

Singapore, the town at the "Crossroads of the East," is now the tenth port of the world and yet it is only a hundred years old. Before that time it was the home of a few wild Malay fisherfolk, who lived in dread of the savage tigers that haunted the jungles and the equally savage pirates who haunted the surrounding waters.

CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA

After our stay in Singapore we shall travel into the inland territory of the peninsula. Here we are surprised not to see at once what we are led to expect in tropical countries, gaily-coloured birds flitting among the branches of the trees, gorgeous butterflies and bright flowers. They are there, but they take a lot of finding. If we leave the railway or road and penetrate into the forests, we shall find brilliantly coloured birds and flowers hidden away among the dense foliage. The climate of Malaya is very much the same all the year round, and the hot temperature and heavy rainfall aid coarse grasses, undergrowth and climbing weeds to grow in abundance. This heavy blanket of foliage hides the bright colours of the birds and flowers. In England we can readily distinguish a brightly-coloured butterfly as it flits about the open country, but here we have to penetrate the jungle before we can see such treasures.

As we go further inland we pass through the long avenues of rubber trees on the plantations. Trees are planted in regular rows, and European experts superintend the tapping. In Johore, one of the Non-Federated States to the south of the peninsula, nearly the whole of the country is planted with rubber. Rubber is not a native of the East. It comes from Brazil in South America and was only introduced into Malaya as recently as 1876. Yet that country now produces two-thirds of the world's supply.

Inland, too, we come across the tin mines. Malaya produces not only two-thirds of the world's rubber, but roughly a third of its tin. Most of the mines are worked by Chinese coolies, who look very picturesque in their peculiar, pointed hats.



PRIMITIVE MUSIC MAKERS OF MALAYA

There are two aboriginal races living in the little-known interior of Malaya, the Negrito Semangs and the taller, fairer Sakais. The Sakais make curious music by blowing through their nostrils into a short reed pipe.

Pahang, on the eastern side of the central mountain range, is one of the richest tin-producing areas. Here we also find one of the most impressive sights in Malayan scenery—large rice fields cultivated by the river Malays. A field of young rice, sparkling with the sun's rays on the early morning dew, looks just like a soft, green, pile carpet.

If we follow the course of a river from its mouth, we find it passes through crocodile-haunted swamps and over sandbars near the sea. Higher up it threads a winding course through miles of beautiful forest trees; then nearer the source in the mountains we find it running over cliffs in beautiful cascades and falls.



WEAPONS WITH WHICH THE SAKAIS OF MALAYA GO A-HUNTING

The Sakais, for all they look so warlike in this photograph, are timid, inoffensive people, who cultivate little plots of ground, and live mainly by hunting. They generally use a blow-pipe, or "sumptan," to bring their prey to earth, and also employ bows and arrows. The broad-headed spear is an unusual weapon for them

In the forests there is plenty of big game. Elephants, not so numerous since the extension of the rubber estates, still do great damage to the plantations only a few miles north of Kuala Lumpur. There are two species of rhinoceros, and the Malay tapir is very common. It is of little sporting or commercial value, however, and so

is left unmolested. The Malay tiger is smaller than its Indian relative, and is not very greatly given to man-eating, because game, in the form of several kinds of deer, is very plentiful.

In the hills north of Perak lives the rare Siamang ape, a very powerful, long-armed creature. One old male seen by the writer

CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA

had an arm span of nearly five feet. Many kinds of monkey are found all over the peninsula. It is very interesting to watch the country Malays with the coconut monkeys. They train them as pets, and send them up the coconut trees to pick whichever coconut they point out.

Squirrels are to be found everywhere, some bigger than a cat, and other species nearly as small as a young rat. In

mentioning rats we name one of the most constant troubles in Malaya, for they exist in enormous numbers, and do great damage to the crops.

Were we to visit the mangrove swamps on the coasts of the peninsula, we should see thousands, even millions, of flying foxes or *keluangs*, the largest of the bat tribe, moving about among the trees. In the dense forests there are about seven



NO DRESS COULD BE SIMPLER OR COULD BECOME THEM BETTER
The "sarong" of the Malay woman is the simplest garment imaginable. It is just a length of material, brightly coloured and printed in beautiful designs, that is wrapped tightly round the body beneath the armpits, whence it hangs to below the knees. The Malays are an attractive people, both in character and in appearance.



WHERE HOUSES STAND ON STILTS FIVE FEET ABOVE THE MUD AND THE WATER OF A TIDAL CREEK. Lambers & Co.

Malays are expert fishermen and can manage their frail little boats in a way that amounts almost to genius. It is not surprising, therefore, to find most of their houses near the water. The water's edge is not near enough. They drive long poles firmly into the shallow bed of one of the Indian humped cattle that are their chief beasts of burden.



Malay States Agency

MALAY FAMILY ON THE RUDE DOORSTEPS OF THEIR AIRY HOME
 Even when the country Malay builds his house it is usually perched in the air on stout piles, so that the front door can only be reached by a ladder. Thus he is safe from prowling wild beasts, and thus also he is provided with a dry and sheltered ground floor to use as storeroom or chicken-house.

hundred different kinds of bird. The beautiful Argus pheasant is fairly plentiful, and so are several species of pigeon. There are few parrots, but brilliantly coloured kingfishers dwell there in large numbers, and the clumsy hornbills are easy to find.

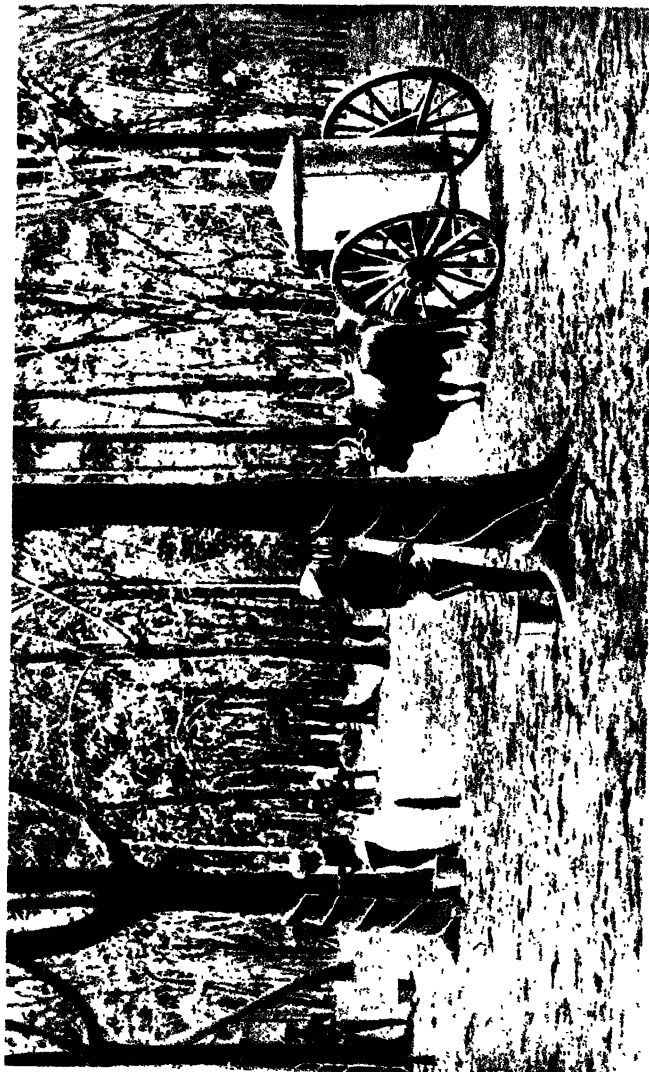
In the interior we come across the remaining tribes of the original natives of the Malay peninsula. They are a race of negritos, the Semangs. These aboriginals are now dying out, probably because of their laziness. They make no endeavour to cultivate crops. A nomadic race, they live on fruit and animals, go hunting with bows and arrows and have

no rafts or boats. This absence of boats shows how backward they are, for until the government began to lay the wonderful system of roads in the peninsula, the Malays had to rely on the rivers for transport. The Semangs are a shy race, small, very dark and frizzy-haired. They live in leaf shelters propped up on sticks, with leaf floors and no walls.

The other aboriginal race of the peninsula is the Sakai people, who are much superior to the Semangs in culture, and are not so lazy. In the mountain districts of Perak, and southwards down to Selangor, we find their well-built pile houses grouped together in small villages.



CHINAMEN IN QUEER, WIDE HATS WORKING IN THE TIN MINES OF PERAK, A WEST COAST STATE OF MALAYA
 Tin mines and rubber plantations are by far the most important sources of Malaya's wealth, and both are worked by foreigners—the tin mines by Chinese and Europeans, the plantations by Indian coolies or, in Malay, "lombong". These mines are open to the sky, the under European masters. For very many centuries Chinamen, a surface soil being carried away in baskets and dumped elsewhere.



Malay States Agency

MALAYA'S MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRY: COOLIES COLLECTING THE PRECIOUS SAP OF THE RUBBER TREES
 The tree from which rubber is obtained is a native of South America, Cuts may be made spirally round the trunk, the "herring-bone" cut but it was introduced into Malaya, and since 1905 that country has is sometimes used or, as here, the "half herring-bone." The sap, or produced more rubber than any other. Most of the labour is provided latex, which trickles out, hardens into rubber and is collected in cups by Indian coolies. There are many different ways of tapping the trees, and buckets. These are emptied into the bullock-drawn "latex carts."

CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA

They are a sturdy race, with light brown skins and straight or wavy hair. Near the villages there are small cultivated patches of ground where the Sakais grow millet, sugar, tobacco and hill-rice. When they have garnered their crops they move on and make fresh clearings. Like the Semangs they still use bows and arrows, although nowadays they make these more for sale to European tourists than for hunting. Their more important weapon is the blowpipe.

The Sakais have many strange religious customs. If we could arrive at a rubber plantation at the time of one of their festivals, we would see them busily preparing a deep trench about thirty feet or even more in length. In this they burn wood for two or three days, until the trough is filled with smouldering ashes. A number of the men of the tribe fast for

some days before the event, and then, on the appointed day, they walk barefoot down the trench. They do this with the idea that evil spirits will be driven out of them in the course of their uncomfortable walk.

Unfortunately for the planter, all those members of the tribe who have not fasted, even the women and children, become greatly excited, and rush towards the trough in the hope that they, too, may go through the ordeal. The planter and his assistants have a strenuous time keeping them back. But the affair is not without its funny side. The Sakais' feet are padded underneath with very thick skin, so they do not suffer as much as they would have us believe.

We could spend a long time among the people of Malaya, the modern peninsula Malays, for they are a very interesting



MACHINE THAT TURNS A POISONOUS ROOT INTO A WHOLESOME FOOD

in the sun, then partially baked. The result is tapioca, of which we make puddings.

CITY AND JUNGLE IN MALAYA

folk and are a mixture of many races. As we have not the time, in this short survey, to look at them all, we will go across the peninsula towards the mouth of the Pahang, the largest river in Malaya, which enters the sea on the east coast. Here we shall find the Pahang Malays in their villages along the river banks. Inland their houses are stoutly built, with floors four feet off the ground, and are made of split coconut trees, fastened together with rattans. They are divided into three rooms. In the main central room the Malays spread their beds and mats, sitting cross-legged, they eat and work here as well as sleep. At the front is a veranda where the Malay receives his guests, and at the back another veranda for the cooking. The roof is tent-shaped and is fashioned of leaves. Some of the Malays, influenced by the Indians who have come to Malaya, have given up their thatched huts and now build strong wooden houses.

At the mouth of the river the houses are built on high piles. Some of them extend well out over the water, and in these the Malay can sit in his own house while he does his fishing.

When we know him, we shall decide that the Malay is quite a lovable person. He is olive skinned, and has straight, lustrous black hair. His eyes are black or a reddish-brown, sometimes slightly almond shaped, and his nose is generally flat and broad. He has very small and finely moulded hands and feet, prominent cheek-bones, a square chin and very white, even teeth. It must be confessed that he is naturally rather lazy, although when he likes he can work both hard and well. He is a



BREAD IN MALAYA GROWS ON TREES

The breadfruit tree is very useful to the people of Malaya. The great fruit are picked before they are ripe and are gently baked, and then they form a food very like new bread in texture, but more like bananas in taste.

Mahomedan and yet his womenfolk have considerable liberty.

He is loyal so long as you interest him, and is more than usually kind to children. Anywhere in the peninsula where we come in contact with men of his race we are sure to be treated with an unfailing courtesy, that leaves in our minds a very favourable impression of this land of the East.



PINEAPPLE FIELDS COVER THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF HAWAII LIKE A PATCHWORK QUILT

Hawaii is the largest of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, which lie in the North Pacific, half in and half out of the Tropics. It possesses Bananas, oranges, limes, bread-fruit, coconuts and papaws are all grown and in greater quantities than any of these, pineapples. Nearly all the pines are tinned in factories and sent to the United States.

The Paradise of the Pacific

HAPPY PEOPLE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

About two thousand miles away from San Francisco are the Hawaiian Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific. On these lovely islands live the gay, pleasure-loving, brown-skinned race who colonised them in the tenth century. At one time the islands were split up into three divisions, but King Kamehameha of Hawaii, who died in 1819, ruled over the whole group. Since its annexation by the United States of America, in 1898, the group has been developed commercially and the pure Hawaiians are rapidly dying out. Child-like and full of charm, their love of games and dislike of hard work do not fit them for the strenuous life of our modern civilization.

POST of the steamers voyaging across the North Pacific Ocean from San Francisco make a southerly course in order to call at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. Twelve of these islands are little more than rocks jutting up out of the water, uninhabited, but valuable as shark-fishing grounds and for deposits of guano.

There are eight inhabited islands, the chief being Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Oahu and Kauai, with an area equal to about three-quarters that of Wales. They are all of volcanic origin. The peaks of the volcanoes, some of them capped with snow, are for the most part very sparsely clothed with vegetation. Their lower slopes are covered with dense tropical forests and an abundant undergrowth of ferns and climbing vines. In the forests there are few mammals, a species of day-flying bat being the only true representative of the islands. Some pigs, wild dogs and rats were introduced very early, before the coming of Europeans, and there are numerous gaily-coloured birds. In the waters round the coast are to be found many kinds of seaweed, which the natives still use as food, and large numbers of beautifully-coloured fish abound. Whales and dolphins are also seen.

Isles of Fairy Beauty

As the steamer enters the harbour of Honolulu, situated on the island of Oahu, the third largest of the group, we are at once held spellbound by the beauty of the scenery.

The islands are cooled in summer and warmed in winter by the ocean winds, and

the very even climate favours the rapid growth of trees, shrubs and crops. The tops of the mountains are enveloped in bluish-purple mist and on the lower slopes the green of the sugar-cane and hemp fields gives way to the red and white roofs of the houses, set in masses of foliage. The water's edge is bounded by a fringe of coconut palms and in their shade lazy brown-skinned Hawaiian boys, or Kanakas as they are often called, ready to dive into the water for coins.

Sport-Loving Kanakas

The Hawaiians are experts at swimming and water sports, and box and wrestle among the waves. One of their most popular pastimes is surf-riding over the rollers on flat boards, at which they show remarkable skill. They are not very tall in stature, but they are very well-proportioned and not unhandsome. Their skin is like burnished copper and they have dark brown or black hair, nearly always wavy. Their lips are somewhat thick and their noses flat and rather broad, but they have pearly white teeth and very large, expressive eyes.

The history of the Hawaiian people is evidence of their intelligence and rapid development. The original inhabitants of the islands, the aboriginal Hawaiians, came from Samoa. They belonged to the Malayo-Polynesian race, from which their native language is derived. They settled in Hawaii in the tenth century, and Captain Cook, who discovered the islands in 1778, and called them the Sandwich Islands, found that they had divided the group into three separate kingdoms—Hawaii, Oahu and Maui, Lanai and



Chatterbox

HAWAIIAN SURF-RIDER AND HIS FRAGILE CRAFT ON WAIKIKI BEACH

One of the great sports of the pleasure loving Hawaiians is surf-riding. Wading and swimming out to sea, beyond the breakers, this man of Oahu Island will there mount the surf-board that he carries, and laughing and shouting will balance himself upon it on the crest of a great ocean roller, as it carries him rapidly to shore.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

Molokai. There is evidence that the islands were discovered earlier by the Spanish, for they were correctly marked on charts as long ago as 1687, and there are traces of Spanish customs.

The most important period in the history of the islands began with the reign of the famous King Kamehameha, a man of great force of character. When George Vancouver, the explorer, visited the islands in 1792 and built the king a European ship, Kamehameha saw the possibilities of uniting the three kingdoms. He built a fleet of vessels of the same pattern and attacked the other islands, until, in the year 1795, he became sole king of the group. His successors reigned for over a century, and during this time foreign trade was encouraged and a constitutional government set up.

Under American Protection

In the reign of Kamehameha II, missionaries visited the islands and by 1845 every Hawaiian native could read and write. Owing to the attempt of Queen Liliuokalani in 1893 to deprive the people of a parliamentary government, a revolution took place and a president was elected. The Hawaiian people had long wished for American protection, and when an American force was landed to protect United States citizens they invited America to annex the territory. The American flag was hoisted in 1898, and since then the president of the islands has been elected by the American president and representatives of the Hawaiian people are allowed to attend the American Senate.

The Hawaiians, though they cannot be called hard-working, are less lazy than many tropical races. The soil of their land does not produce enough natural vegetable foods, and before the coming of Europeans they were forced to cultivate yams, arum and sweet potatoes. Besides these crops, the natives depended for their sustenance upon seaweeds, pork and fish, bread-fruit, coconuts and bananas. From the roots of the taro they made, and still make, the national dish of poi. The roots are beaten up in a pot and made into a paste by

adding water. Another native food was a kind of wild dog, which the natives fed on poi for several days before killing.

Their houses were generally built of wood, but sometimes were rough huts with sides and roof thatched with grass. The cooking was done outside, in an oven formed by making a hole in the ground and lining it with stones. These they heated by kindling a fire in the oven for several hours. Then they wrapped the food in leaves and laid it in the holes by the side of the stones. The poorer Hawaiians still use this method of cooking.

Homage to the Ancient Gods

The common people were divided into three classes—fishermen, tillers of the soil and builders of houses and canoes. Each of these sections had its own idols, to which were offered human sacrifices. They believed that spirits ruled the volcanoes, and young girls were offered to them when eruptions threatened. Offerings were also made when a chief or priest was ill, when a temple was to be dedicated, or when war was declared. But there were means of escape for the intended victims. Large enclosures were built, and if the people who were chosen to be sacrificed could manage to get inside one of them they were safe, for these enclosures were looked upon as sacred.

The Hawaiians had many other strange customs. Certain things were not allowed, and what was known as "tapu" was largely practised, women being put to death if they ate pork, turtles, some kinds of fish or coconuts. The histories and deeds of the great chiefs were handed down from one generation to another by the singing of chants, and, long before the coming of Captain Cook, the natives played on drums, gourd and bamboo flutes and a kind of guitar.

Changing Fashions of Hawaii

The Hawaiians now wear European clothes, the poorer men dressing only in shirts and trousers and the richer classes much as we do. The women have given up their short skirts of native cloth



HAWAIIAN ISLANDERS DRESS TO DANCE IN THEIR OPEN-AIR BALLROOMS WALLED WITH PALMS
 The people of the Hawaiian Islands are by nature rather indolent, are the most favoured of their sports. These men, clad in skirts of bark-cloth festooned with palm fronds, are about to begin the hula, but though they have no great love for labour, they are not afraid of exertion when it is a question of amusing themselves. Wrestling, riding, dancing, bathing, surf-riding, hull-gliding and spear-throwing, the national dance. It is performed by both men and women, and is accompanied by the music of the ukulele and the Hawaiian guitar.

Clutterbuck



THE ORCHESTRA IS READY AND THE LADIES OF THE BALLET TAKE PLACES FOR THE DANCE
 of these girls, to signify their loyalty to the United States, are wearing
 "stars and stripes." The girl on the left holds a little ukulele; another
 plays upon a six-stringed guitar. At their feet sit an ill-matched pair
 of drummers with peculiarly-shaped gourds to serve them as drums.

Clutterbach



TABLES, CHAIRS AND LINEN, CHINA AND SPOONS AND FORKS ARE LACKING AT A HAWAIIAN FEAST

When the Hawaiians have a "luau," or feast, the hostess does not provide the food. She may prepare the poi or the great bowl of ava, a drink made from the roots of a pepper plant, but some of the guests will bring the yams, some the breadfruit, some the papaws, some mats, round which the garlanded guests sit cross-legged. There is the raw fish and some the fish baked in sweet ti leaves. There is certain also to be a pig roasted whole on hot stones, for Hawaiians love roast pork. All these good things are spread on leaf-bedded mats, round which the garlanded guests sit cross-legged.



E. N. A.

A LEADER OF HAWAIIAN FASHION SETS OUT FOR A RIDE

All the Hawaiian Islanders, both men and women, are extremely fond of riding. The women ride astride, and sometimes wear this really extraordinary riding habit—a divided skirt that, were it only half the length, would easily cover the feet. Around the neck of horse and rider are hung garlands of fresh flowers and leaves.



Glitterback

THIS HAWAIIAN GIRL FINDS FINGERS BEST FOR SERVING POI

Although most Hawaiians are of middle height, the chiefs and their families are usually very tall, and are often remarkably stout. Fatness, however, is thought beautiful, especially in a woman. Before European foods were introduced and when the diet was almost entirely vegetarian, people were frequently seen who weighed from twenty to thirty stone!



Clutterbuck

POUNDING TARO ROOTS: A STAGE IN THE PREPARATION OF POI

Poi, the staple food of the Hawaiian Islanders, is made from the starchy roots of the taro plant. These are cooked until soft, and are then pounded, mixed with water, and left to ferment. When thick, this food is called "one-finger," and when thin, "two-finger" poi. A favourite Hawaiian dish was a dog that had been fed solely on poi.

and wear long white dresses known as holukus. As we enter the town of Honolulu we meet many gaily-clothed Chinese and Japanese, who form the largest part of the population, but we shall find plenty of Hawaiian girls sitting on mats on the pavements. They weave garlands of flowers, with which they are very fond of adorning their hair and necks. Everywhere there is evidence of the rapid advance in culture of this fascinating people. The colours of the East compete with modern streets, tramcars, fine government buildings, beautiful parks and hotels.

If we go inland on the island of Oahu we shall find large sugar plantations spread over the lower slopes of the mountains and in the valleys. Higher up there are great fields of pineapples, famous for their delicious flavour, which are canned and exported. Also there are hemp fields and "taro" patches, where men and women work up to their knees in water.

In shape the island of Hawaii is almost a triangle. The coast, unlike the other

islands, has few coral reefs. The land consists of the gentle slopes of five volcanic mountains. Mauna Loa in the south is the largest volcano in the world, 13,760 feet high. In its sides there are many caves, several miles in length. It erupted very violently in 1926.

Kilauea, to the south-east of Mauna Loa, and the largest active crater in the world, is easily accessible. We must not finish our tour of the islands without climbing the volcano Halemauana and looking down into its great crater. One day it is full of boiling lava and then in a short time empties to a depth of a thousand feet. The lava does not do very much damage nowadays, for it passes through a subterranean passage to the sea. The most wonderful sight is to see the crater at night, with great glowing cracks across the crust and fire-fountains of liquid lava playing from ten to fifty feet high. It will give us a very vivid memory of these delightful islands—the Paradise of the Pacific, as they are so justly called.



AP/WIDEWORLD

A THOUSAND MILES FROM OTHERS OF THEIR KIND, MONGOLIAN YAKS ROAM OVER THE TURGUN HIGHLANDS The shaggy-haired yak is usually thought to live only among the great mountains of Tibet, but there are also herds of them far away across the bleak Gobi Desert, in the lofty mountain ranges that form the frontier between Mongolia and Siberia. In north Mongolia there are also grant sheep, as big as donkeys, with enormous curling horns, beavers, sables and gazelles, reindeer, horses, asses and snow leopards, and, further south, great, woolly Bactrian camels. The best of the wild horses are driven over the eastern frontier and sold to the Chinese.

Where a Living Buddha Reigns

MONGOLIA, HOME OF A ONCE ALL-POWERFUL RACE

When we hear the name "Mongolia" we picture to ourselves a huge desert whence there came, many centuries ago, a vast army of horsemen that overran the world from the China Sea to Moscow and from Siberia to Delhi, and whose leaders were such men as Kublai Khan and Tamerlane. The clouds of fierce cavalry still exist to-day in the herdsman of the plains. But Mongolia does not consist solely of the Gobi Desert—there are vast forests and enormous stretches of fertile grass lands. Over the people of this mysterious land there reigns a man whom the Mongols believe to be a reincarnation of Buddha, who owns an allegiance to the Chinese Government, and in this chapter we shall learn, from one who was a friend of Mongol chiefs, how the Buddhist religion came to the land and how the people live.

MONGOLIA is one of the few countries of the world where there is still much work for the explorer to do. It is nominally under Chinese control, although it forms part of Central Asia, and the area of the country, as a whole, is almost equal to that of China proper.

The frontiers of Mongolia are marked by the mountainous walls of Tibet, Siberia and Manchuria, its north-western limits being defined by the Altai Mountains and the adjacent ranges. The greater part of the country is covered by the desert of Gobi, or Shamo, which stretches across Asia and which was once an inland sea. It is a plateau of an average height of 4,000 feet, broken here and there by slight depressions which give the land an undulating appearance. Mongolia is not, however, all desert, for there are vast tracts of grass land offering opportunities for the breeding of sheep and cattle, and in the west and north-west there are vast forests.

Desert and Flowery Paradise

Trees are almost unknown throughout the Gobi Desert, only a few dwarf specimens—objects of adoration to the Mongols—grow there. The vegetation consists mainly of grass, thorns and patches of scrub. Water is found only in wells or occasional small lakes.

Along the north-western side of the Gobi are the Altai Mountains—the name signifies gold—and this is one of the richest and most fertile regions of Asia, with great mineral resources. Timber also is abundant in the forests of pine, larch,

birch and spruce, and in summer this part of Mongolia is a paradise of grass and flowers; the valleys are gardens of many hues, and the woods and dells ablaze with colour.

An Invincible Conqueror

The rise of the Mongols forms one of the most romantic chapters of history. At the height of their power in the thirteenth century, their empire stretched from the Sea of Japan to the Adriatic Sea. It was then that the Mongols came near to dominating the Old World. Their famous leader, Tamerlane, was the most amazing conqueror the world has ever seen, for he sacked Moscow one summer and was at the gates of Delhi the next.

When at the height of their power and fame the Mongols were Mahomedans, and had they remained so they might still have retained the prominent place among the nations of the East, to which their virility and exploits so rightly entitled them. Their downfall was largely due to the introduction of Lamaism, the degraded form of the Buddhist religion which forces all the sons save one of every family to enter a monastery.

It was introduced from Tibet after the death of the Mongol leader, Kublai Khan, in 1295 and rapidly gained a hold. Buddhism was founded by Buddha five centuries before the birth of Christ, and he was regarded as the reincarnation of the deity. In the days of its origin it contained much that was pure and noble until the creation of Lamaism. There then followed, in Tibet, the formation of



IN THE ORDOS DESERT: A REGION DRY AS THE SAHARA BUT IN WINTER SWEEPED BY ICY WINDS
Right across Mongolia, in the south, is the vast Desert of Gobi—mile upon mile of shifting sand, sometimes covered with scanty grass and broken here and there by mountain ridges. In the south-east, part is cut off by the Hwang-Ho River, this desert being called the Ordos.

Across these sandy wastes plod camel caravans, just as they do across the Sahara. In the distance, behind the horseman, we can see one of them, laden with cases of tea. Caravan tea—that is tea which has come overland from China—is greatly prized by the connoisseurs.



Carrelers

JAGGED PEAKS OF THE TURGUN MOUNTAINS SURROUND A ROCK-STREWN WILDERNESS IN MONGOLIA

There are many such barren tablelands as this among the Turgun Mountains, some of the peaks of which rise to a height of 10,000 feet. They are wind-swept and desolate, and glaciers have so thickly strewn them with sharp rocks that even the hardy yak cannot find food there. Below these bleak plateaux, visited only by an occasional surveyor, are sheltered valleys that afford pasture for herds of yaks, such as we see in page 1070. These yaks are mainly used as beasts of burden, but are valued also for their flesh and milk, and their long, silken hair.



WANDERING MONGOLS LOADING THEIR CAMELS FOR A JOURNEY

Most of the Mongols are breeders of camels, horses and sheep, and wander from place to place in search of pasture, just as they did centuries ago. Their two-humped camels, considered the best in Asia, are especially useful in carrying heavy loads across the Mongolian deserts. From the fleeces of these creatures the herdsmen make their tents.



WHERE THE REINDEER PROVIDES THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE

The tribesmen of the Uriankhai country in the north-west of Mongolia live almost entirely on their great herds of reindeer. Their food consists chiefly of the flesh and milk of these invaluable animals, from whose fleeces and skins they make their tents. Reindeer are also used for riding, and carry heavy loads when a tribe changes its camping-ground.



VAGABOND MINSTREL WHO DELIGHTS MONGOLIAN VILLAGERS

Simple people like the Mongol herdsmen appreciate any form of entertainment, and this minstrel knows how to touch their hearts with melodies on his fiddle. Accompanied by his wife, he roves from village to village on the borders of the great plains. Some of these villages have houses built of mud, but most are mere collections of tents.



YELLOW-ROBED PRIESTS WHO FOLLOW BUDDHA'S TEACHING

Buddhist monasteries are very common in Mongolia, and over one-third of the population consists of lamas, or monks. The laymen are forced to support them—a duty readily performed. Only one son of each family is allowed to follow his father's occupation and become a herdsman; the others all enter a monastery.



WINGED HEAD-DRESSES ARE THE PRIDE OF MONGOL WIVES

However poor a Mongol herdsman may be, he always makes his wife's headdress as magnificent as possible. Through the stiff wings, ornamented with silver and jewels, the hair is drawn in two large plaits which dangle on either side of the wearer.

Padded shoulders and very long sleeves are also fashionable in Mongolia.

a government in the person of a Dalai Lama, or Sea of Wisdom, whose judgement in all things is supreme. The ruler and chief lama in Mongolia is the Hutuktu, who resides at Urga, the capital.

The Mongol dress, a study for an artist, is like a long and ample dressing-gown of varied colour, fastened at the waist by a sash. Beneath are shirts and coverings according to the period of the year. For headgear these riders of the plains have a rounded, turned-up hat, the centre rising to a cone-shaped crown of red, yellow or whatever colour appeals most to the wearer. For the feet he has leather boots reaching to the knees, always two or three sizes too large, for as the winter advances

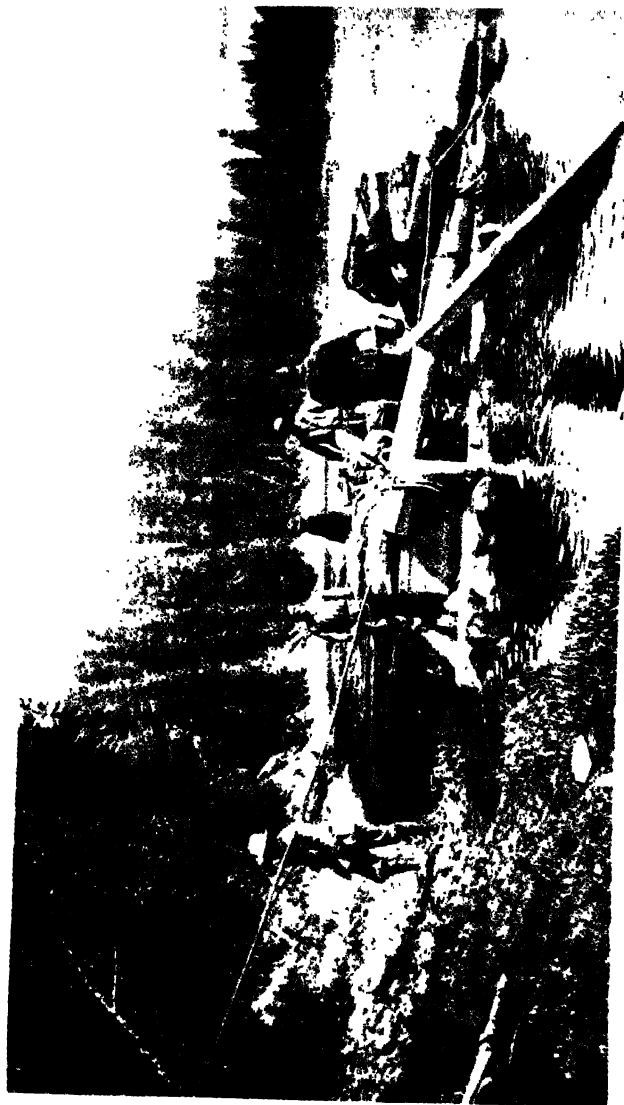
successive layers of felt socks are added. Stuck in the girdle is the long pipe without which a Mongol never moves, flint and metal to supply the want of matches, and a riding-whip.

With the women the dress is somewhat similar, with their very long sleeves well padded at the shoulders. But the hair and its careful dressing is the feminine strong point. It is plaited and threaded through a flat framework curved outwards like the horns of a sheep, these terminating in a silver ornament covered with bead and ornaments. This is not all, however, for they wear earrings of turquoise and other precious stones procurable in this land of minerals, and



MONGOL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER IN THEIR HOLIDAY ATTIRE

In Mongolia the winged headdress is only worn by married women. This lady has a very fine one, with rich ornaments of silver and turquoise, which shows that her husband is quite a wealthy man. She and her daughter were afraid of having their photograph taken, for it is thought by Mongols that the lens of a camera is made from a child's eye.



SIBERIAN COLONISTS WHO NAVIGATE THE RIVER YENISEI ON THEIR CLUMSY RAFT OF TREE TRUNKS
The upper branches of the great River Yenisei flow through northwestern Mongolia, and many immigrants from Siberia laboriously make their way along them on rafts rudely fashioned of tree-trunks and rocky ravines. To the south of this zone are the prairie lands from which great numbers of horses are exported to Siberia and China.



FUR-COATED COWBOY WHO RANGES THE ROLLING GOBI PLAINS

The Mongols are marvellous horsemen, since they start riding at an early age and leave the saddle as little as possible. On their strong, tireless ponies, they cover great stretches of land, following their herds of horses, camels and sheep. This jovial cowboy, with his long whip and warm sheepskin wrap, is typical of these wanderers.

strings of beadwork and necklaces adorn the neck and shoulders. The boots are, of course, far too large for their tiny feet, but then provision must be made for extremes of temperature, and, moreover, they are receptacles for the pipe and tobacco, riding-whip and the brick tea; even the drinking-cups find a safe resting-place in them.

The home of the Mongol is a felt tent, a semi-circular construction on a lattice framework. These tents are from 12 feet to 21 feet in diameter, and the felt covering the framework is made from goats' and camels' hair, an opening being left at the top for light and the emission of smoke, of which, however, the tent is usually full. The difficulties of house moving are

reduced to a minimum, for the family range themselves round the inside of the tent and, lifting the structure bodily walk away.

The contents of a Mongol larder are easily supplied, for they consist of milk, mutton, cream and a form of cheese made from goat's milk. The Mongols drink copiously and often of fermented mare's milk, which they keep in leathern bottles, in exactly the same way as the Jewish patriarchs or their nomadic forebears did centuries before them.

Weddings all over the world are occasions for hilarity and expense. But the conservative Mongols treasure the romantic theory of the bride being carried off from her father's tent. The

WHERE A LIVING BUDDHA REIGNS

weddings are a great event, especially when the belle of the encampment is the prize. At other times she is a sooty Cinderella, but on her wedding day she is arrayed like a dainty princess, and in this primitive game, which might well be termed a Love Chase, she is mounted on a fiery charger, and, armed with a formidable whip, gives the lead in a breakneck race to the young men who aspire to her hand. To ward off the undesirable lovers she uses her heavy whip with force and accuracy, and a well-directed slash across the eyes puts the unwelcome suitor out of action. This indeed is no game for a nervous man.

The Sins of the Fathers

The manners and customs of the Mongols are in many respects remarkable, more particularly with regard to the disposal of the dead. Instead of burial in the usual way, the body is put out on a knoll in the vicinity of the camp, and there left to the tender mercies of dogs and birds of prey. Should the remains not be disposed of within a few days the deceased is considered to have led a wicked life, since even the dogs are shocked and refuse to touch the body. The sequel to this discovery is the chastisement of all the members of the deceased's family, with the idea of saving them from a similar fate.

The Mongols have always been renowned as horsemen, and in the heyday of their fame the imperial dispatch riders covered four to five hundred miles in relays in the twenty-four hours. Their wonderful powers of endurance admit of their spending days in the saddle, and they will sleep just as soundly when mounted on camels as on the ground.

Witchcraft Preferred to Medicine

Among the Mongol lamas, or priests, who comprise forty per cent of the male population, the medical profession is favoured, since it affords an opportunity of acquiring wealth and position. Their medical knowledge is founded on superstition and witchcraft, by means of which diseases are treated, drugs and

medicines receiving only secondary consideration. It is a curious fact, however, that the Mongol does to a certain extent believe in medicine, and the more objectionable and nauseous it is the more readily he will swallow it. There are quaint observances respecting doctor and patient; one is that the medico lives in the patient's tent until the sick person is either cured or dies. Payment of the fee incurred is by results.

The Mongols have strange ideas concerning the origin of complaints from which they may be suffering. They will declare with all sincerity that the deity is angry with them and has visited them with a fever, a cold or whatever it may be, because they have inadvertently cut a stick from the stunted trees surrounding a monastery, or in digging a hole in the ground they have destroyed life in the shape of worms and insects.

Hard Lot of a Mongol Prisoner

The prison system and mode of punishment in Mongolia are similar in their cruelty to those of the Middle Ages in Europe. Here offenders are placed in an oblong box measuring about five feet by two and two feet in depth—very like a coffin. There, chained and manacled, they are left to pass weeks, sometimes months and not infrequently years, according to the seriousness of the crime. They can neither stand up nor lie down, but must perforce assume a semi-crouching posture, so that their limbs become shrunken and useless. They are taken out for a few minutes daily and food is passed to them through a small hole in the side of the box. For covering at night a thin, worn blanket is given, this being exchanged in winter for a sheepskin coat, which is totally inadequate, especially when the thermometer drops to twenty degrees below zero.

Mongolia has a great future, for its vast grass lands are like the Canadian prairies and the Siberian plains, and they may well become one of the agricultural centres of the world. This, however, can only come about under European guidance.



AT THEIR WEDDING, the Macedonian bride and bridegroom both wear gay, national costumes. It is customary for the bride to wait on the guests at the wedding-breakfast, as if she were a servant. In this case, she has given them all a present of an embroidered kerchief, like the one she still carries. Macedonia is a district in northern Greece.

The Greeks of To-Day

MODERN PEOPLE IN A LAND OF ANCIENT CULTURE

The Greek people have the oldest recorded history of the European nations, and the Greek language to-day, though its form has changed in many ways, is obviously the tongue used by Homer, who lived about 1000 B.C. The Greeks, besides being unmatched in art and literature, were also clever and brave warriors, defeating the huge fleets and armies of the Persian kings and becoming a great military power. The Greeks, or Hellenes, however, were not a united nation, but merely a collection of city-states which combined only in times of stress. In the second century B.C. Greece was absorbed into the Roman Empire, and remained as a part of the Byzantine Empire until the latter was overthrown by the Turks. The Greeks were delivered from the Turks in 1832, and for the first time this race of ancient culture became a united nation. Athens, the capital, will be dealt with in a later chapter.

THE very mention of the name Greece conjures up in our minds all that is best in ancient art and literature, and brings before us visions of some of the most wonderful buildings that the world has ever seen.

When its history opens, many centuries before the birth of Christ, the land of Greece was occupied by the Greeks, or Hellenes. They were a civilized people, but did not exist as a nation, being split up into many little states. The geography of their country partly explains this lack of unity, since it is divided into small sections by great mountain ranges, and each of these sections had a ruler, laws and customs of its own. There was little sympathy between the city-states, as we call them, and the record of their relations with each other is one of jealousy, quarrels and wars. One might think that the danger of conquest by the Persians in the fifth century B.C. would have united the Greeks, but the people of those little states only became allies, not fellow-countrymen. The greatest of the city-states was Athens at its zenith, a great sea-power and the home of literature, of art and of learning—of that wonderful culture which we associate to-day with ancient Greece.

The Blight of Turkish Misrule

Even Alexander the Great did not succeed in welding the city-states into a nation, and two hundred years after his death they were absorbed into the mighty Roman Empire. Greece later became a part of the Byzantine or Eastern Roman

Empire, which might almost have been called a Greek Empire, for although the capital was Constantinople, the official language was Greek. In the fifteenth century, however, the Turks conquered the country and held it until the beginning of the nineteenth century, ruling the people harshly and very badly. It was not until 1832 that Greece became an independent kingdom.

Now a Mixture of many Races

During the nineteenth century the country made steady progress, and, although for various periods it has been dominated by other nations, it has gradually secured a greater degree of unity. In 1925 Greece became a republic. The people take a great and justifiable pride in the great past of their country, although few of them are the descendants of the Hellenes of old who did so much to found our modern civilization.

They are one of the most mixed nations in the world. Romans, Slavs, such as the Serbs and Bulgars, Turks, Armenians and Jews have all intermarried with the original inhabitants and among themselves, and it is from them that people whom we call the Greeks are descended.

The area of modern Greece is 49,000 square miles, and though the west coast consists of high mountains with no harbours, the east coast is full of bays and havens for ships. Nearly all the large towns—Athens, Salonica, Piræus—are on the eastern side of the country, and in this respect Greece differs from Italy, whose principal cities lie on the western



Bolsanous

SHEPHERDS STAND ON THE ROCKY SUMMIT OF MOUNT PARNASSUS

On Mount Parnassus, according to the beautiful old legends of Greece, lived the Muses—the divine singers who were supposed to inspire all artists. On its slopes is the Castalian Fountain, whose waters, the ancients thought, made a poet of anybody who drank them. To-day only shepherds, like these two, roam over Parnassus with their flocks.



RUINS OF ANCIENT CORINTH, in olden days the most prosperous and one of the fairest of Greek cities, dot the slopes beneath the rock of the Acrocorinth or citadel. The seven columns that we see in the centre of this photograph are all that remain of the once

E N A
splendid temple of Apollo, now surrounded by other ruins. A few miles away there has sprung up a new city of Corinth, which, although its trade brings it considerable prosperity, does not enjoy the commercial greatness that belonged to the ancient city visited by Saint Paul.



VILLAGERS OF ZEMENON, led by their priests, walk slowly towards over the winding hill path in the calm evening. All the women and children are dressed in their holiday clothes—brightly coloured dresses and hoods—and one of the men wears the white tustanella, or short linen kilt, of the Greeks. The bearded priests, who are of peasant stock, are permitted to marry. The curious, tall hat with the brim at the top instead of round the head, worn by the one who is second from the right, is part of the conventional garb of Greek priests.

Butterworth's



HUMBLE TILLER OF THE SOIL OF GREECE WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY AND HIS PACK-DONKEYS
In Greece all the members of a peasant family help with the agricultural work, and start very early each morning for the scene of their labours, their implements, food and perhaps, one of the younger children being borne by donkeys. The father leads the animals, while the mother carries the baby in a kind of hammock of cloth slung over her back. The Greek peasants, in particular those of Peloponnese in the south, are thrifty and hard-working. Some of them are farmers, and others are engaged in sheep-rearing or in the sponge-fishing industry.



Chichester

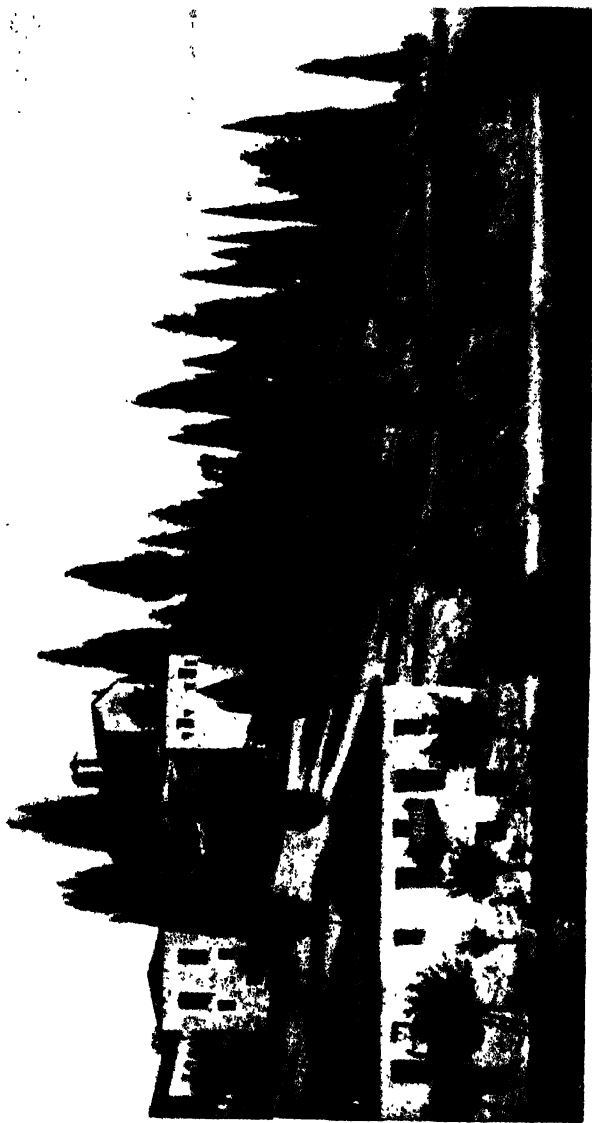
STALWART PEASANTS OF ARGOLIS IN THE STREETS OF NAUPLIA
 The fustanella, or kilt, worn with a brightly-coloured sash and a sleeveless zouave jacket, is still a popular form of dress among the sturdy peasants of Argolis, a province that is renowned wherever Greek history is read. Here we see a group of them, characteristically attired, in a street of Nauplia, a seaport that was of great importance in ancient times.

coasts, with the exception of Venice. The approach by water to the eastern side of Greece is through the Aegean Archipelago, and the scenery which it presents is unmatched in any other part of the world, for the sea is studded with many islands and groups of islands, varied in shape and size and colour, rising out of the purple-blue waters.

Greece is mainly an agricultural country, although mountains cover four-fifths of its surface. The rivers are small and often dry up, and the rainfall is scanty. There are great stretches of undeveloped and uninhabited land and many of the hills are very bare, and there are large tracts covered with forests and olive groves. The plain of Thessaly is the granary for the rest of the country, and the slopes and hills in the vale of Sparta are covered with orange and lemon

groves and vineyards. Grape-currants, wheat and tobacco are also grown, and sheep-rearing is carried on extensively.

If we go to any of the districts situated in the heart of the country we shall see the peasants wearing the national costume, living their lives in the manner of their forefathers, and keeping up old customs. Even in many of the larger towns, particularly on market days, we may still see the peasants in their native dress—the men in their full, short, linen kilts, or fustanellas, the women in their beautiful dresses with richly-decorated bodices and aprons. It is very pleasant to pay a visit to these people, for they are most hospitable and kind and take a great interest in anyone coming from a foreign land. Indeed, this latter national trait may possibly become a little embarrassing, as I know from personal experience.



SPARTA was once the chief city of the Peloponnese, and its inhabitants were famous throughout Greece as marvellously trained warriors. Even to-day when we wish to pay great tribute to a man's endurance we say that it is Spartan. There are, however, very few traces left of

the grandeur of ancient times, and on the hillsides where stood the greater part of old Sparta are modern houses and many tall cypress trees and rich orchards. Modern Sparta, built in the early nineteenth century, occupies the southern hills within the walls of the old city.



Underwood

THE METEORA MONASTERIES in Thessaly are all perched on the summits of high, pillar-like rocks. Their name means monasteries "in the air." They were built in old, turbulent times, when their impregnable positions ensured the safety of the monks, and to this day visitors and provisions are drawn up in a net attached to a long rope.



Butler/2000

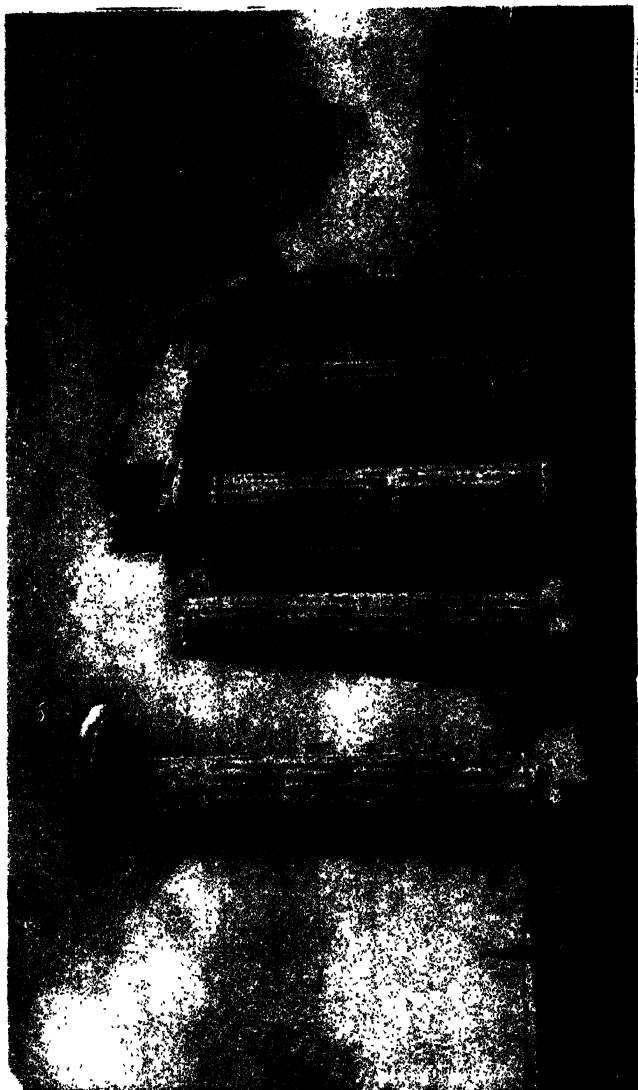
CATTLE AND SHEEP BROWSE AMONG ORCHARDS THAT GROW WHERE ANCIENT SPARTA ONCE STOOD
Near modern Sparta, on the land where once were the splendid buildings of its historic namesake, are some of the most fruitful orchards in Greece. Water from springs and streams is plentiful, even in summer. Without a thought for the lost glories of the past, these village maidens bring their cattle and sheep, black and white, to graze on the rich pastures near the Tomb of Leonidas—a monument commemorating that great Spartan king, who died nobly defending his country against the Persians, four hundred and eighty years before Christ was born.



Business

GOATS FOLLOW THEIR HERDSMAN AS HE PACES A WINDING ROAD IN THE VALLEY OF SPARTA

Many prosperous farmers till the soil of the valley of Sparta, which are grown on the lower mountain slopes—namely oranges, olives and grapes—and maize and wheat on the plain. Large herds of cattle, sheep and goats feed on the excellent pastures. It will be noticed that the goats of this herd are tramed to follow the herdsman, not driven.



ANTIQUE

enable us to imagine the splendour of the temple as it originally stood. Situated on the narrow isthmus that joins the Peloponnese peninsula to the Greek mainland, ancient Corinth was the most convenient centre in the Mediterranean for trade from the east and the west.

THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO at Corinth, which we saw in the distance in page 1084, is the most impressive ruin now standing among the remains of the gayest city of the ancient world. Even these seven battered columns, each of which is carved from a solid block of stone,



Belmont

NEMEAN PEASANTS drive their team of horses and mules, yoked together, over the corn to separate the grain from the ears. Behind them are the three pillars that remain standing of the famous old temple of Zeus, the "ruler of the universe." The peasants can work

in peace to-day, but a story runs that a ferocious lion once ravaged the Nemean valley until it was slain by Hercules, who afterwards wore its skin. In ancient times, famous games, were held every two years at Nemea, and athletes came from all over Greece to compete in them.



REFRESHMENT AT A WAYSIDE INN ON THE ROAD TO SPARTA

The pack-donkey has its nose-bag while its master and his friend refresh themselves after a long hot walk on dusty roads. Shoes like those of the traveller on the right, with their pointed, curled toes, are commonly seen in Greece, though Oriental in appearance. The costumes of the two men are typical of those worn by peasants of the Peloponnese.

I was asked of what kind of cloth the suit I had on was made, what I had paid for it, and what other clothes I wore. Was I married and, if so, why had I not brought my wife? But it was still more embarrassing to find that when I went to my room the whole family accompanied me and expected to see every article in my bags. Whenever I returned after being out for the day I invariably found my room occupied by neighbours who had come, too, to see what I possessed. Now you must not think that this was rudeness on the part of these peasants, or that they had

come to steal. I never missed a single article. It was merely their way of showing interest in a stranger, and they would consider our mode of entertaining a guest as showing a total lack of regard for him.

The people are, perhaps, seen at their best when at their daily work or enjoying their simple pastimes. How simple their pleasures are is indicated by an ancient custom, which still survives at Tenos. This is known as the "evening sitting," and is nothing more than a meeting of groups of people after the day's work is done to listen to the older folk



BOY PATRIOTS OF GREECE PARADE IN HOLIDAY ARRAY

Greeks are usually very proud of their country, and on State holidays form processions that march through the towns singing patriotic songs and waving flags. These lads wear the national costume of Greece. It consists of linen kilt, short sleeveless jacket, white shirt, red cap, and shoes adorned with large woollen balls.



MACEDONIAN WOMEN are very proud of the beautiful dress of their country, for it is very becoming, with its bright colours and profusion of gold-thread embroidery and its silver ornaments like the belt worn by the taller of these two girls. The colours and the barbaric splendour are suggestive of Asia rather than of the oldest state in Europe.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY

telling stories, which they relate night after night with a gusto that makes them sufficiently exciting to hold the attention of their audience.

The Greeks are very fond of their old customs, and of none more than their ancient dances. These are danced both by the peasants and by the more educated people at the balls in the large towns. In order to preserve these dances at least one or two are performed at the beginning or end of every ball, and in the army and navy only these national dances are permitted.

Birthdays, as we know them in England, have little significance in Greece, their place being taken by what are termed "name days." Most Greeks are called after some patron saint, and when a saint's day comes round all people bearing his name celebrate their birthday, instead of on the anniversary of the day they were born. Friends call and offer presents of flowers and cakes, just as we receive presents on our birthdays.

Strange Marriage Customs

It is interesting to know that the many customs concerning weddings are quite different from those which exist in Britain.

A marriage in Greece is often an elaborate affair. The wedding ceremony generally takes place in the home, instead of at a church, and, in the country districts, it is often preceded and followed by a long series of formalities, which vary in different parts of the country. For instance, in some districts the bride has to observe various customs with regard to the gathering together of the articles required for her future home, and then she retires to the house of her parents and pretends she does not want to be married, resisting the efforts of her friends to bring her to a more reasonable frame of mind. She maintains this attitude for as long as is the custom of the district, until finally the bridegroom comes with his relatives and carries her away by "force." Even when she arrives in her own home she is obliged to spend several

days performing various ceremonies and giving presents to the relatives and friends who throng around her till the proper time arrives for them to leave her alone with her husband.

Funeral services, on the other hand, are held in church. In country districts it is customary for a close relative of the deceased to go through a lamentation, or wail, before the coffin—a ceremony which is very touching to witness.

Greek Women Find Freedom

The position of women in Greece was formerly an inferior one. Thus, like many other things that we find in Greece, was probably due to the influence of the Turkish rulers. Women did most of the work, but were limited in their freedom and, even among the upper classes, conversed only among themselves, and then only on domestic matters, keeping at one end of the room apart from the men. During recent years the position of the women has completely changed, however, and, although they still maintain control of the home, they are more on equality with men. They may enter various professions, and recently they have begun to practise law in the courts.

The Greeks have many strange customs in connection with their religious festivals. Christmas and New Year's Eve are observed in a quiet manner, but at Epiphany the ceremony of blessing the waters is one of an unusual kind, especially at Syra, where much shipping collects in the harbour for the occasion.

Blessing the Waters at Syra

The night before the festival boys parade the streets with lanterns, singing religious songs appropriate to the occasion, and early the following morning a service is held in the Church of the Transfiguration. At the conclusion of the service a procession is formed which proceeds down to the harbour, the priests being accompanied by men bearing a cross which is tied with ribbons. The waters having been blessed, one of the priests throws the cross into the sea,



E N A

FISHERMEN OF THE ANCIENT PORT OF MITYLENE IN THEIR DAILY PAINTED CRAFT

Although there are few remains of its ancient buildings to-day, the town of Mitylene is still a busy port, as it was more than two thousand years ago. Sailing ships still crowd the deep blue waters of its harbour, waiting for their cargoes of olives and hides, and the boat in which these men stand, with its elaborately painted and carved decorations, is not unlike the ships of long ago. Mitylene, however, prides itself on being a modern town, and has a college that is famous throughout Greece. It is situated on the island of Mitylene in the Aegean Sea.



WITH DEFT FINGERS A GREEK HOUSEWIFE WEAVES FINE CLOTH

In Greece, outside the larger towns, shops are few and far between and very bad, so that many Greek housewives weave cloth for themselves, like this lady of the mountain village of Andritsena. The clumsy, old-fashioned loom is set in a corner of her house, and her kilted husband whiles away an idle minute or two by watching her at work.



DIGNIFIED PEASANTS OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF ZEMENON

Many of the Greek peasants, like this dignified old man in his light, flowing clothes, dress in a fashion that is rather Eastern than European. This is due partly to the great heat of their summer, and partly to the fact that for centuries Greece was under Turkish rule, and the country people have retained some of the manners of the Turks.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY

then numbers of men dive in and struggle for it. The one who secures the cross is regarded as being peculiarly lucky, especially if, in the struggle, the ribbons have been torn off. A similar ceremony is held at Athens, but, as the cross is only thrown into a reservoir, it naturally lacks the picturesqueness of the scene at Syra.

Easter is a great festival, for then, besides religious services, there are processions through the streets, houses are illuminated, and in country districts dancing takes place. On Easter Tuesday ancient dances performed by people in

national costume are a great feature at Megara, one of the peculiarities of the festival being that the women decorate themselves with old Turkish coins.

We have often heard people describe a place as being "a perfect Arcadia," by which they meant, of course, that it was a part of the countryside that was extremely lovely and quite unspoiled by man. The Grecian name Arcadia has, therefore, become associated in the mind with a country scene so simple and beautiful as to be ideal. Yet Arcadia is composed of rugged mountains, gloomy defiles, and has a severe climate. Three

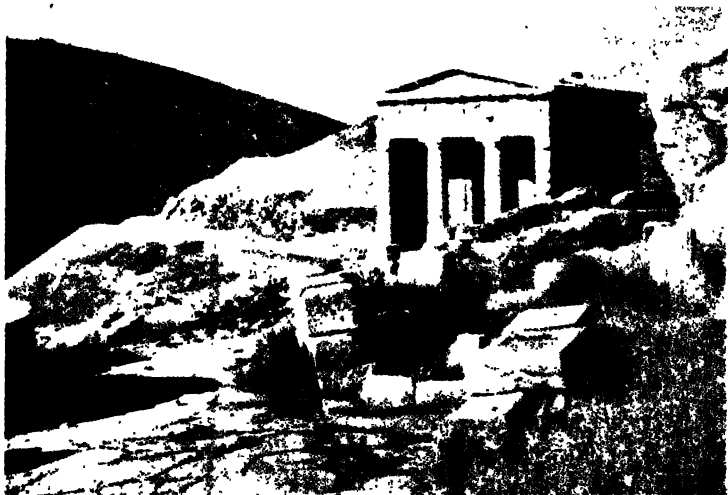


GREEK HOUSEWIFE BUSILY ENGAGED AT HER PORTABLE LOOM
A considerable amount of cloth is woven by the peasants of Greece from cotton grown in the eastern parts of the country. Their looms are very primitive, but the fabric produced is durable, and sufficiently elegant to satisfy the taste of the people. The ample headdress of this housewife suggests that worn by many a Turkish woman.



STURDY SOLDIERS OF GREECE IN THEIR QUAINT UNIFORMS

The Greek army tries to maintain the reputation for bravery won by the heroic soldiers of ancient Greece. These two infantrymen in their tunic-kilts, who stand on old weather-beaten stones that may have been trod by the warriors of long ago, are certainly splendid types of manhood. Every Greek must serve in the army for at least two years.



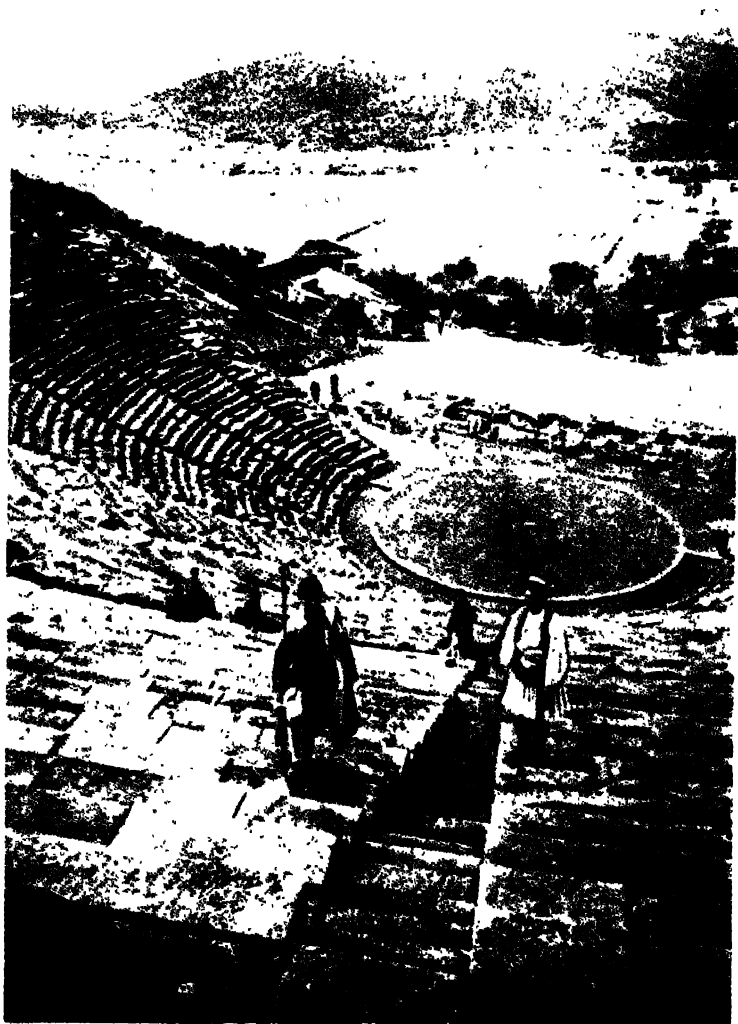
RUINS OF THE TREASURY OF THE ATHENIANS AT DELPHI

At the foot of Mount Parnassus are the splendid ruins of Delphi, the holy city of Apollo. In ancient times the important Greek states had treasuries here, in which were kept their offerings to the god. The Treasury of the Athenians, originally built by them from their spoils won at the Battle of Marathon, was recently found in ruins, but has been restored.



THE OLD WALLS OF SALONICA LOOK DOWN ON THE MODERN PORT

The ancient city of Salonica, which S. Paul knew as Thessalonica, stands at the head of a deep gulf of the Aegean Sea. It is one of the principal Grecian ports. The people who dwell here, however, are mostly the descendants of Jews who fled from Spain in the days of the Inquisition, and the chief language is a corrupt kind of Spanish, called Ladino



Underwood

THOUSANDS OF STONE SEATS IN THE THEATRE OF EPIDAUROS

Although the actors of olden times performed on the circular stage that we see far below us, this huge theatre, which held 16,000 spectators, was so carefully built that even those occupying the seats farthest away could hear every word of the plays. On the plain beyond the theatre is the ruined temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY

is a story that tells how the name has come to mean a beautiful country.

The worship of the god Pan began in Arcadia, and it had been continued for a very long time before the hymn to Pan was composed. This hymn, however, shows that the piping and dancing, the nymphs and rustic gods and the country scene were really connected with the worship of Pan. From this it appears that the stern mountaineers of Arcadia, who had to fight hard for their living under the most trying conditions, imagined this beautiful land, and in their worship of Pan they sang about the Arcadia for which they longed. In a similar way, because

of the myths connected with it, Mount Olympus seems almost sacred to us.

Greece through all the ages has been famous for its art and literature. All over Greece, in town and country alike, there are buildings, mostly in white marble, which for centuries have been and still are regarded as the world's masterpieces, because they were produced by the world's greatest artists.

Thus modern Greece, with its many new and handsome buildings and progressive policy, is a combination of new and old, but it is in the possession of so many masterpieces of the ancient past that she is richer than any other country.



LADEN DONKEYS ON THE PATH TO THE SEA IN SANTORIN

Santorin is a lovely island in the archipelago of the Cyclades, off the east coast of Greece. On it are grown corn, cotton and currants, which, owing to the rugged nature of the island, have to be brought to the sea for export on the backs of donkeys.

Olive oil and wine are transported in large jars such as we see here.

England's Countryside

BY WOOD AND BROOK, OVER HILL AND DOWN DALE

About two-thirds of all the people of England live crowded, many of them unhealthily, into the great towns and cities, where, except in the few parks, trees and flowers can hardly be persuaded to grow, and the very sky is cut off by buildings and chimneys and by the smoke the latter constantly pour forth. Yet outside lie great stretches, thousands of square miles, of country pasture and village, dale and hill, whose beauties are so manifold that many have travelled the world over and yet come back well content never to leave again what the poet Blake called "England's green and pleasant land." In this chapter, written by one who has wandered widely over our country, we shall read of these rural delights

WHAT a tiny place England looks on a map of the world! And, of course, compared with Asia, Africa, America and Australia it is a tiny place. The Himalayas, the Pyramids, Niagara Falls, the mighty pasture-lands of the Australian continent—we have nothing such as these to lure the traveller, and yet we have them all in miniature.

Climb to the summit of the Cotswold Hills and gaze westwards on a clear day. What is that range of mountain peaks we may see on the horizon? True, they are only tiny hills in comparison with the mighty Himalayas, but how lovely their bold, blue summits look in the pearly light of evening! The Pyramids of Egypt! Have you ever been into Wiltshire and seen one of the most famous monuments in the world—Stonehenge? About it one writer has said: "It stands and will stand, as famous as the Alps and as enduring, a thing imagination boggles at, and to account for it whole libraries of books have not been enough, nor has all the ingenuity of man succeeded in reading its secret."

A Hundred Miniature Niagaras

Seek out the upper reaches of the River Dart in Devon, the streams of Cumberland and Derbyshire and there are a hundred Niagaras in miniature. The vast pasture-lands of Australia we have in Dartmoor, Exmoor, the Cotswolds and the Berkshire Downs, and it is their lambs and the lambs from many another English shire that fill the vast sheep runs of Australia and New Zealand.

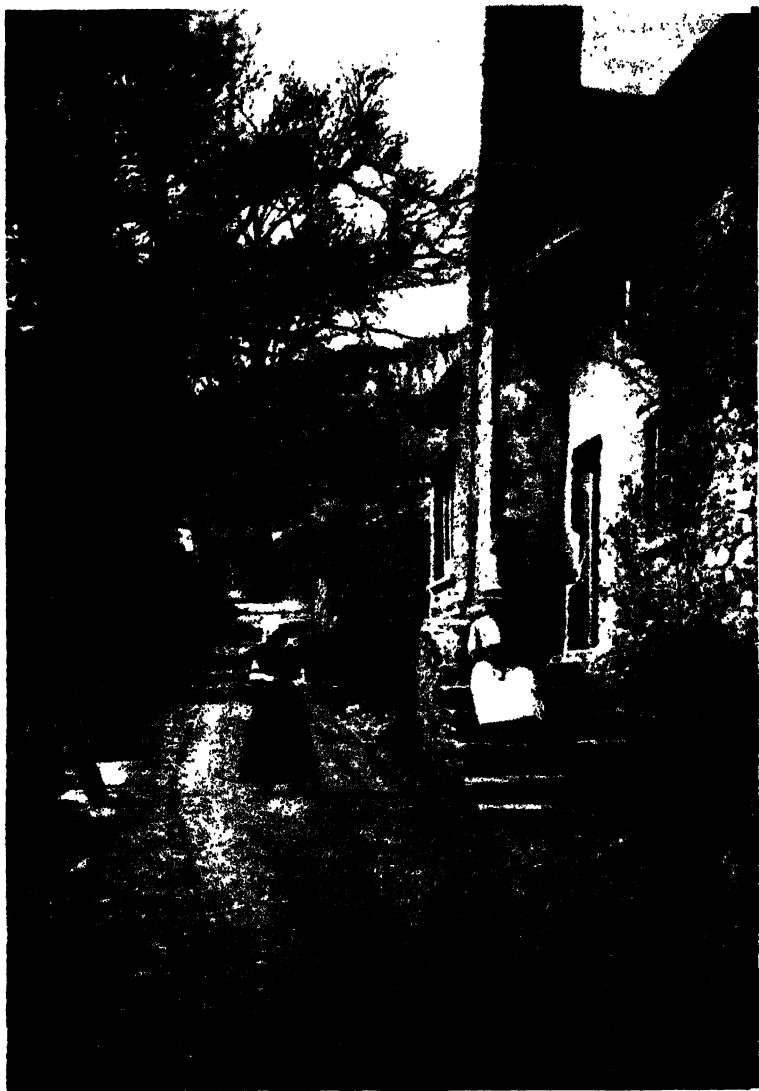
Or we may have longed to see the Great Wall of China. Yet in our own country

there is to-day a considerable part of a wonderful old wall, built by the Romans in those far distant days when England was a Roman colony. The wall was made by the Emperor Hadrian from the Solway Firth to Wallsend, as a protection from the savage Picts of the north.

English Equivalent of Pompeii

Some years ago a keeper was ferreting for rabbits in the woods near a little place called Chedworth, on the Cotswolds, and having to dig for one of his ferrets which refused to come out of the rabbit burrow, he turned up a number of dice-like objects which struck him as peculiar. On examination the little squares turned out to be pieces of a Roman mosaic pavement. The ground was all cleared away and there were brought to light the ruins of a Roman villa, of the existence of which in that lovely woodland no one had dreamt. So there we have our English equivalent—still, of course, in miniature—of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In hundreds of other places, too, similar finds have been made. Indeed, at Silchester, in Hampshire, a complete Roman town was unearthed, the wonderful finds from which are stored in Reading museum.

The growth of our great cities has inevitably caused a shrinkage in the English countryside. Vanished are most of the great forests where, in days gone by, the wolf and the wild boar and the stag roamed through the greenwood. Gone is the great Wychwood Forest in Oxfordshire, Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, where Robin Hood and his Merry Men sported, has shrunk almost to a wood. The Forest



IN SOMERSET, one of the mid-western counties, the sunshine of early spring makes the air warm enough for sitting out of doors. Here at Luccombe, a village not far from Minehead, and on the fringe of Exmoor, the high hedges and the cottage gardens have put on their yearly mantle of snowdrops, primroses, violets and little wild daffodils.



WINDING LANES, shaded by hedges and tall trees, are very typically English, and are to be seen in almost every district. This one is in Herefordshire, a county on the Welsh border, famous for its cattle, its apples and its many castles. The whole width of the roadway is occupied by three carthorses and the heavy load of lumber that they draw.



THE SPRING OF THE YEAR IN RURAL WORCESTERSHIRE

On his way home after a hard day's work, an old labourer of the village of Holt Fleet stops to pass the time of day with a neighbour near the orchard gate. This west midland county grows juicy apples, pears and plums in great profusion. Big print sun-bonnets are now only worn in such a remote spot as this

of Dean is now mostly coal mines, Windsor Forest is but a quarter of its former size.

Nevertheless, we have the New Forest in Hampshire, where we may wander for hours amongst trees that were well-grown when Queen Elizabeth was alive, where there are beautiful open expanses of heath and gorgeous woodland vistas; we have Epping a forest at the very doors of London, Savernake, in Wiltshire, one of the most perfect little forests in all the world, and part of the Forest of Arden, near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare roamed and of which he wrote. We may wander for hours among the beech-woods that clothe the sides of the Chilterns, in Buckinghamshire, or the slopes of the South Downs in Sussex, and stand in spring amidst a sea of bluebells, from which the stems of the beeches rise like shipmasts in a fairy ocean.

Where in all the world shall we find a lovelier river than the Thames, to describe whose beauties so many famous poets,

writers and painters have given of their imperishable best. Think of the historic places that fringe its banks from its source in Gloucestershire to its mouth in the North Sea.

There are Fairford, with its beautiful church and wonderful stained glass windows; Oxford, with its colleges; Abingdon, the little town that John Ruskin said was the most beautiful in Europe.; Dorchester, with its abbey church and wondrous Jesse window; Wallingford, that once boasted fourteen churches, with its splendid bridge, Goring, Streatley, Pangbourne, Reading, with their lovely reaches, Henley, famed for its regatta all the world over; Marlow, where the poet Shelley dreamed and wrote his wonderful poem, "The Revolt of Islam"; Maidenhead, Windsor and Eton and so on along the stream which has borne upon its bosom so many of our race, that has seen war and peace, joy and sorrow, and upon whose banks, at Runnymede, King

ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

John was forced to sign Magna Charta. It is impossible here to do more than touch lightly on the chapter of English history bound up with Father Thames.

Which is the most beautiful English county, which the most beautiful village, where the most beautiful dwelling-house? He would be a bold man indeed who would venture to answer these questions, for each shire has its own particular charm, its own individuality. We should surely find, were we to range the length and breadth of England as an explorer to take our choice "twixt Thames and Tweed," that, coming upon one beauty spot, we should feel convinced that it could have no rival in loveliness, only to

discover another more beautiful still, and so on, until we gave up the problem in pleasurable despair.

When we speak of the English countryside we must never forget that it, is, in a sense, our roads that have been responsible for much of its individuality. For just as towns were built beside rivers, so the first settlements of our ancestors grew up at the sides of roads that had, in very early days, been the natural lines of travel for a race that has always been a travelling one. We shall find, however, that most of our oldest roads and trackways pass through no great towns to-day.

Take, for example, that stretch of the Icknield Way that runs from the foot of



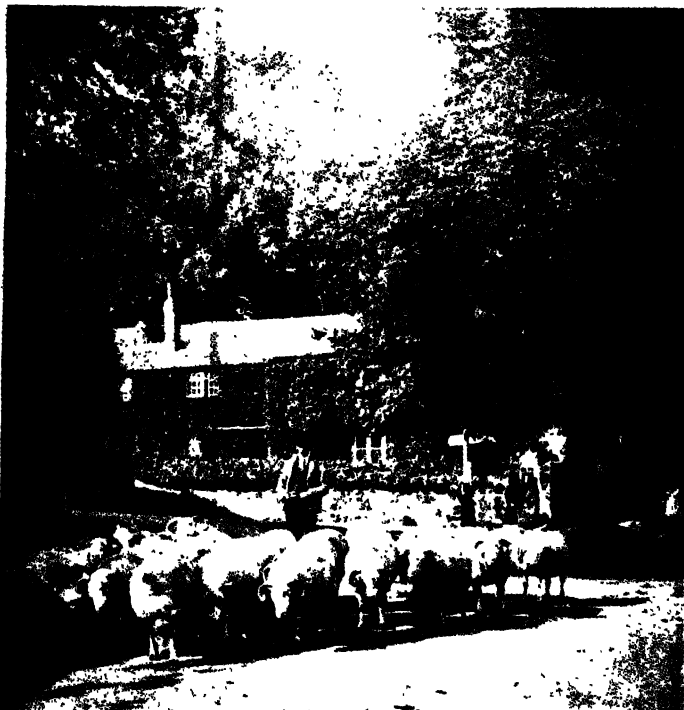
AT SHOTTERY, IN WARWICKSHIRE, IS ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE
Here Shakespeare's wife is said to have dwelt. Her house is a perfect example of Old English cottage architecture. The stout timber framing built in with brick, the small-paned windows, the irregularity of design and the thick thatch roof are all just as they should be, and exactly as the place was built in the reign of good Queen Bess.



SEA AND COUNTRYSIDE meet in the white cliffs of chalk which greet those who enter England from France, whether they land at Dover, at Folkestone or Newhaven. They are found where the North and South Downs run into the English Channel, and culminate long, undulating stretch of cliff that is known as the Seven Sisters respectively in Shakespeare's Cliff, near Dover, and Beachy Head, near Eastbourne. Between these come the flat Romney Marshes. We are looking here at the South Downs, near Seaford, and at the



CORNWALL'S COAST is very, very different from that of Sussex. Here we find high cliffs, it is true, but jagged and threatening ones, composed of grey granite or black slate, and broken into rocky coves by the great breakers of the Atlantic. This winding channel, filled with a swirl of white foam, is on the north coast, near Tintagel Castle.



TREE-EMBOWERED CROSSROADS IN A VILLAGE OF THE WEALD

The Weald of Sussex, which lies between the North and the South Downs, is a green, unspoilt countryside, covered with pine woods and meadows. In its quaint old villages many such homesteads as these are to be seen, the homes, often, of farmers, who reap good harvests off the fertile soil or feed their sheep on the sweet meadow grass.

Streatley Hill, where it forded the Thames, across the Berkshire Downs into Wiltshire, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Here we have a grass road that keeps to the crest of the hills, a lonely trackway upon which we meet no one save a solitary shepherd here and there, or perhaps a horseman or pedestrian, and where only an occasional isolated farm tells us that we live in the days of twentieth century civilization.

Yet as we walk along that wonderful old way there is plenty of evidence to remind us that thousands of years ago it must have been a busy highway, for we shall pass the barrows and cromlechs that

tell us of dead chieftains, and many an old hill-fort, with its grass-grown ramparts and ditch. We shall see the famous White Horse cut on the side of Uffington Hill, which is said to have been carved there by King Alfred to commemorate his victory over the Danes; and we shall find evidences that here and there the Romans had their observation posts along the route.

All over England old roads are to be found with such names as Tinker's Lane, Gipsy Lane, Beggar's Lane and the like, proof that these byways were frequented by men of primitive habits and primitive ways. There is much hidden history in the English countryside, and much to



Stubbs

BEECHES IN CHARLTON FOREST ON THE GREEN SUSSEX DOWNS

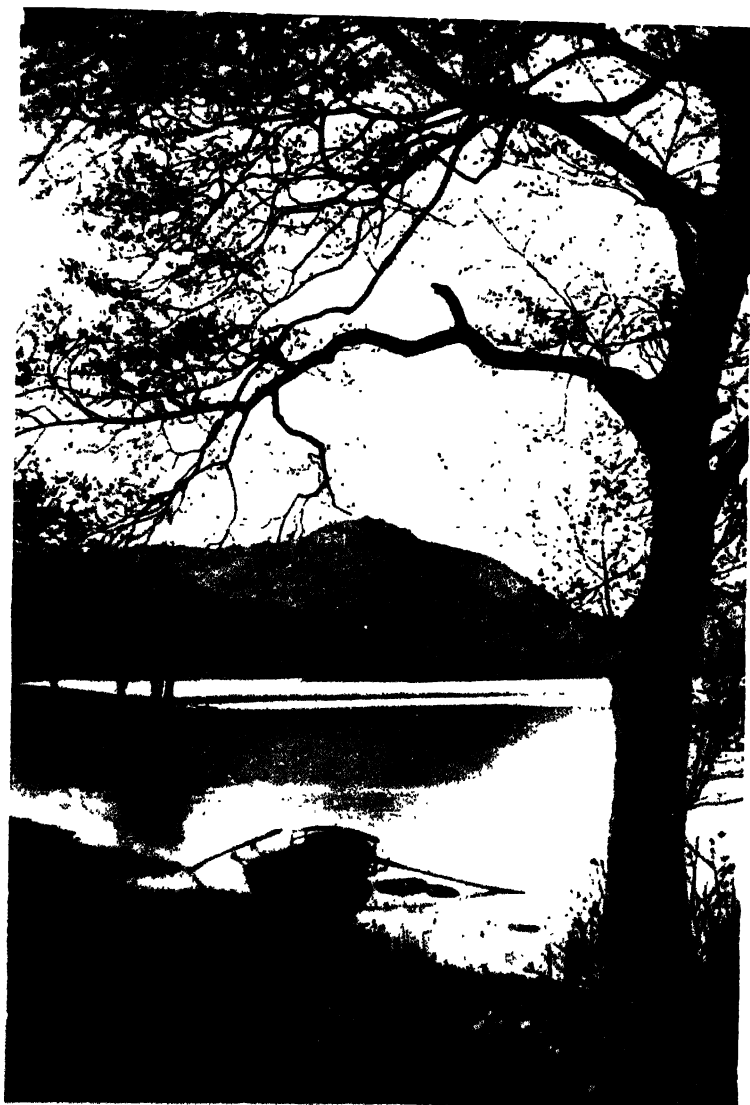
In contrast to the rolling, grassy Downs that we glimpse in page 1110 are the beech-covered Downs further west. Here many of the beeches are, like this one, great branching giants a century old. The smooth, grey-green trunks of others, with never a branch until near the top, grow so closely that a path through the wood is like an aisle in a vast cathedral.



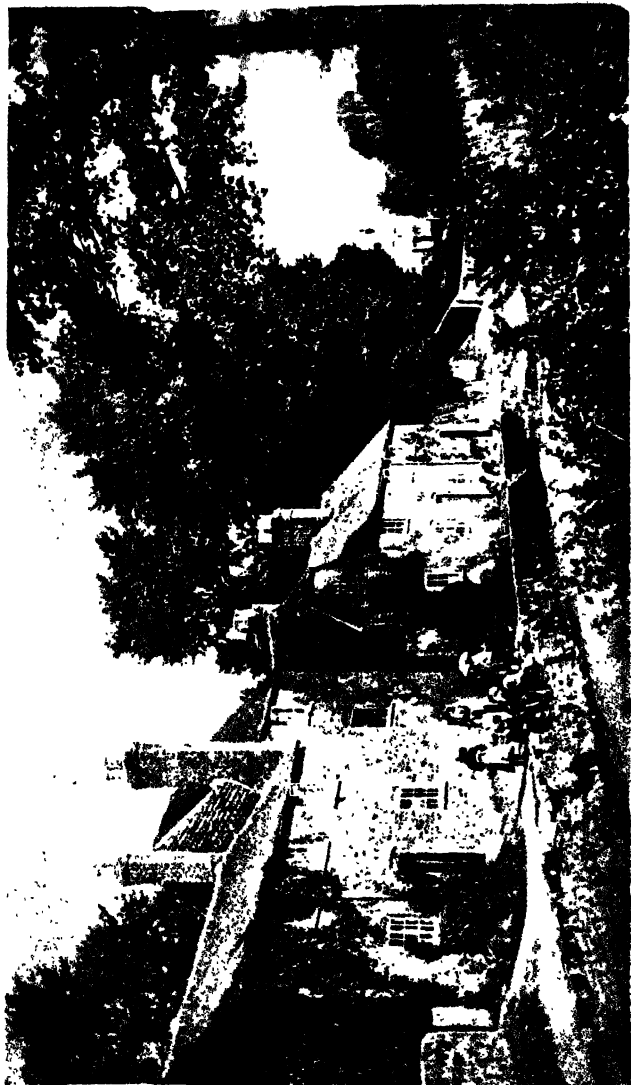
ARMHAM

Rarely do the fells exceed a thousand feet in height, nor do they rise precipitously from the water-side, but behind them, in many places, we can catch glimpses of far loftier and more rugged peaks and crags. We are looking at the northern end of the lake, near Waterhead.

BEAUTIFUL WINDERMERE, between Lancashire and Westmorland, is the largest lake in England, but that is far from being its only claim to fame. For it is very lovely, with its clear, unruffled waters, with its islands and woodlands and rocky fell country surrounding it.



THE LAKE DISTRICT boasts innumerable lovely spots, and of them all many people give little Grasmere pride of place. To the north, across the islet that lies practically in its centre, rises Helm Crag. If we took the boat and rowed round the island, we should find the village in and near which dwelt Wordsworth, chief poet of England's countryside.



IN FITTLEWORTH, A SUSSEX VILLAGE WHOSE BEAUTY HAS BEEN PORTRAYED BY MANY AN ARTIST
 To see this delightful spot we must journey to west Sussex, and there, with pictures of the district by great painters and other artists who
 north of the Downs, we shall find it. It has been "found," however, have stayed there. Fittleworth is on the River Rother, one of the
 by many a beauty-lover before us, for in the Swan Inn at Fittleworth two streams of that name in Sussex, which in its course eastward
 we shall see a room where the walls are covered from floor to ceiling turns many a mill-wheel and flows under many an ancient bridge.



FROM HOLMBURY HILL, IN SURREY, WE LOOK ACROSS THE FERTILE WEALD TO THE DIM SOUTH DOWNS. Over a thousand years ago, in 851, a great battle took place, in which the invading Danes were defeated with great slaughter by the army of Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, and Ethelbald, his son. Thus Holmbury Hill there are, too, the remains of an ancient camp, which some say was built by the Romans and some by the ancient Britons.



THE RIVER THAMES has many aspects, and Londoners do not have to travel far before they reach a silver stream flowing between green banks—a Thames very different from London's muddy river. This pretty spot, Lower Halliford, is little more than twenty miles

upstream. Between this village and Walton Bridge is a place called Cowey Stakes, where Julius Caesar with his legions tried to ford the river, only to find that the Britons had driven into its bed great pointed stakes. Some of these stakes were found only a hundred years ago.



Autumn

FROM NEAR KESWICK we look south over Derwentwater, the most beautiful lake in Cumberland, towards Borrowdale and its mistily distant fells. Behind us we have the great mass of Skiddaw. The long range of hills across the lake has the curious name of Catbells,

and if in the autumn we scramble up its steep, bracken-covered sides we can gather bilberries in plenty. Among the fells to the left are the Fells of Lodore, whose waters come "pouring and roaring, and waving and raving," just as Robert Southey describes in his poem.



Nicholls

HARVEST TIME IN SUFFOLK. STOOKING THE SHEAVES OF OATS

As the reaper goes round the field, cutting the ripe oats and dropping them, bound into sheaves, upon the stubble, it is followed by a band of harvesters—often women, for this is light work—who gather and arrange the sheaves in sixes or eights with their bases about a foot apart and the ears intermingling, so forming "stooks" or "shocks."

ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

learn for those who have the seeing eye and the explorer's mind. An English essayist once said "Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three-hours' march to dinner - and then to thinking."

To the true country lover there is nothing more tiring or exasperating than the long straight highways, like the ruler-straight roads of France. Our twisting, turning roads tell their own story. They were surely made by the traveller who had the natural love of wandering. They tell us, perhaps, why our race has journeyed more than any other, why there are few corners of the world where the inhabitants of this little island are not to be found.

What We Owe to Our Climate

It is surely inevitable, in talking of the English countryside, that reference should be made to the English weather. And however much we may grumble at our climate, we should remember that it is to our "seasons of mist and mellow fruitfulness," our quick and capricious changes from fine to wet and from warm to cold, that we owe the sunlight and shadows, the ever-changing atmospheric "effects" that the continuous hardness of a tropical atmosphere could not give.

To take one example. Were we able to see the south of England at a glance, we might be lucky enough to see it beneath a ground mist. Then it would be as though we were gazing at a chain of islands, represented by the Sussex Downs, the Chilterns, the Quantocks and the Mendips, with, maybe, the tors of Dartmoor and the Cornish moors raising their rugged heads above the sea of vapour. That effect, which we can really see for ourselves on a small scale in any hilly countryside, gives us a sense of mystery. It is the appreciation of that sense of mystery which inspired the marvellous paintings of Turner and Constable and David Cox.

Let us walk over the Yorkshire moors on an April day, when shafts of sunlight strike through the driving rain-clouds and great

patches of purple and grey and gold and green chequer the wild expanse. There we may see a picture that no monotonous, cloudless sky can give us, a picture for which many an exile under southern skies has longed just to be in England "now that April's there."

Lovely Vale of Evesham

Every season in England has its own particular beauty, every county its own individual, seasonal charm. Let us suppose we are standing on some eminence overlooking the Vale of Evesham in the spring, that fertile valley engulged by the Cotswolds and the Malvern Hills, through which Shakespeare's Avon wanders so peacefully. It is as though we are gazing down upon a beautiful snow-field, formed by the acres and acres of plum trees for which the Vale is famed. Then there are the cherry orchards of Buckinghamshire and Kent. People will travel thousands of miles to Japan to see the same thing, yet think nothing of the beauties so near their own doors. If we have seen the narcissi fields of Scilly, those little islands off the Cornish coast, or the young year calling the migrant birds back to their homes in the Norfolk Broads - if we have seen an April dawn over Windermere or Derwentwater - even then we shall have seen only a mute of the wonders of the English countryside in spring.

Villages with Magic Names

Stoke Charity, Clebury Mortimer, Huish Episcopi, Zeal Monachorum, Maids Moreton, Lustleigh Cleave, West Harptree, Lavingstone Davrell - there are a few English villages whose names fascinate us with their beauty and quaintness. And, of course, when we think of the English countryside, we have usually in our minds the English villages, with their lovely old thatched cottages, their Tudor and Jacobean manor-houses, their Norman or Early English churches and, perhaps, above all, their flower gardens. Was it not a Frenchman who, on being introduced to a typical English village for the first time, said: "You English have many



Walker

BENEATH CLIFF AND SHADY TREE THE LITTLE RIVER RUNS

The little Wye does not have many miles to run before it reaches the Derwent—indeed, its whole course could be traced by a walker in a summer's day—but every yard of its course is beautiful. It flows through the magnificent scenery of Derbyshire's Peak district, under rugged mountains and through woods and pleasant meadows.

sins upon your consciences. But assuredly, when the Day of Judgement comes, you will be forgiven everything, if only for your cottage gardens."

Indeed, what can be more charming than a real old-fashioned English garden, with its tall hollyhocks and delphiniums, phlox and marigolds and poppies, roses, pinks and cornflowers, stocks and asters—a riot of scent and colour. We shall find no such gardens anywhere else in the world, no such setting as the mellow beauty of a typical English village.

Some men think that there are no flowers like the wild ones, beginning with the violets, the celandines and daisies, and ending with the purple heather. These are the flowers of English woodlands and meadows, hillsides and moors, that welcome the house-martin returning from Africa to make his home beneath some cottage eave as his ancestors did hundreds of years before him, that linger on after the last swallow has departed

and the man-made gardens have lost all their wealth of beauty. With the book of Nature spread before our eyes in all its changing chapters, the country should never be dull, and it is never too late for anyone to begin the study of country days and ways, or for any man to find

"... tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything"

It has ever been the fashion for the townsman to look down upon the countryman, to speak contemptuously of "chawbacons" and "yokels." Although it is almost certain that a man who spends his life out of doors working on field or farm, passing his days "far from the madding crowd," should be less polished and less in touch with the world than a town-dweller, it is a great mistake to believe that therefore he must be a fool. "Hodge" may be slow of thought and speech, but in his

ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

heart of hearts he often has contempt for "townees," and if we come to think of it there is some justification for his feelings.

For where would the townsman be but for the silent men of the English shires? Think of the milk trains hurrying through the still, grey dawn, the truck and lorry loads of meat, fruit and vegetables speeding towards the great cities by day and night, and of the great part that the folk of the English countryside play in the life of England.

And has the townsman forgotten the Great War, how the men of Dorset and Somerset, Warwick and Worcester, Northampton and Bedford, Cumberland and Westmorland, Suffolk and Norfolk—to mention but a few of our splendid shires—flocked to the Colours? If he has, let him make a tour of England and see in every village the cross that commemorates the names of those simple heroes, or, as he sees at the end of some long avenue of trees the red walls of an old manor-house, let

him remember how this house or that still mourns for its sons, whose mortal remains rest in foreign soil.

The English countryside is a history book that all who see may read. Let us climb on to the grass-grown way that runs across the downs, such a track as that part of the old Watling Street of the Romans that runs from Dover to Canterbury and from there to London. There we shall find ourselves upon a road along which the Roman legions marched, where years before them primitive man established his fortresses and townships, along which the missionaries like S. Augustine carried the cross of Christ. We shall find in many an old mound and ditch, in moated farm and ruined castle, in peaceful village, no matter where we may go, the real history of England. And it is with those things always at hand that the countryman lives.

How many books have been written about country lore? Folk dances, folk



HARVESTERS WHO REAP AS THEIR FATHERS REAPED BEFORE THEM

No one is more suspicious of progress than the farmer, and even now he sometimes prefers old, slow implements to rapid, labour-saving, agricultural machinery. Here, for example, in the Isle of Wight, the mechanical reaper and binder is disregarded, the corn being cut with scythes. The fallen corn has then to be bound by hand into sheaves.



IN ALL SEASONS, PEACE THAT COMES WITH CONTENTMENT NEVER DESERTS THIS WORCESTERSHIRE HAMLET
All over England there are tiny villages which, like Little Comberton, flowers about which bees murmur ceaselessly. Apart from the birds
in Worcestershire, have hardly altered at all in the last hundred years, who sing lustily all day, the whole place seems half asleep. Indeed,
The cottages are mostly whitewashed and roofed with thatch, under to see five people at once in the street of such a village is quite an event.
which swallows build their nests. The little gardens are gay with The children are bound for the farm near by to fill their can with milk.



A WALL THE ROMANS BUILT STILL WINDS OVER THE ROLLING MOORLANDS OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Fertile, wooded valleys and stretches of bleak upland covered in a coarse herbage that feeds innumerable sheep—that is the Border country of Northumberland. Because it is a border country, it has seen battles in plenty, even in the Roman days of two thousand years ago. Were the Emperor Hadrian to visit the North Country to-day he would find it very like the Britain he knew then, but he would find the wall he built from Solway Firth to the North Sea to keep back invaders, to be but a ruin, hardly high enough to keep sheep from straying.

ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

songs, old legends—each county has its own, just as each county has its own particular types, place-names and surnames. There is many and many a villager who, by consulting the register of his parish, can trace his ancestry without a break, step by step, name by name, to the sixteenth century. What townsman born and bred can do this? A thing of small account, you may say. Yet it is by such things of small account that the entrancing history of our English countryside can be unravelled.

To take one little example out of thousands. Three hundred years ago and more, two ladies lost their way in a certain part of the country on a Christmas Eve. Suddenly they heard the sound of church bells. Guided by the peal they found their way to a little village where they were given hospitality and shelter. In gratitude

they bought a certain field there and gave it to the village for ever. From such quaint stories is country history made.

Of late years a fashion has been started which is most assuredly to be deplored, that of likening various parts of our land to foreign beauty spots—"The Cornish Riviera," "Weymouth, the Naples of England," "The Switzerland of England," and so forth. The French Riviera is the French Riviera, Naples is Naples, Switzerland is Switzerland. All these are beautiful, but not more beautiful than the English countryside. The French might just as reasonably call the coast of Brittany "The French Cornwall."

Surely England can be judged on her own merits, can hold her own in her own incomparable way even with countries that may be grander and more majestic?



1126

Cutler

ON THE ROAD TO LONDON AFTER THREE WEEKS AMONG THE HOPS

In the late summer, when the beautiful, fragrant hops hang in festoons in the Kentish hop gardens, streams of poor Londoners leave their homes to help in the hop-picking. All the family, including baby, camp out in tents or barns for three happy, strenuous weeks, and so poor town dwellers may get their taste of the beauties of the country.

Pedlars and Hawkers

THE STORY OF A FAST DISAPPEARING TYPE

Many people affix to their gates a little plate bearing the words "No Hawkers." Pedlars and hawkers are now regarded as a nuisance, but in times gone by householders were only too glad to greet them, for they brought the necessities of life and news of the world from which the towns and villages were cut off. These men were true pioneers, for they blazed trails across the countryside in many lands, and braved the attacks of robbers and wild beasts in order to bring the fruits of civilization to many a lonely hamlet. In less civilized lands than Britain the pedlar and hawker are still persons of importance, but they are waging a losing fight against the broad highway, the train and the motor-car.

THE word "pedlar" is a very old one, and means, of course, a travelling vender of wares which are usually carried in a pack. The "hawker" uses a horse or some other beast to convey his goods. The pedlar of to-day is generally a somewhat ragged-looking man whom we may meet in many queer places, resting beside the roadside with a bundle at his side, plying his trade in some remote village, or standing in the gutter in the streets of the big towns. He is, in fact, a man whom modern conditions and the growth of civilization have robbed of the importance that he once had.

Importance is indeed the word. For the first pedlars were the founders of commerce, because in very early times the friendly relations between tribe and tribe took the form of meetings for exchange of goods, meetings that later on developed into our country fairs and markets. To certain men, the pedlars, was given the task of distributing these goods and wares, an example of one of the divisions of labour which first of all made trade necessary.

Makers of Business and of Roads

Long before the introduction of money, our ancestors would call upon persons who were better business men than themselves and would get them to conduct their business affairs. The pedlars would collect wares and meet at recognized bartering places, and so they would act as the equivalent to both our modern commercial travellers and salesmen. This meant that the pedlars had

also another very important use, that of road-makers, for the roads they used were merely pack-trails, which were the equivalents of our modern highways. To-day, in every part of the country, we may come across these old, deserted pack-trails, many of them now being mere woodland and moorland paths of no importance.

Braving the Perils of the Road

It must be remembered that before the coming of railways and road transport, inter-communication between towns and villages was often a very difficult and dangerous undertaking. Roads were vile, thieves abounded, and there was no police force. Life in those days was very difficult except for the rich who had their own horses, and a retinue of men to protect them.

There were, in many cases, no roads at all between many and many a village, or even between town and town. There were only the narrow, winding pack-trails, along which the packman—to give the pedlar another of his names—would travel with his wares, not always alone, but often in company and usually on horseback, a fact that would make him, in modern days, a hawker.

Sometimes goods would be conveyed by long strings of pack-horses, strong and patient beasts of a breed which is now extinct, and attended by men who bore a close resemblance to the muleteers whom we may still see in Spain and Portugal, and in other remote places of Europe.

We are told by one writer, in the year 1685, that a traveller of no great

PEDLARS AND HAWKERS

importance often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack saddle between two baskets, under the care of those hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small, but the caravan moved at a snail's pace, and in winter the cold was often unbearable.

Another writer, speaking of the old green roads that cross and recross the downs, says that the courses of these green roads, in their ascent and



PERUVIAN WATER PEDLAR

It is difficult for us, in our well-watered country, to realize that there are lands where water is hawked about the streets by people like this Inca Indian of Cuzco.



SHOPPING BASKETS! SUN HATS!

It would certainly tax this Mexican woman's ingenuity to carry one basket more, but as for hats—as long as they were the same shape, several more would not be noticed.

descent of the hills, were frequently scored by a series of ditches, which are still clearly to be seen, and are commonly called "boundary mounds" on the maps. They were formed originally by horses' hoofs loosening the chalk, which was then quickly washed away by the rain. In this way deep gullies were formed, broad at the top and narrowing at the bottom like the letter V. When a trail had become uncomfortably deep, another would naturally be commenced, until the hillside was covered with ditches, radiating like the sticks of a fan from a point below. In the course of ages, as the country became



HOW THEY SELL FIRING IN UNFAMILIAR, FAR-AWAY MEXICO

The Mexican "peon" can carry great weights. Indeed, to become a pedlar of firewood he needs to be strong, for wood, even when cut into faggots, is heavy in bulk. The pedlar, to leave his hands free, supports his load by means of a broad band around his shoulders. With his baggy trousers and tattered blanket, he is a strange figure.



A BUGLE CALL TELLS THE HOUSEWIVES OF THIS FRENCH VILLAGE THE GREENGROCER IS AT THE DOOR
This French smallholder, when he has gathered his crops of carrots, or, wooden wheels make such a clatter over the cobbles, that, if he cries his wares, none can hear him, so he blows upon a bugle to announce his arrival. He is not a pedlar, but a hawker, for a pedlar carries his goods himself, and never has an animal to draw his wares.



THIS BRAZILIAN PEDLAR KNOWS HOW TO PACK HIS WARES

Brushes and brooms and feather dusters, and a wicker chair for the baby"—that is what this man would be saying were he an English pedlar, but as he is walking about Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, he cries his wares in Portuguese. The feathers for the dusters come from the rhea, the ostrich's South American cousin

better drained and wheeled traffic was introduced, it was found easier to keep to the valleys. Then the ancient ways along the hills were deserted and forgotten, and, becoming covered with turf, have been preserved to us as we find them at the present day.

In the Middle Ages, in France, so we are told, pedlars swarmed along the roads, carrying to the smaller towns and villages the necessities and conveniences of life—household wares, vests, caps, gloves, musical instruments, purses, girdles, hats, cutlasses, pewter pots, ribbons, laces and

what not—indeed, all the varied stock the present-day pedlar is supposed to carry.

The old-time pedlar was not merely a travelling salesman, he was also, in a sense, a schoolmaster. For he was the bearer of news and the circulator of new inventions, ideas and opinions. It is easy to see why. Few folk travelled far afield, and as he went up and down the country he knew far more than the stay-at-home people he visited; also, since he had to make himself agreeable in order to be certain of selling his goods, he was invariably cheerful and chatty.



"A CARNATION FOR YOUR BUTTONHOLE?"

Flower girls are among the most familiar of London's pedlars. We see them with trays or baskets of nosegays or bunches of long-stemmed flowers, standing by the kerb or sitting on a street refuge.

By the time Edward VI. came to the throne of England the importance of the pedlar had sunk, and a law of those days declared the pedlar to be "more hurtful than necessary to the Commonwealth of this Realm," and, furthermore, made it impossible for him to travel without a licence from two Justices of the Peace in the district that he served. When Queen Elizabeth was in power there came an act for the punishment of vagabonds, or, in other words, our unfortunate pedlars. So we may see that from being very important people indeed they became "undesirables."

Their utility was recognized much longer on the continent of Europe. Indeed,

at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when George III. was King of England, the Spaniards and Portuguese sent pedlars to South America, another instance of the pedlar as "commercial traveller." He was the sole distributor of European goods in that part of the New World. We are told he met with free hospitality and a cordial welcome everywhere, and that every assistance and encouragement was given him by the South American Indians.

In the Highlands of Scotland, pedlars were held in high esteem, long after their popularity had waned in England. In Scotland the chapman was always entertained with the best fare and free hospitality, and had, besides, the advantage of selling his goods at his own price. Even towards the end of the eighteenth century, a young man going from any part of Scotland to England on purpose to carry the pack, was held by other people to be taking up the profession and to be about to acquire the fortune of a gentleman.

"Chapman" is, of course, another word for pedlar, and "chap-books" were small pamphlets, tales, ballads and tracts hawked by the chapmen. The German word "kaufmann" and the Dutch word "koopman," which now mean merchant, are very like the old English word "céapmann," which originally meant a pedlar.

The position that the modern pedlar holds to-day is a good instance of one of "Time's revenges." The man who sells penny toys by the kerb, the shabby old fellow with his bootlaces and matches, the loud-voiced seller of fish or fruit on a barrow, are examples of the modern pedlar.

In many cases the itinerant hawker is a person of ill-repute, who, if he rings



A SUMMER VISITOR TO LONDON'S HOT AND DUSTY STREETS

On hot summer days the hawker of ice-cream is sure to find a ready sale for his wafers and cornets of icy-cold sweetness, but one cannot help wondering what happens to him in the winter. Perhaps he then becomes a roast chestnut vender! He is nearly always of Italian nationality, like many of London's fruit-hawkers.



LONDON STREET-HAWKER

Too old or too infirm to work, this man stands in the gutter of a London street and mutely offers to those who pass by his tray of collar-studs, pipe-cleaners and matches.



PEDDLING NEWSVENDER

There is not much work an old crippled man can do, but this cheerful Londoner has found he can make enough to live on by selling popular weeklies at the kerbside.



"WHO'LL BUY MY PURSES, WATCH-CHAINS OR WALKING-STICKS?"

As in London, so in Turkey, we find pedlars in the streets with trays of varied oddments. But the Turkish pedlar is not content to stand quietly and wait for customers. He attracts all the attention he can by crying his wares loudly and creating a hubbub. This one is wearing a Turkish fez, which nowadays (see page 370) is forbidden.



"ORANGES, SWEET, JUICY ORANGES! WHO'LL BUY?"

Fruit of one kind or another is popular all over the world, so it is not surprising that it is a favourite ware of hawkers and pedlars. This Syrian boy offers his basketful of refreshing, juicy fruit in the hot streets of Jaffa, an ancient seaport of Palestine, which has a large trade in the especially fine oranges grown in the neighbourhood.



Mohamed

IN CAIRO, SWEET HERBS ARE HAWKED FROM DOOR TO DOOR

The man, in Egypt, who will bring round his goods to the door is sure to find customers, for there it is so hot that most housewives are glad to be saved a journey into the crowded market. The girl to whom this hawker is trying to sell sweet herbs is not a Mahomedan or she would not let a man see her unveiled.



ALGERIAN NEGRESS BARGAINS WITH A WHITE-ROBED ARAB HAWKER

In Britain no one would buy from a hawker who weighed his goods in so obviously inaccurate a pair of scales, but in Algeria people are not so particular. They are great bargainers, however, and buyer and seller will haggle over every copper before they agree as to the price. So, as we can imagine, street marketing there is a noisy affair.



HOME-MADE RUGS CAN BE BOUGHT IN A STREET OF BUKAREST

Sometimes in London we see rug pedlars, dark-skinned foreigners carrying over their shoulders a bundle of bright-coloured rugs, but the goods they sell are usually factory-made. These Rumanian peasants have better wares. The wool for their rugs is spun and dyed, and the weaving is done in their cottage homes.



IN A PEDLAR'S MARKET OUTSIDE BULGARIA'S CAPITAL

An easily-carried stool and table or a couple of boxes, some bottles of cheap scent or a tray of peanuts--that is all these Bulgarian peasants need before they open shop in a muddy roadway near Sofia. From his size, it would seem that the peanut merchant, at any rate, earns enough to keep him in plenty.

PEDLARS AND HAWKERS

the door bell of a house, is ordered away, and children are warned against talking to him. And yet, as has been shown, in this out-at-elbows figure we should recognize the survival of a very important class of the community, we might almost say the originator of much of our boasted civilization and refinement.

In other parts of the world peddling is still an honourable and recognized profession, as a glance at the illustrations that accompany this chapter will show.

Nor is the reason for this difficult to find. In out-of-the-way places of the world

there are no great stores which send their goods far and wide by train and motor, no shop "just round the corner" where people can buy what they will without trouble. In such places the travelling salesman is still welcome. Civilization, cheap and easy transport, the growth of population — these and kindred reasons have contributed to the downfall of the pedlar's profession in Britain.

Lord Macaulay in his "History of England" gives us an idea of the difficulties of travel in England in the reign of Charles II, and incidentally he tells us of the perils that threatened the few pedlars who then remained. He says:

"It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left, and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above

the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened almost every day that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighbouring farm to tug them out of the slough. . . . On one occasion the floods were out between Ware and London, and passengers had to swim for their lives and a pedlar perished in the attempt to cross."

Travelling must have been a perilous

matter in those days, and, when we talk of the "good old days," we are apt to forget how exceedingly uncomfortable and difficult they must have been to live in according to modern standards.

The time of the pedlar in Britain has passed for ever. He is now merely a survival of a bygone age. Yet, when we see him standing by the pavement or trudging along the dusty country road, with his pack on his back, we should think kindly of him and remember that he is a reminder of a day when his forbears played a very prominent part in the history of the country. In other parts of the world that are not so well provided with splendid roads and networks of railways, the pedlar and the hawker are still industriously continuing the work their ancestors have finished elsewhere.



Mr. Kenzie

SHOES FOR SALE IN KOREA

Shoes made of grass are worn by all the poor people of Korea, and, as they wear out very quickly, this laden shoe-pedlar will probably soon find her goods sold



Siberian Reindeer

THE MOST USEFUL DEER IN THE WORLD: REINDEER BESIDE THE YUKON, ALASKA'S LARGEST RIVER
 Alaska has her own breed of reindeer, the untameable caribou, but most belong to the nomadic Eskimo, three of whom can tend a herd of fifteen hundred. One day Alaska may be a great meat-producing country, for the flesh of both reindeer and the musk-ox is excellent food; some reindeer meat is already being sent to the United States.

Far Land of Treasure and Romance

ALASKA, HOME OF GOLD-MINER AND TRAPPER

Once Alaska belonged to Russia, but she did not know what to do with it, so it was sold to the United States of America for £1,440,000. In sixty years the wealth obtained from this rich country returned the price paid for it one hundred times. Gold, furs, salmon and timber come from Alaska, which owes its prosperity to the hardy miners and trappers who have steadily explored this hitherto unknown land. Alaska has a climate of great contrasts. In the interior the summer is extraordinarily hot—100° in the shade is sometimes recorded—and in the winter it is bitterly cold—perhaps 60° below freezing point. There night last, all the winter and day lasts all the summer, and both are extremely monotonous.

IN the north-west of the American continent lies the country of Alaska, a vast region which is little known beyond definite lines of travel, but which possesses a beauty and fascination all its own. The glamour of romance hangs over Alaska, for it is one of the world's treasure houses and has been the scene of many a famous gold-rush, while the interesting animal life has made it a centre for the trapper and fur-trader. Part of it lies within the Arctic Circle, where the beautiful Northern Lights—the Aurora Borealis, wonderful quivering lights of varying brilliancy—are seen at their best during the still, clear nights of winter.

Alaska was first discovered and annexed by Russia, but it was sold to the United States in 1867 for £1,440,000. The Russians had not been able to make any practical use of it because the country is separated from Siberia by the Bering Straits; they regarded

it as a useless possession and one over which it was difficult to maintain adequate control. In thus disposing of Alaska they little realized its value, for upwards of £140,000,000 in gold, furs and timber have since been taken out of this region.

In area, Alaska comprises about 590,000 square miles, and its coast line, if stretched out, would extend round the globe. Geographically it is divided into several districts. There are the coast with its fjords, the mountain areas and the inland forests, the latter disappearing towards

the north where the land is treeless and we find the tundra—vast stretches of marshy ground, covered with moss, small shrubs and grass, which in summer is so soft and boggy as to be impassable. Then settlements beyond it are cut off from the rest of the world until winter comes, when the tundra is frozen solid and can be crossed by dog-sledges. So remote are



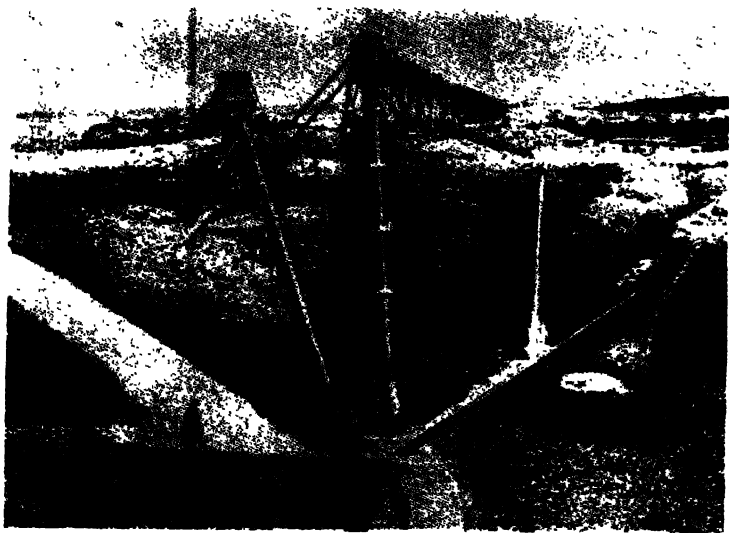
LOOKING FOR GOLD IN A RIVER BED

It was for gold that white men thronged to Alaska thirty years ago. About a thousand prospectors still work the streams with primitive appliances, hoping to "strike it rich." Most of Alaska's gold is found in river sands.



NEAR FEEDING-TIME ON AN ALASKAN RANCH FOR BLUE FOXES

Far out in the Bering Sea is a little archipelago called the Pribilof Islands, which has a big industry in furs, for it is a home of the fur-bearing seal and the blue fox. The trade in the valuable pelts of the latter depends, to a certain extent, on the sealing industry, for the little animals are fed on the seals that are killed for their fur.



USING A HOSE TO RECOVER GOLD IN RICH ALASKA

Some of Alaska's gold is found buried deep in the earth, but so far most has been recovered from near the surface—from what are called "placer mines." Elaborate machinery has superseded the prospector's pan. A powerful stream of water is directed on the gold-bearing rock, the precious metal being washed out and recovered from the water.



AT THE JOURNEY'S END: REINDEER TRAIN IN AN ALASKAN TOWN

Keystone

The winter in most parts of Alaska is very severe, the ground being hidden under snow for months at a time. Then, for travelling, sledges are employed, drawn usually by a team of dogs. Recently, however, reindeer have begun to replace the dogs.



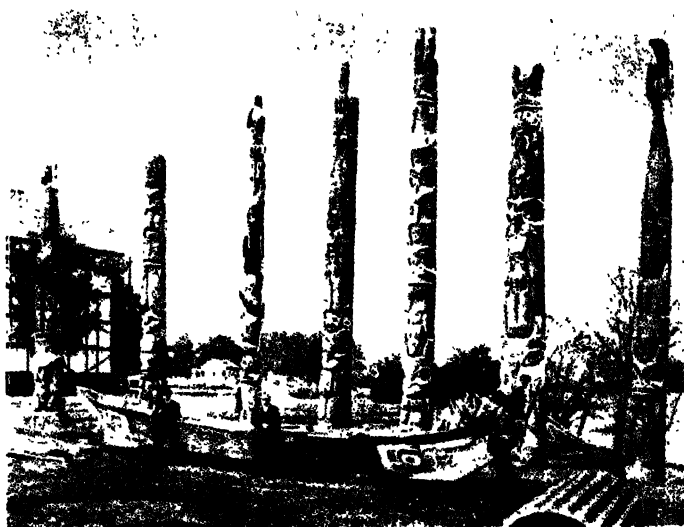
IN THE ARCTIC, AS ELSEWHERE, SUMMER IS A TIME OF FLOWERS

U.S.A. Govt.

We are apt to think of Alaska as a bitterly cold place, always wrapped in snow, whereas in reality the summer is very hot, and for a month or so the sun shines night and day. When the snows have melted, the land soon has a profusion of beautiful flowering plants.



ILINGIT INDIANS AT HOME: INSIDE A HOUSE AT YAKUTAB BAY, AT THE BASE OF ALASKA'S PANHANDLE
 In the south-east, Alaska narrows to a strip of land known as the expert workers in wood, stone and copper, who built permanent Panhandle, between Canada and the Pacific. This strip the white man villages of strong, wooden houses. Here we see the skins of animals found to be inhabited by a tribe of Indians called Ilingits or Koloshes. the men have killed, drying on the rafters. The man on the right has been injured in fighting the bear whose great pelt is above his head. They were even then an advanced, intelligent people, great traders and



TOTEM POLES, ELABORATELY CARVED BY TLINGIT INDIANS

The people of the Tlingit tribe carve wonderful totem poles from tree trunks, and make dug-out canoes from cedar trees. They tattoo themselves, and their conduct is ruled, to a certain extent, by "tapu." All these things show that these Indians of the north must have come originally from the far-away islands of the South Pacific.

some of these settlements that a mail only reaches them once, or at most twice, a year, for it must be carried with infinite toil by canoe and dog-sledge for many hundreds of miles across the frozen north, often in a temperature of sixty and seventy degrees below zero.

About one half of Alaska is occupied by the Yukon basin. This river runs through the centre of the country and, with its tributaries, forms the main system of transport. It is noteworthy for the numerous rich gold mines that lie along its course. Much of the country is very mountainous, especially south of the Yukon, where is the great Mount McKinley, the highest peak in the whole of North America.

The climate varies. The southern, coast regions, the heavily forested land south of the mountains, have a moderate temperature all the year round, and a climate similar to that of Scotland. In the

interior, both north and south of the Arctic Circle, the summer temperature may reach 90° or even 100° Fahrenheit in the shade, while in the winter the thermometer may drop to 60° below zero. In the tundra, farther north still, the ground freezes to an extraordinary depth, it may be even to 100 feet, but in the endless sunshine of summer the surface becomes thawed, and the ground is covered with an amazing profusion of flowers.

In the Arctic regions there is continual day in the summer, a perpetual sunshine that becomes irksome, for one longs for a spell of darkness and is wearied with night being turned into day. Following on the summer comes the brief autumn, and then the Polar winter, when the sun is far below the horizon and only the moon, when it appears, disperses a little of the blackness of the night. Parts of Alaska are very fertile, despite the winter cold, for plants grow amazingly



HOW PASSENGERS REACHED THE SHORE AT NOME IN ALASKA

About half-way up the west coast of Alaska is the gold-mining district of Seward Peninsula, with its port of Nome. Here, between October and June, no passengers can land because of the frozen sea, and in the summer they can only land from flat boats. Until recently they had even then to be carried to dry land by a crane!

fast when there are twenty-four hours of sunlight every day, and they often grow to a greater size than they do in more temperate lands

The principal port of Alaska is Juneau, the capital, which is situated on the coast in the south and is the oldest settlement in the territory. Nome, halfway up the west coast, on Seward Peninsula, is famous as the scene of one of the greatest gold rushes of the age. This took place in 1900, and the richest finds were those along the beach. The discovery drew thousands of prospectors from all parts of the world, indeed, the full story of Nome would rival in interest the most sensational romance of the stage.

Skagway is, perhaps, the best known town in Alaska, for it was the main starting point for the rush in 1898 to the Klondike gold-fields in Canadian territory. The town sprang up in a night, and has developed enormously. It is an excursion base for tourists who wish to visit the fjords

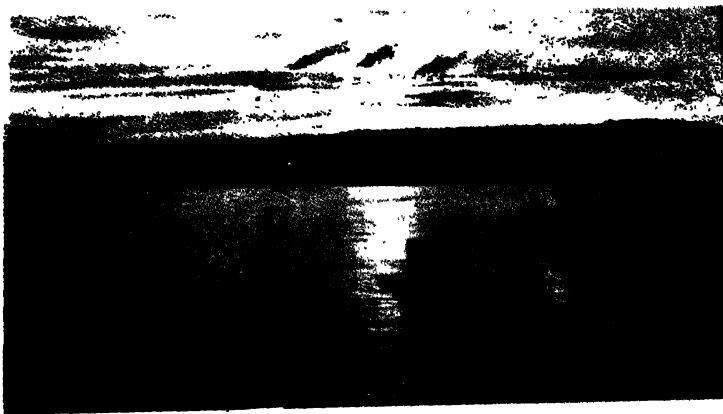
and mountain scenery of that narrow strip of southern Alaska known as the Panhandle, which lies between Canada and the Pacific Ocean.

Apart from the white settlers, Indians form the bulk of the Alaskan population, and they are divided into a number of tribal divisions and clans bearing the names of animals and birds such as the Bear, Sea-Lion and Eagle. Like the Indians of the American prairies, these tribes have lost many of their customs, and increasing contact with such civilization as one meets with in the back blocks of Alaska has tended towards the deterioration of the race. These tribes were formerly nomadic, only making semi-permanent camps during the long winter, when movement is necessarily restricted by the rigours of the climate. It is believed that the Alaskan Indians originally came from the Polynesian Islands, thousands of miles away in the South Pacific, for in



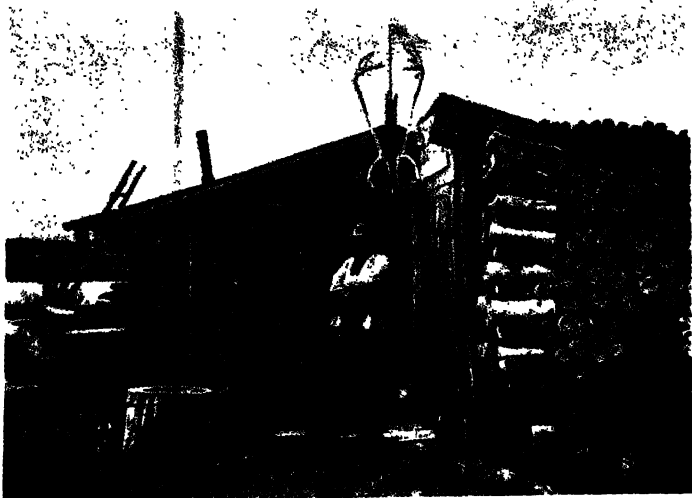
SALMON CANNERY BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE WATER

At the mouth of nearly every river in south Alaska a salmon cannery occupies what land there is. The forest-clad mountains rise so steeply from the sea that in places the canneries stand on piles over the water. Idle all winter, the summer, that brings salmon to the river in tens of thousands, brings also a shipload of cans and workers.



TRAP TO CATCH SALMON IN THE MOONLIT YUKON RIVER

The great Yukon River, more than fifteen hundred miles long, yields, like all other Alaskan rivers, a plentiful harvest of salmon. Every summer the fish are caught in their thousands in great traps like the one we see in this photograph. The salmon catch alone, in one year, repaid thrice over the sum the United States gave for Alaska.



A HUNTER'S HOME IN A WILD LAND OF THE NORTH

Alaska is a paradise for hunters and trappers. Over it roam great herds of caribou, and it is the home, too, in different districts, of many bears—Polar, black, brown and grizzly—and of other fur-bearing animals, such as the wolf, fox, beaver, otter, mink and sable. This trapper has built himself a snug log cabin, well supplied with fuel.

their culture, their custom of tattooing, their tapus and their skill in wood-carving they are very similar to the inhabitants of those islands about which we read in the chapter "Sunshine Isles and Savages."

Their skill in carving is especially notable in the totem poles, which are elaborately decorated and which portray the history of the clan, as well as the ancestry of particular families. This ability in carving was also shown in the construction of their war canoes; these were hewn out of a single tree trunk—another sign of their probable Polynesian origin, for most of the North American Indians make their canoes of birch bark—and were ornamented in a manner that would do credit to the most civilized race. These canoes could carry upwards of fifty warriors, but they are now only seen as curiosities, having given place to smaller boats more suitable for fishing and other peaceful pursuits to which the Indians were obliged to turn after the white man came.

Much of the coast of Alaska and the regions within the Arctic Circle are peopled by Eskimos, many of whom gain their living by seal and walrus-hunting, their life being one constant struggle with the elements. Whaling was formerly an important industry in Alaskan waters, and was the principal occupation of the Eskimo tribes along the northern coasts. The operation of harpooning the whale was performed from their skin canoes, but such primitive methods rapidly gave way to the modern whalers, which have been so thorough that the whales are now almost exterminated and the industry has collapsed.

The Eskimos are keen hunters and will track the Polar bear over the ice floes, a dangerous task in the spring when the ice breaks up. Many of these floes are several square miles in extent and on them the hunters are sometimes carried away, never to return. The seal and walrus hides, of which they make their clothes and boots, are prepared in a curious way.



ESKIMO SHOE-SHOP BY THE ROADSIDE IN SITKA

There are Eskimos as well as Indians in Alaska, little, hard-working, independent people who are rarely to be found in the employment of the white man. Once they were fishers and whalers, now many own herds of reindeer. This Eskimo woman of Sitka, once Alaska's capital, makes and embroiders soft leather slippers which she sells in the streets.



"HUSKY" WATCHES HIS MISTRESS PREPARE FOOD FOR THE WINTER
The Indians of Alaska, when the white man came, lived principally on the salmon they caught during the summer. To preserve it until the winter they split the fish and smoked it. It was then hung on a tall pole, out of reach of their huskies, or dogs, and of wild animals, while they went in search of berries or hunted caribou.

FAR LAND OF TREASURE AND ROMANCE

This work is done by the women, who chew the tough skins for hours at a stretch, with the result that within a year or two their teeth are worn right down to the gums.

Hard Life of the Eskimos

Necessity is the mother of invention, and to brave the tempestuous seas and huge icebergs and floes among which their hunting and fishing are done, the Eskimos have had to invent a type of boat that, for buoyancy and speed, could not be surpassed in the best European shipbuilding yards. Beyond hunting and fishing, by which they eke out a precarious existence, the life of the Eskimos in the dark and icy regions along the northern coast of Alaska is devoid of colour and distraction. It is a battle with cold, winter darkness and hunger.

Some years ago, owing to the decrease in land and sea game upon which the Eskimos largely subsisted, it was decided to import reindeer from the adjacent coast of Siberia. This experiment proved to be a great success, and the reindeer are now a recognized institution. Most of the great herds reared in Alaska are owned by the Eskimos, who thus, instead of living precariously by hunting, have become pastoral nomads, following their herds from place to place.

There are a few short railway lines, but transport in Alaska is mostly by water, for the river system lends itself to travel and to the carriage of goods during the period when the waterways are open. Of the rivers, the Yukon, one of the twelve largest rivers in the world, is the most important, although, owing to its shallow mouth, it cannot be used by vessels drawing more than four or five feet.

Huge Loads Drawn by Dogs

During the winter, transport in the interior is by dog-sledge, each sledge being drawn by about five dogs; such a team will haul from five to eight hundred pounds' weight. These dogs are able to withstand intense cold, and they will sleep in the open, protected by their thick coats

and huge, bushy tails with which they cover muzzle and feet.

Mining is the chief industry of Alaska, there being here more gold, silver, copper, platinum and nickel than in any other part of the American continent. New finds are occasionally made, and the country is being opened up mainly through the energy and ceaseless activity of the gold miner and prospector, to whom, therefore, Alaska owes much.

The seal and salmon-fisheries and salmon-canning trade are also important industries. Owing to unrestricted seal hunting there was danger of all the seals being destroyed. Now, however, a close season has been established, so that it is hoped to restore the seal herds to something like their former numbers. When the United States took over Alaska in 1867, it was estimated that there were approximately five million seals on the islands of the coast line, this total fell in 1905 to two hundred thousand, but under the new conditions an increase of half a million is expected.

Polar Bears and the Giant Moose

Alaska has always been noted for its big game, of which the bear, walrus and moose are the best known. There are more than a dozen species of bear found in the country, and of these the Polar and brown bears are the largest carnivorous animals in the world.

The moose, or Alaskan elk, is also interesting, for it is the largest member of the deer family, and has a spread of antlers that often exceeds six feet. There are also herds of caribou to be met on the marshy stretches of the tundras. There are regular migrations among the caribou, enormous herds moving in the autumn along certain defined routes, notably in the watershed between the Yukon and Tanana rivers.

Alaska, the land of gold, is still largely unexplored, but it is being gradually opened up, and regular lines of steamers connect its ports with those of Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia, and with Seattle, Portland and San Francisco.



THE PEARL MOSQUE at Delhi was built in the seventeenth century as a private chapel for the great Indian Emperor Aurungzebe. It is built of marble, wonderfully carven and decorated with coloured designs, and lies within the walls of the fortress-palace of Shah Jehan, near the Hall of Private Audience, which we saw in pages 885 and 893

India's Millions

IN CROWDED CITY AND JUNGLE VILLAGE

In this, our second chapter devoted to India, we are to read about the life of the people. The Indian of the large town, who lives in contact with the European and the marvels of Western civilization, is a very different person from the simple villager who may live a hundred miles or more from the nearest railway station. Besides the Indian races, there are such tribes as the Todas and Bhils, who were driven to the hills and jungles many centuries ago by their conquerors and are shy and usually peaceful folk. The peoples of India differ from each other as much as the nations of Europe, but, speaking generally, the ways of life in town or village are much the same all over the country.

TO the visitor from Europe, few experiences can be more fascinating than a stroll through the bazaars of some old Indian city—the real Indian city, unspoiled by admixture of things from the West.

It is best to visit the Indian cities at dusk, for it is then that they become most interesting and picturesque. In the heat of midday the bazaars—as the streets of shops are called—are often almost deserted, and the solemn-faced shopkeepers sit sleeping among their goods. The all-conquering sun seems to have overpowered all Nature, and men and animals are overcome by the heat.

I shall always remember one night ride through the narrow, crowded bazaars of Muttra, a town in the United Provinces. We were riding on an ekka—a ramshackle little pony-cart, very much like an ice-cream barrow on high wheels. It had no springs, and poles at the four corners supported a sort of flimsy roof that swayed with every movement of the cart. There were no seats, so my sister and I sat on the floor. The narrow, winding street teemed with life, and all the inhabitants of the city seemed to be parading through the bazaars—a great moving mass of gaily-clad people, hopelessly mixed up with carts and animals of almost every conceivable kind.

Gay Life in the Crowded Bazaar

The beautiful, humped oxen patiently pulled their lumbering, hooded carts through the crowd; men and women dodged under the disdainful nose of some lordly camel; donkeys, with bulky panniers, pushed their way slowly through

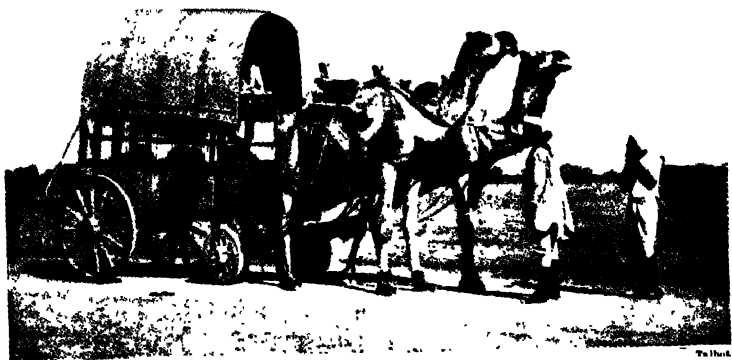
the press, driven on by blows from their masters' ever-ready sticks. The water-carrier with his dripping sheepskin, the pilgrim with his brass water-pot, the almost-naked coolie bearing a great load upon his head—townspeople of every station in life and village folk from the country around, all jostled each other and dodged vehicles of every description.

How to Clear a Road in India

In such a crowd it was impossible to move at more than a snail's pace, even though our ekka-walla (driver), who sat on one shaft, urged his pony onward by sundry twists of its tail or by poking his bare toes into its ribs. In loud tones he shouted at the people to make way for us "Oh, you with the water-pot!" he would cry. "You with the sugar-cane—get out of the way!" Often his language was more vigorous than polite and he would exclaim, "Now, you son of a buffalo, out of the way!" Oh, son of a pig, let us pass!" This last ejaculation, being the limit of rudeness, was used with great care; indeed, it was reserved for people of very low caste.

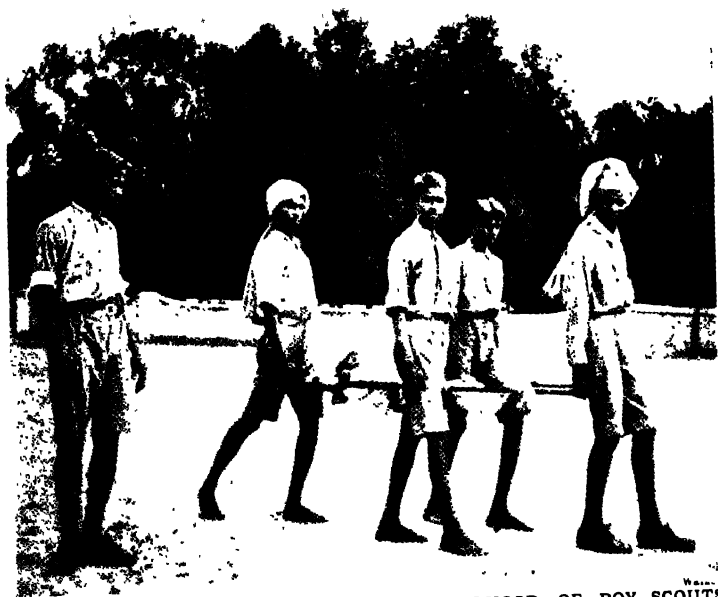
A Mahomedan or a high-caste Hindu was reproved with a more polite: "Oh, brother! Oh, venerable father! Allow us to pass!" Occasionally a collision with some other vehicle would call forth a flood of Oriental eloquence—and Orientals never express their feelings in undertones!

The streets through which we passed were very fascinating. On both sides were the open-fronted shops, lit up by all manner of lamps or torches. There were little, clay lamps with flickering flames, big brass lamps on highly-polished brass



TWO DIGNIFIED CAMELS DRAW THIS CUMBERSOME WAGON

In most parts of India oxen draw the heavy, springless carts, but in the desert lands of Rajputana, where water is very scarce, camels usually do this work. The cart that we see here is plying for hire, and can carry very many passengers as well as a heavy load of baggage, since it has an upper and a lower "deck" like a tramcar.



MEMBERS OF THE WORLD-WIDE BROTHERHOOD OF BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scout movement is very popular in India, and there native lads are as keen and smart at their drills as their fellow scouts in England. Their uniform, although necessarily light owing to the hot climate, is modelled on that of English boys. Here we see four of them carrying a stretcher under the direction of their patrol-leader.



GURKHA WOMEN come down from Nepal into India with their husbands, who enlist in the Indian Army. They live in special quarters in the lines of the Gurkha regiments, and are cheerful little people. The children, though at first rather shy, are very ready to make friends with white people. The Gurkha women are fond of bright colours.



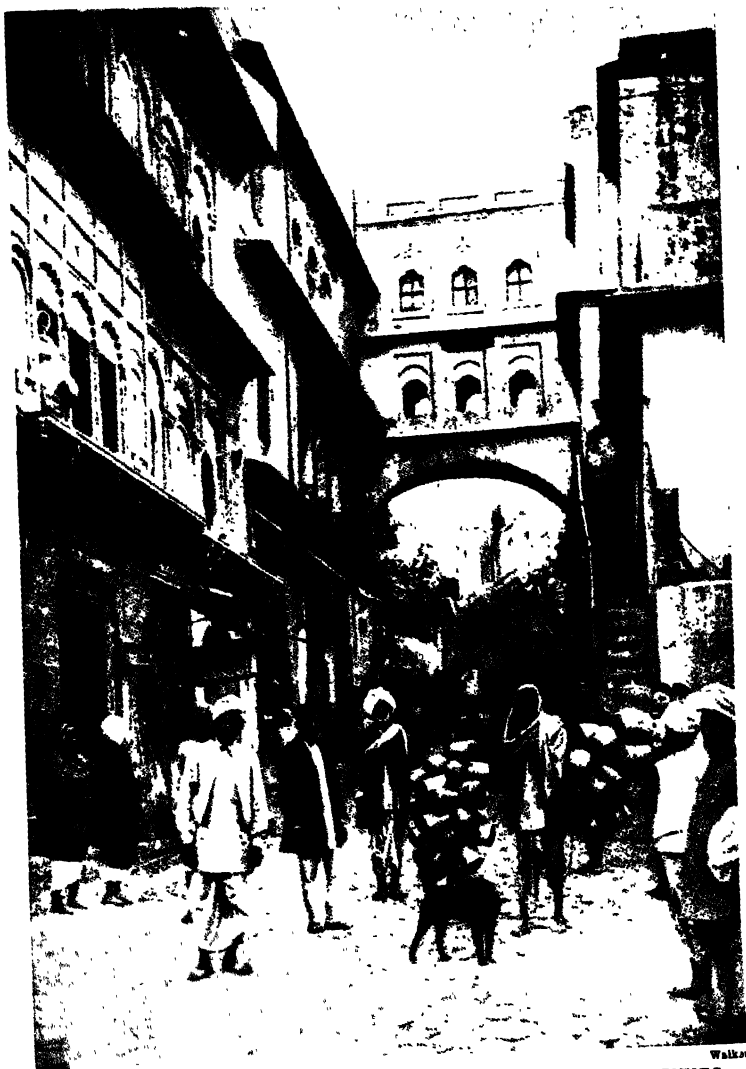
NAUTCH GIRLS begin their training at a very early age, so that by the time they are sixteen they are experts in the art of dancing. Bracelets at her wrists and silver anklets clash and jingle as this girl performs the movements of the dance. The gol' necklace was probably given her by someone who appreciated her grace and skill.



Walker

LITTLE VILLAGE HIDDEN AWAY IN THE JUNGLES OF BENGAL

The huts in these jungle villages are all made of sun-baked mud and thatched with straw. The peasants till their little plots of land, which have been won from the surrounding jungle, and are untroubled by the changes that are taking place in the cities. Their chief trouble is the leopards that infest these jungles and prey upon their flocks.



STREET IN HARDWAR, ONE OF INDIA'S MOST SACRED CITIES
At Hardwar the Ganges emerges from the Siwalik Hills, and its waters are held to be sacred at this point by the Hindus. As many as 500,000 pilgrims have been in Hardwar at certain times, in order to bathe in the river and so be cleansed of their sins. The station, like that in page 1171, swarms with sacred monkeys, which even climb into the trains.



BESIDE THE SUTLEJ, one of the five great rivers of the Punjab, stands the city of Bahawalpur, which is the chief town of the Indian state of the same name. Moored by the bank are several of the native wooden boats that ply up and down the Indus and the Sutlej

They have strange, high sterns upon which the man at the big, clumsy rudder stands so that he can get a clear view of the river ahead. On the eastern side of the city lies the desert of Bikaner, a great desolate waste of sand stretching away eastwards for nearly one hundred miles



WASHERWOMEN IN INDIA do not work in a laundry; they take the clothes down to a river, where they soak and wring them before beating them upon stones. They certainly get the dirt out, but the process is rather rough and does not improve the garments by any

means. When they have finished their washing and clattering these women will fill the brass jars, that we can see on the bank, with water for drinking, and carry them to their homes, balanced on their heads. The women of the poorer classes seem to work quite as hard as the men



NAGA VILLAGE IN THE WILD HIGHLANDS OF ASSAM

Grass mats form the walls of these thatched huts, which contain little furniture besides the beds—rough planks of wood—around the fireplace. Pigs are sometimes kept in the little enclosure by the hut, but the fowls roost on the rafters. Naga villages are generally built on hills, as the tribes at one time were continually fighting among themselves.

stands, and lamps suspended from the ceiling by gleaming brass chains. The shops, too, were so different from those we are accustomed to in England—little places with a big wooden platform or raised floor, on which, surrounded by his goods, the turbaned shopkeeper sat cross-legged, while he haggled over prices.

In those windowless shops the Kashmiri wood-carver exhibited his skilfully-made fire-screens and photograph frames, the brass-worker sold his lamps, trays, bowls and all manner of things useful and beautiful, all gleaming in the lamplight, the Afghan or Armenian merchant unrolled his rugs and carpets, and the goldsmith sat before his little charcoal fire-pot, smelting the precious metal of his clients into necklaces, anklets, nose-rings and other articles of adornment. The seller of cheap bangles sat with thousands of glass or tinselled bracelets arranged on the shelves around him. The sellers of sweetmeats and fruit and vegetables, the

perfumers, the idol-makers, the garland-sellers, the silk-merchants—all were there.

Though it was much cooler than at mid-day, the crowded bazaar was still stifling, and the air was heavy with the fumes of incense and the many perfumes that the people love. Hundreds of lamps flickered and smoked as the noisy crowds passed by. Then we heard the sound of music—of flutes and horns, and the beating of tom-toms. With smoking torches, and singing and dancing, a wedding procession moved slowly through the crowd.

Some of the largest cities, such as Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi or Madras, have fine broad streets with European buildings, huge railway stations, big Government offices, town halls, museums, hospitals, universities and even cinemas. In such cities there are electric trams; the streets are lit by electric lights, and Indian gentlemen drive past in fine motor-cars.

The ways of life in the villages are very different from those of the crowded cities.

INDIA'S MILLIONS

It is there that we see the old Indian life undisturbed by the changes that, slowly but very surely, are taking place in the busy cities.

In a land as varied as India the villages naturally differ a good deal in size and appearance. Some of them are scattered over the great, cultivated plains, and others lie almost hidden in the pathless jungles or among the rocky, barren hills. Some villages consist of a mere handful of huts, made of mud or of the branches of trees roughly woven together, others have regular streets of well-made houses, and, perhaps, a big, ancient temple in the centre.

Let us imagine ourselves in an old-fashioned bullock-cart, jolting slowly over the rough plain somewhere in the Deccan, which is in southern India. There is no road, so we take the easiest way towards

a village that is half hidden in a grove of mango trees.

We meet the village boys driving the cattle to the pasture land, raising clouds of dust as they pass. Near the village is the tank—a large sheet of shallow water. During the heavy rains this tank receives and stores a good deal of water which is used in the dry season. As we pass it we see the dhobies (washermen) soaking the clothes and banging them vigorously on the stones to knock the dirt out of them. It is getting terribly hot now, and a dozen water-buffaloes are standing in the water, with only their heads showing above the surface.

We soon reach the entrance to the village. Under a big pipal tree is a raised mud platform on which the elders sit in council, to arrange matters of public



1163
NAGA WARRIORS ARMED READY FOR THE FRAY

"Naga" is a word meaning "snake," and the Nagas are so named because they worship snakes. At one time these people were head-hunters and were the terror of the harmless people who dwelt on the plains below the hills of Assam. Their weapons are the javelin and a thick, heavy knife with a crooked end; they also carry large shields.

Elongan



FRUIT-SELLERS find plenty of customers in India because many of the people eat very little meat and so their meals chiefly consist of fruit and vegetables. Fruit is very cheap, and if we gave this man a shilling he would let us have as much fruit as we could carry away in our arms—he has no paper bags for his customers.



INDIAN CRAFTSMEN are noted for their skill in making ornaments of gold, ivory, silver and brass. Time is of little importance to them, so they can take infinite pains over their work. Unfortunately handicrafts are dying out, as cheaper articles are produced by the factories. The secrets of these crafts are handed down from father to son.



Walker

AMONG THE MIGHTY HIMALAYAS, GUARDIAN MOUNTAINS OF INDIA'S NORTHERN FRONTIER

Bhutas, Garhwals and Kumauns, and in the foothills are hill stations like Naini Tal, Mussoorie, Simla and Darjeeling, whither Europeans go in the summer. There are no roads in the Himalayas, but only tracks which have been used by the hill people for centuries.

All along the northern frontier of India there runs that vast wall of mountains called the Himalayas, which contains Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, and many other great peaks over 20,000 feet in height. In these mountains live such hill tribes as the Gurkhas,



Peter

DARJEELING AND THE SNOW-CAPPED GIANTS OF THE HIMALAYAS
Darjeeling is situated on the lower slopes of the Himalayas and is surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the world. "Darjeeling" means "the place, or town, of the thunderbolt," and from the ridge on which the town stands can be seen Mounts Everest and Kinchinjunga, with their summits covered by perpetual snow.



MUSICIANS AND DANCERS travel all over India and give their performances in the open air, in theatres or at private houses. The music of the players with the queer, stringed instruments in this photograph would not please us at all as it would seem to be nothing;

but a succession of squeaks. The man in the red turban, standing between the two girls, has two small drums on which he plays a monotonous accompaniment with his fingers. Sometimes these troupes will perform a play, which is often of a religious nature

INDIA'S MILLIONS

business or to try some criminal. Near by is another platform, covered by the spreading branches of a sacred tree; the sides of the platform are striped white and red, and upon it are some of the village idols, with simple offerings of rice or milk or fruit laid out before them.

A few yards farther on we come upon a band of women drawing water from a well. Raising the big brass water-vessels to their heads, they stand chatting for a few moments, their highly-polished vessels gleaming in the sunlight. Dressed in long, brightly-coloured garments, these women look the very picture of grace and ease.

The village street is unpaved and uneven. The houses are only one storey high and have pillared verandas at the front, under which men sit smoking, protected from the sun. Many of the houses have a short passage leading from the street into a courtyard, and here we shall find the women of the house doing their daily work—preparing the rice and curry for the next meal, washing the babies or polishing the lovely brass vessels.

Simple Life in a Village

In some of the courtyards we may find villagers following their trades—the potters with their wheel and pile of prepared clay, and with their newly-made vessels drying in the sunshine, the weavers with their primitive looms; the blacksmith with his fire and simple bellows; or the idol-maker giving a coat of paint to his wooden images. Out in the street—under a big tree—the carpenters are at work in their saw-pit. There are several small temples in the village, and, if there are any Mahomedans, there may also be a small mosque, from which the call to prayer is given several times a day.

Life in such a village is very simple. There is the steady work of morning, the rest during the midday heat, more work as the shadows lengthen; then, as the sun is setting, the cattle are brought home, the evening meal is prepared and the smoke of many fires hangs like a cloud over the village. The meal finished,

the men and boys sit and smoke round little fires in the village street and talk over any news that may have reached them.

A dozen miles—or it may be a score—from the village runs a great high-road, made by the Government. It is usually a very wide road, well shaded by huge trees that form a glorious avenue through miles of otherwise shadeless country. One side of this road is well metalled for quick-moving traffic, but the other side is sandy and is used by the bullock-carts, the pack-oxen or strings of camels.

In the Vast Jungles

India has now more well-made roads than any other country in the world. It has more than 200,000 miles of them. Perhaps the finest is the Grand Trunk Road which runs from Calcutta to Peshawar, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Yet there are still vast areas of country with no roads at all.

Who has not heard of the Indian jungles? A jungle may be anything from a forest to an almost treeless plain. The word is applied to any uncultivated land. Some of the jungles, like those of the Ganges delta, are covered with long grass and other vegetation through which tigers roam. In other places the jungles are great plains, with little grass and very few trees, and with masses of granite strewn about or piled up as though by the hands of giants. Here and there are low bushes among which leopards prowl, and masses of cactus, aloes and prickly pear, under which deadly snakes have their holes. On the rocky hills there are bears and in some parts of the country there are wolves. Every night the voices of the jackals and hyenas are heard.

Snakes more Deadly than Tigers

Terrible as the tigers are, the snakes are far more dangerous to human beings. Every year about 20,000 people are killed by them, whereas tigers and leopards together only claim about a thousand or twelve hundred victims. The commonest snake is the cobra, one of the most poisonous snakes on earth. Unless a



By Alice

BACK BAY AND THE GREAT CITY OF BOMBAY SEEN FROM MALABAR POINT

is one of a group of twelve, which were formerly separated from one another and the mainland by narrow channels, some of which have been filled up. Bombay ranks next to Calcutta in size, and in its bazaars representatives of practically every Eastern race are to be seen.

Back Bay is at the seaward end of Bombay Island, and has the shape of a half-moon, with Malabar Hill at one tip and Colaba at the other. The five Parsee Towers of Silence are at Malabar, and hither the Parsees bring their dead, placing them inside the towers. The island of Bombay



CUNNING LITTLE BEGGARS ON A STATION NEAR UDAIPUR

The small, brown, Bengal monkey is regarded as semi-sacred by the Hindus, and the animals are very impudent, as they know they are safe from molestation. They beg for sweets and fruit, and chatter and grin angrily if nothing is given to them. Europeans sometimes keep them as pets, but they are quick-tempered and can give a nasty bite.

remedy is applied immediately, its bite is certain death in a very short time.

In some of the jungles and also in the mountains there dwell small tribes of people quite different from the ordinary Indians. Many of them wear very little clothing and hunt their prey with bows and arrows; and, in some very inaccessible regions in north-east India, they still practise head-hunting and sacrifice human beings to their gods. On the other hand, some of these "jungle tribes," as they are called, are quiet, peace-loving people, like the Todas of the Nilgiri Hills. These jungle and hill tribes are believed to be descended from the people who inhabited the country before the coming of the Hindus—perhaps 3,500 years ago.

In certain regions there are great industrial undertakings. The Bengal coalfields have so many mines and big works that we are reminded of south Lancashire. All along the River Hooghly, above Calcutta, and round Madras, there are numerous mills and workshops; and the city of Bombay simply bristles with factory

chimneys. Every year sees progress in the industrial development of the country.

A land as vast as India is sure to have a great variety of scenery. There are thousands of square miles of ricefields, where the plants grow in water, and in other parts there are sandy deserts that are almost rainless. The mountains that run down the western side of India—the Western Ghats—have some splendid scenery, with thickly wooded valleys, but the mountains that guard the north-western frontier are wild and barren. They are pierced by terrible passes, like the Khyber, through which, time after time, invaders have burst into India.

Nothing can compare with the mighty Himalayas—that wonderful range of mountains, which in parts is five miles high, and which runs for more than a thousand miles across the north of India.

Never shall I forget my visit to the Himalayas half a dozen years ago. Accompanied by fourteen hardy hillmen, we crossed the foothills, which were covered with forests of oak and rhododendron,



Powell

TWO OLD ENEMIES FACE TO FACE: THE COBRA AND THE MONGOOSE

As the snake-charmer plays his pipe, a long, gently-swaying form rises from the basket. At once the little mongoose is all attention and filled with fury at the sight. It paces round the angry snake—just out of reach. At last, when the snake is tired it moves nearer. The cobra strikes—misses—and the mongoose has it behind the neck.



SLOW BUT SURE WAY OF TRAVELLING IN BENGAL

Time is of no importance to the Indian, and this man is quite content to crawl along at about two miles an hour—the usual pace of the water-buffalo. The wheels squeak horribly, but he likes the sound and would not dream of greasing the axle. On the right is a tank, or artificial pond, in which water is stored.

INDIA'S MILLIONS

and ascended steep, mountain paths, skirting precipices, crossing range after range, and all the time getting wonderful views of the valleys below and of the towering heights above.

On reaching the crest of one great range a wondrous panorama opened out before us. Range beyond range the mountains rose in succeeding terraces, separated by deep, mysterious valleys through which broad rivers rushed furiously. High above all, the central wall of the Himalayas stretched across the sky, with its majestic snows, its gigantic peaks and glaciers and lofty walls of rock, so

precipitous as to be free from snow and ice which cannot lie upon the almost perpendicular slopes.

It was the hour of sunset. The vast chasms were dark and gloomy; only the rugged mountain-tops caught the golden light, while the snowy heights above flushed pink against the sky. As the shadows deepened and all around was bathed in mysterious twilight, the towering peaks glowed crimson until they seemed to be on fire. Too soon the marvellous picture of Nature faded, and only the cold, silvery snows remained visible in the gathering night.



TWO SLUGGARDS RESTING ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL

With their books and slate, these two schoolboys dawdle along the road to the school. They will probably learn to read and write English as well as their own language. If they are clever and ambitious they may go to take a degree at one of the great colleges which have been set up in most of the large towns.

The Fire Mountains

HOW VOLCANOES ACT AS THE EARTH'S SAFETY-VALVES

Gases and steam, generated by the terrific fires in the interior of the earth, exert a tremendous pressure upon its surface, so that when this pressure becomes too great a safety-valve, in the form of a volcano, allows the vapours to escape like the steam of a locomotive. If a city or a village is close to the mountain it may be overwhelmed by the streams of lava and mud, and by the clouds of dust that accompany these eruptions. Watching Stromboli or Vesuvius sending up their plumes of smoke by day, or the glow of their hidden fires lighting up the sky by night, I have wondered whether the energy of these volcanoes might not somehow be turned to use by man, instead of being a continual menace to him, and in this chapter we shall read how man has actually attempted to tame these fiery giants

ALTHOUGH we are inclined to think of volcanoes as destructive mountains which spread terror and ruin over the regions immediately surrounding them, we must be prepared to admit that a safety-valve is necessary as an outlet for the gases and molten matter inside the earth.

Volcanoes are openings in the earth's crust out of which, from time to time, steam, molten rocks and lava, and sometimes mud are thrown. They are usually found in those parts of the world where mountains are still in process of being made, and where the rocks have undergone what is known as folding and fracture. We find most evidence of such volcanic rock along the ranges of the Pacific islands, where the mountains run near the borders of the ocean basins, and where many of the volcanoes have risen up from the bottom of the sea. Fortunately most volcanic ranges are situated in parts of the world that are not densely populated

How Volcanoes are Formed

Volcanoes are generally shaped like a cone with the top cut off. The cone is formed gradually by the discharge of lava and rocks. Sometimes the rocks forming the mountain are not of volcanic nature, but are hurled out by an eruption and fall around the opening. Such cases are not very frequent, for usually the cones are built up by a large number of eruptions. The lava is blown high into the air, and falls in showers to make the beginning of a cone, which is built up by later eruptions. When the lava is in an almost liquid state,

it flows for some considerable distance, and so forms the widespread, comparatively low volcanic mountains that we sometimes see. But often the lava is a harder substance; when it is discharged in this form it builds up a very high mountain, with very steep sides.

Why some Eruptions are very Violent

In the centre of the cone there is a cup-like hollow, the crater, at the bottom of which is the hole or vent through which the lava flows. While a volcano is active this hole is kept open by the force of the vapours that it emits; but when the volcano remains quiet for some time the hole may become closed by rocks falling from the walls of the crater, or by the hardening of the lava near by. Then, when the volcano erupts again, a new crater may be made through some weak spot in the side of the mountain, so that it is never certain on what part of it the explosion will take place.

With most volcanoes the eruptions occur at fairly regular intervals, and are not very violent. This is usually the case with Stromboli, a volcano on the Lipari Islands in the Mediterranean. It is from those craters that have not been active for a considerable time that we have learnt to expect the most violent eruptions. In the year 1883 there was a terrible disturbance at Krakatoa, an East Indian island. It seemed to be extraordinarily sudden, but it was really the result of a state of unrest which had been going on below the surface of the earth for many, many months or even years.

THE FIRE MOUNTAINS

As men have learnt more about the nature of volcanoes, it is becoming easier to interpret the signs by which a volcano gives warning of eruption. This is particularly the case with those volcanoes that have been inactive for a very long time. What are known as "local earthquakes" take place—tremors of the earth's surface that are confined to the volcano itself or to the land very near to it. These earthquakes are often caused by a crack in the depths of the crater, such as would be formed by a rock giving way under a very severe strain.

Early Warnings of Disaster

What seems most remarkable about the warnings given by the volcanoes is that there have been quite a number of cases in which earthquakes have begun to occur many years before the eruption took place. Quite recently minor tremors have been recorded from different parts of the world, and, for all man can tell, they may be early warnings of violent disturbances that are still to come. Earthquakes of this kind frequently caused great damage in Herculaneum and Pompeii, sixteen years before the disastrous eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which occurred in A.D. 79.

Other warnings given by volcanoes are roaring and rumbling sounds below the earth, and the heating of the water in neighbouring springs, which often rapidly decrease in volume at the same time. In the case of volcanoes capped with snow, the sudden heating of the crest of the mountain melts the snow and causes heavy avalanches—sources of great danger to the people living at its foot.

Terrible Eruption of Mt. Pelée

Many eruptions have taken place without any warning signs. This was the case with the terrible eruption of Mont Pelée, on the island of Martinique in the West Indies, in 1902, which destroyed the town of St. Pierre and 30,000 people. On the side of the mountain there is a great basin called Etang Sec, in which the mud from the volcano mixed with water. On

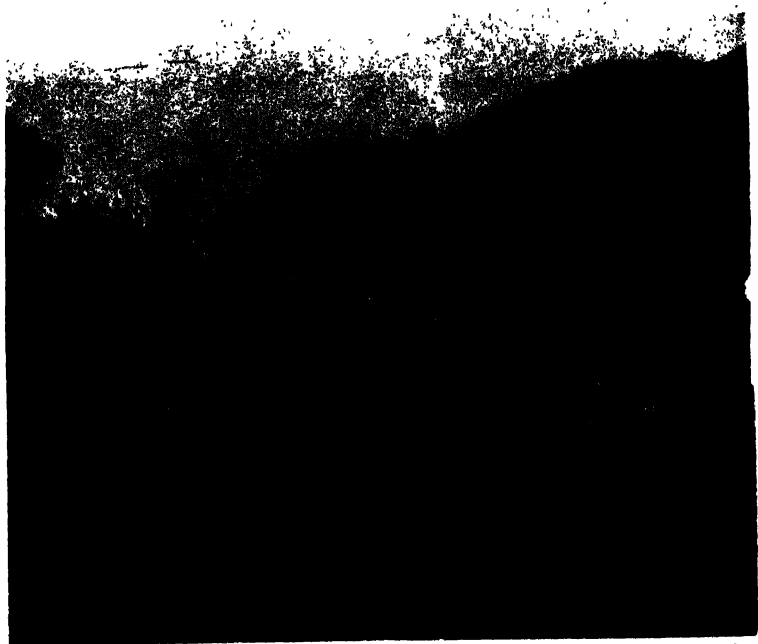
May 5th, 1902, the black, boiling mud escaped from the basin and poured down a gorge of the Rivière Blanche, carrying with it large masses of rock and running with almost incredible rapidity. Over the top of the mountain there appeared a dense cloud of suffocating gases, brown and purple in colour, which was accompanied by enormous quantities of volcanic dust. This dust seems to have been the cause of most of the harm, for it penetrated the lungs of the victims, causing suffocation.

Sometimes an eruption happens beneath the sea. Most of the volcanic islands of the Pacific began in this way, reaching the surface either by a gradual upward growth through a number of upheavals, or by a terrific explosion on the sea floor. Though we know little about these submarine disturbances, occasionally the effects of an eruption have been seen on the surface of the water. Huge fountains of water play to a great height, and dead fishes and volcanic cinders are seen floating around. After a time a small island may rise above the sea-level, and this is gradually enlarged by succeeding explosions.

Islands made by Volcanoes

The Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific began like this. They are a chain of fifteen large volcanic mountains. All except three have been extinct for centuries, and one of these three, Hualalai, has been quiet since 1811. The two active ones are Mauna Loa and Kilauea, both on Hawaii Island. They are very well behaved, however, and have not done any serious damage for the last century. Mauna Loa, one of the largest volcanoes in the world, was in eruption early in 1926, and provided a very wonderful sight for the tourists, with its great fountains of fire playing over the surface of the crater. Most of the mud and lava it discharged passed through a subterranean exit to the sea, and so the damage was not so great as it might have been.

Now that we understand how volcanoes are formed, we must turn our attention to the nature of their activities and the



Edwards

FUJIYAMA, which we see here rising above the sun-tinted mists of morning, is the sacred mountain of Japan. If we look closely at Japanese prints, we are sure to see in the background of many of them the dim outline of its perfect crater. It is a sleeping volcano, which is said to have risen from the plain in a night in 285 B.C.



Reuter

A "SMOKING MOUNTAIN" IN A LAND OF ICE: MOUNT EREBUS IN DISTANT SOUTH VICTORIA LAND

The great volumes of steam and sulphurous gas that pour continually out of the crater of Mount Erebus show that there is fiery heat not very far beneath the snow and ice that cover the sides of the mountain. But yet the explorers who reached its summit in 1908 found that the temperature there was fifty degrees below zero—far colder than any of us could imagine. Mount Erebus is the southernmost volcano in the world. It stands in snowy Antarctica, not very far from another volcano, Mount Terror, which is extinct and not so lofty.



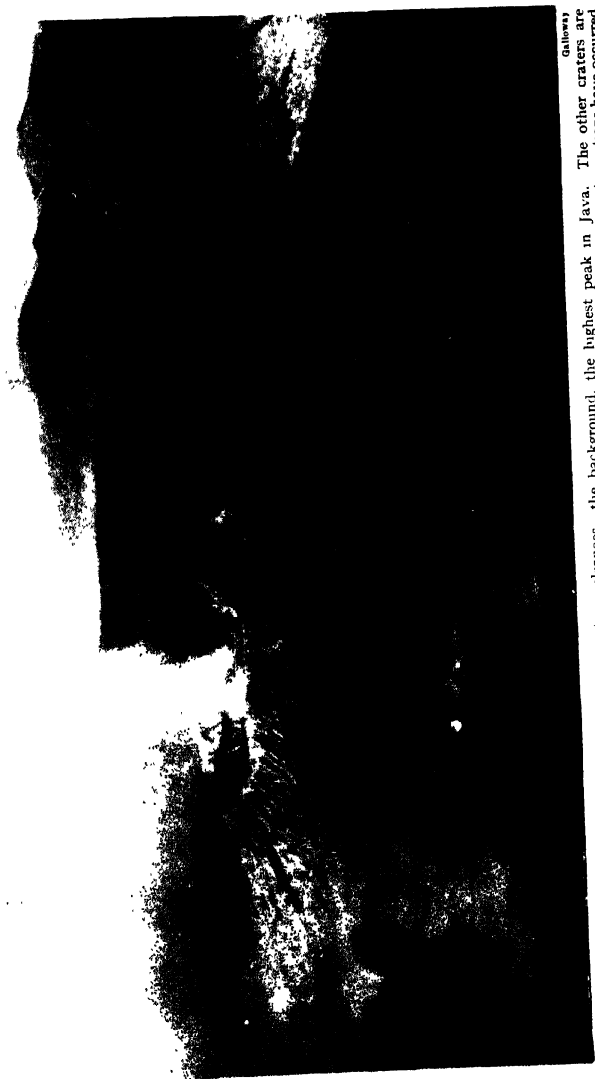
Galloway

ONE OF THE VENTS OF VESUVIUS' SUBTERRANEAN FURNACE

Looking into the craters of some volcanoes—for instance, that of Mauna Loa on Hawaii—is like looking into a bubbling lake of fiery, molten rock. The bed of the great crater of Vesuvius, Italy's famous volcano, is, however, of firm lava, rugged and twisted, from which rise smoking cones two hundred feet in height, each a complete volcano in miniature.



POPOCATEPETL *popocatepetl* *n* [popo'katepetl] *n* A large, active volcano, 14,569 ft (4,440 m) high, located about 40 miles (64 km) west of Mexico City. It is the second highest peak in Mexico. The volcano is known for its frequent eruptions of ash and smoke. The name "Popocatepetl" means "Smoking Mountain" in Nahuatl.



Galloway

THE ISLAND OF JAVA, for its size, contains more active volcanoes than any other place in the world. Here we see a group in the eastern part of the island. From the crater of Bromo, on the left, wreaths of steam are issuing, and a puff of vapour also rises from Semeru in the background, the highest peak in Java. The other craters are dormant. Within historical times many great eruptions have occurred that have cost thousands of lives. In 1772 one great mountain, Papandayang, blew itself away and left a lake in its stead.



BABY CRATERS IN THE MOUTH OF A GIANT VOLCANO

Haleakala, into the vast crater of which we are looking, is a volcano, 10,000 feet high, on the Hawaiian island of Maui. It has long been extinct, but once, many, many centuries ago, it belched forth huge clouds of smoke and fine cinders and molten rock, and rivers of red-hot lava, just as Mauna Loa, on Hawaii, did in 1926



GREAT HEKLA, ICELAND'S MOST WIDE-AWAKE VOLCANO

Iceland has been formed entirely by volcanic action, and in many regions it is desolate and barren in the extreme. Hekla, the most active volcano, which has been in eruption about thirty times to the knowledge of man, is absolutely bare of all vegetation and is surrounded by plains of lava. In winter the mountain wears a mantle of snow.



SLEEPING VOLCANO THAT, FORTY YEARS AGO, SUDDENLY AWOKE

It will sometimes happen that a volcano thought to be extinct suddenly demonstrates that it is nothing of the kind. That was the case with Mount Tarawera in the geyser district of New Zealand's North Island. In 1886 it suddenly erupted with great fury, covering the country for miles around with mud and dirt, and killing over a hundred people

effect of explosions on the surrounding countryside. The most usual action of a volcano is the outlet of vapour. This is always the earliest effect of an eruption, and is also, strangely enough, the last, for the vapour lingers long after the last shower of ashes has fallen, and it escapes even after the explosions have stopped. Then there is what is known as "electrical excitement," which is probably caused by the uprush of the vapours. There are great displays of volcanic lightning, which flash through the vapour clouds.

The actual discharge of the lava is often accompanied by volcanic rain, this being formed by the steam from the eruption. The rain mingles with the dust and ashes and forms a torrent of mud, which runs rapidly down the mountain side, destroying vegetation and doing enormous damage to the towns in the valleys. It is a

mistake to imagine that the flames that attend the downward rush of the mud are caused by the volcanic substances. They are generally the result of the hot ashes and mud flowing over vegetation, which gradually begins to burn.

Although the activities of volcanoes are so terribly disastrous to the people who live near them, yet some uses have been found for the substances which they produce. Many of the metals are of poor quality and of little use, but one very important chemical is provided by eruptions—sulphur.

In recent years many plans have been made for using volcanoes in industry. This seems very ambitious, but in Italy it has worked quite well, for the steam imprisoned in the volcano has been reached by boring into the mountain-side, and has been used to drive machines for generating electricity.



SICILY'S MOUNT ETNA, wrapped in its winter coat of snow, looks so peaceful and quiet that it is difficult to realize that it is a treacherous mountain with a core of fire. Many times since history began Etna has laid waste the earth around it, destroying villages and even towns

by its rivers of lava, and, in the earthquakes that follow its convulsions, taking thousands of lives. Notwithstanding the effects of Etna, in eruption, the region round its base is densely inhabited. In the foreground we see the ruins of a Greco-Roman theatre at Taormina



foot. Then one August day a black cloud arose from the mountain, accompanied by roars and rumbles, there was an explosion that blew off the mountain's top, and then such quantities of mud and ashes were expelled that Pompeii was buried twenty feet deep.

ACROSS THE BAY OF NAPLES rise the twin summits of beautiful, dangerous Vesuvius. Until A.D. 79 no one dreamed that the gracefully sloping mountain by the sea was an active volcano, and busily populated towns, such as ill-fated Pompeii, were built close to its



Cultura Nationala

PRINCIPAL STREET IN BUKAREST, THE "CITY OF DELIGHT"

Bukarest, the capital of Rumania, is a gay, modern city, full of colour and life, whose inhabitants are proud of their nickname of "Little Parisians." The chief shopping street, which we show here, received its name of Calea Victoriei, meaning Street of Victory, after the Battle of Plevna in 1877, by which Rumania freed itself from Turkish rule.

Greater Rumania

MODERN LIFE IN A PROVINCE OF ANCIENT ROME

For centuries Rumania was practically unknown to the peoples of Western Europe, and the country only became an independent kingdom in 1878, after having suffered Turkish misrule for many years. Though their country was laid waste during the Great War, the Rumanians are earnestly striving to make a united kingdom of Greater Rumania, but some of the newly-acquired territory is inhabited by a Teutonic people who are quite unlike the Rumanians, since the latter are Latins and resemble the French in temperament. Although the theory that the Rumanians are descendants of the Roman soldiers who colonised the ancient land of Dacia is no longer accepted, their culture and language are certainly of Latin origin. In this chapter we shall learn of their ancient culture and of the pleasant people who live in town and village.

THE beginning of Old Rumania—many Rumanians still speak affectionately of the Old Kingdom—appears to date from the expeditions made by the Emperor Trajan against the Dacians, about A.D. 106. Trajan celebrated his victories over them by erecting a column at Adam Klessi, in the Dobruja territory, similar to the well-known Trajan's column in Rome. Many Roman colonists came to settle in the newly-conquered, fertile country, and thus it quickly became one of the most prosperous of all the Roman colonies. It was then known as *Dacia Felix*.

It suffered terribly under the hordes of barbarians that swept down upon the land in the third century, and the Rumanians retired to the Carpathian Mountains. The Goths did not pursue them and they lived there almost forgotten, although they formed themselves into a permanent nation, with a language and a civilization that was far above that of the tribes which later surged in from Hungary or from Turkey. The territory between the Carpathians and the Danube has passed from one invader to another, but none has succeeded in wiping out the Rumanian people as a national body. Their own proverb exactly describes their national experience: "The water passes, but the stones remain."

France's Latin Sister

In more recent times, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Rumania was powerfully influenced by France. The educated classes sent their children to

French schools, and French became the official language which was used in international negotiations. Napoleon III spoke of Rumania as "France's Latin sister," and encouraged the Rumanians to repel Turkish and Russian attempts to acquire political influence. Many members of the younger generation went to Paris, and came back with many French ideas, especially about education. An Education Act, passed in 1864, made education free and elementary education compulsory—some years before it became so in England! But because there were few schools and not nearly enough teachers, the majority of the peasants remained illiterate, as they are even to this day, in spite of the Act.

Two Distinct Types of Rumanian

A slight knowledge of Latin will, however, be quite sufficient to prove how right the Rumanians are in claiming their language to be of Roman origin. There are many Latin terms and words in their language, although Slav and Turkish words abound, too, but the sound of it is not unlike Italian, and in poetry it is exceedingly musical.

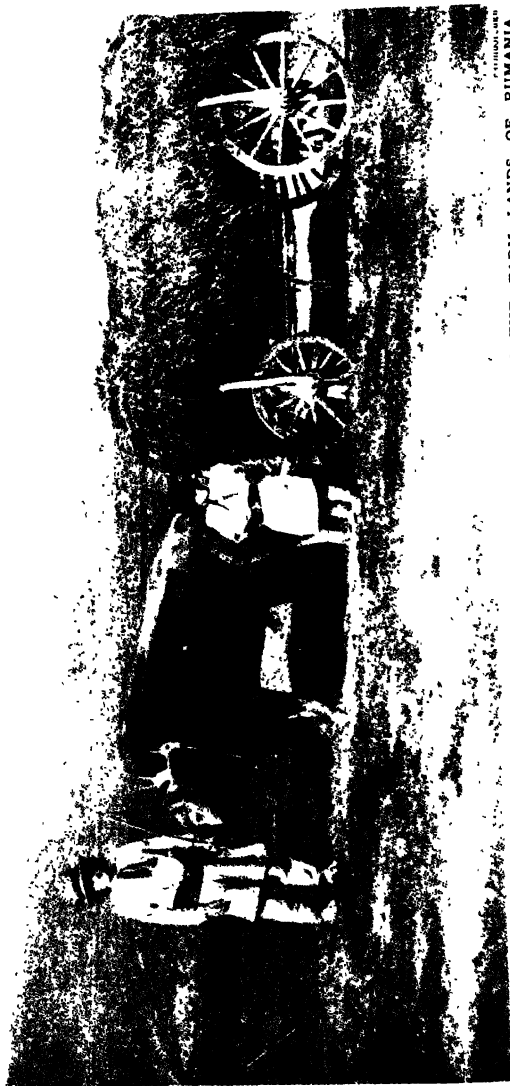
There are two distinct and opposite types even among pure Rumanians, one being fair and blue-eyed, and the other as dark as the Italian people. Both types are tall, very hardy and very proud of their race, and have a very keen sense of nationality, for every child is taught that he is a descendant of the great Roman empire. This pride is strongest among those who lived in the Old Kingdom.



THE PEASANTS OF RUMANIA own their land and are not, as they were sixty years ago, the serfs of the nobility. The sturdy farmer in his sheepskin coat must still work in the fields from dawn to dusk, and so must his father and his wife, but the crops he harvests are his own, and so is his thatched, wooden cottage.



THE CALUSARI, one of the national dances of Rumania, may be performed by men only. Dressed in their gayest clothes, with tinkling bells at their knees, they dance in the open air at fairs and festivals to the music of the flute, the lute and the violin, played by ragged, gypsy musicians. In another dance, the Hora, women also take part.



HARVEST TIME IN BUKOVINA OXEN TAKE THE PLACE OF HORSES IN THE FARM LANDS OF RUMANIA
 In the north of Rumania, just east of the Carpathian Mountains, some of it is cultivated. Here we see Ruthenians carting their crop of hay. The rickety hay wain is drawn by a pair of slow-moving, little mouse-coloured oxen, the chief beasts of burden in the country districts. Modern methods of farming are little known in Rumania, and Ruthenians. Much of the land is covered with forests, but



BRINGING TO THE SURFACE THE RICHES THAT LIE UNDER RUMANIAN SOIL: AN OIL-FIELD AT BUSTENARI
 erected over the wells at Bustenari in Wallachia. The oil is conveyed through a huge pipe to Constantza, a port on the Black Sea, where there are great refineries, and whence it is shipped to other lands. With its oil-sodden ground and its derricks, a petroleum field is very ugly.



COMING FROM THE WELL, with her full pitcher on her shoulder, this gaily-clad Rumanian girl greets with a smile any wayfarer she may meet, for she believes she will bring him luck. But should she meet anyone as she carries her empty pitcher to be filled, she is sad and ashamed, for then it is ill-luck that she brings. Rumanian Legation

GREATER RUMANIA

The additions made to the country by the Peace Treaties after the Great War have brought in, however, not only many once-scattered Rumanians, but also many Germans and Austrians, Magyars, Hungarians, Tartars, Russians and Armenians. There has always been a considerable number of Jews in the country. Such are the people who have their country a veritable storehouse of treasure that is as yet only half appreciated and half developed.

Rich in timber, rich in minerals and especially so in petroleum oil, it is also one of the greatest grain-producing regions, growing and exporting vast quantities both of wheat and maize. Commerce is hampered by a very bad railway system, and by the lack of ports.

Now let us take a look at the country itself, much as if we were passing over it in an aeroplane, yet low enough to see clearly its roads and its farms, its towns and streets and buildings. We shall then understand something of the perplexity that besets Rumanians in these days, with so much that the Great War has destroyed and so much that it has given them.

The Expansion of the Old Kingdom

There is great joy and pride among Rumanians in the wonderful expansion of their kingdom. Formerly the shape of their country was a little like a crescent with a deep hollow and blunted ends, it is now filled out to an almost perfect oval. It has doubled in size and includes more than twice the number of people that it formerly held. The Old Kingdom consisted of the provinces of Wallachia, Moldavia and the Dobruja—a strip of coast along the Black Sea. Greater Rumania includes the Bukovina, Bessarabia (formerly Russian) and Transylvania and other large sections that once belonged to Austria-Hungary.

Its neighbours on the north and west are Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugo-Slavia, and on the south, Bulgaria. Except in the north, where the Carpathians form a boundary,

and in the south, where the Danube divides one country from another, there are no real frontiers. The Black Sea does, however, make a valuable coast-line on the eastern side. If Rumania is to hold her own she must live in friendship and have good communication by railway with her close neighbours on the western side. That explains why an understanding with them seems so desirable both to her and to them, and why their statesmen are striving for it.

The Joy and Pride of the People

The Danube is the great joy and pride of the people, although they can claim only its lower course. It is truly a marvellous river. It is said to take its rise "in the courtyard of a gentleman's house in Germany," and it receives many tributaries as it flows through other countries before it reaches the Kazan Pass, where it passes through the Iron Gates and then comes into Rumania. It is at its narrowest and deepest in this pass. The submerged rocks that gave rise to the name of the Iron Gates have been cleared by dynamite to make a safe channel through which ships may go. When this great engineering feat was accomplished, it was made a ceremonial occasion, and its opening was attended by the then emperor of Austria (Francis Joseph) and the kings of Rumania and Serbia.

A Bridge Nine Miles Long

Although the Danube is not "blue," as the song describes it, it is far more magnificent and imposing than even the Rhine, because of its stillness and breadth. It expands to a width of between two and three miles near Belgrade, and has islands and lovely reaches that give variety to it. The most famous bridge over the Danube in Rumanian territory is that at Cernavoda, which was completed in 1905. It carries the railway line from Bukarest, the capital, to the Black Sea port of Constantza. The bridge is itself over nine miles long, as it has to cross vast tracts of marshy land as well as water. Three arches of it were blown up by



KANKOVSKY

IN RUMANIA WOMEN'S WORK IS INDEED "NEVER DONE"

A Rumanian peasant woman needs to be very hard working, for, added to her labours in the field and house, she must prepare the flax, spin the thread and weave the cloth to make her clothes and those of her husband and children. She is never idle, and wherever she goes she carries her distaff and twirls her spindle.



Popoff

GIRLS OF RUMANIA WEAR DRESSES THAT ARE WORKS OF ART

A Rumanian will go short of food rather than lack a best dress, and the holiday costume of even the poorest peasant is of rare beauty, covered with hand-embroidery of intricate design, in scarlet, blue and gold thread. There are villages in Transylvania, however, where the women avoid all colours and wear elaborate dresses of only black and white.



SHEPHERDS OF THE MOUNTAINS BEFORE THEIR SUMMER DWELLING

From October to April the Rumanian shepherd lives on the plains of the lower Danube. Then in the spring he and all his family drive the flocks to the mountain pastures. There they build tiny villages of a few primitive huts, in which they sleep on beds of bracken, a milking-shed—for sheep are milked in Rumania—and a rough sheepfold.



HOMESPUN, GAILY EMBROIDERED, CLOTHES THE RUMANIAN PEASANTS

Rumanian houses are often of wood, thatched or tiled, and sometimes raised, like this one, above the ground. The peasant woman's industry and love of bright colours is expressed in her house as much as in the clothes of her family. On the floor and hanging on the walls are richly coloured rugs and tapestries that she has woven and embroidered.



RUMANIANS OF WALLACHIA, SOAKING THEIR FLAX IN THE JUI RIVER

Dressmaking in Rumania is not a simple matter. Let us suppose a peasant girl wants to prepare her trousseau. Seed must be sown in the flaxfield, the flax stalks must be cut, soaked in the river, pounded and bruised, then combed into fibres. Next spinning must be done, then weaving and afterwards the linen must be bleached.



STACKING THE SOAKED FLAX ON THE RIVER BANK

She has yet to cut out and make her clothes, and, above all, has still to embroider them. Her trousseau thus takes so long to prepare that, as she often marries when only fifteen, she has not time to do it all herself. So her mother begins it for her while she is a baby in her cradle swinging from the rafters.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN A FRUIT MARKET IN TEMESVAR, THE CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN BANAT
 The Rumanian race is a very distinctive one, for it is of Latin origin. Banat, and so were under the rule of Russia or Austria-Hungary. Now all these districts are part of Rumania. The Banat, the westernmost province of the kingdom, is very fertile. The peasants carry their garden produce into Temisioara, or Temesva as it was called formerly.

GREATER RUMANIA

Rumanian soldiers in 1916 to prevent the advance of the enemy. We can imagine the grief they felt at having to destroy this wonderful work. It has taken five years to restore it.

But let us leave the Danube to carry its huge burdens of timber and grain at its own dignified if rather lazy pace, and fly northwards towards that region of romance, the Carpathians. In doing so we shall pass over Bukarest.

Some call it "the little Paris." Seeing how much the Rumanians admire the French that is not surprising, so we find there is a *boulevard*—only one, but a very long and fine one—and a *chaussée*, which is the fashionable meeting-place and drive—a sort of Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park. Besides these, there are many fine streets, with some splendid shops, many small and old streets, with bazaars that tell us we are in the Near East, and there are crowds very mixed in type and colour. There are plenty of churches, too, quite two hundred of them!

Gay Life of Bukarest

Apparently they need very little sleep in Bukarest. The theatres and cinemas are well patronised, but when the performances are over the people throng the streets, and the cafés are open very far into the morning hours. There is music and chatter, dancing and sipping of drinks, but it is all very light, very gay and very different to the sombre quiet of the unlighted country we traverse on our way to the mountains. We shall pass over tract after tract of corn and fruit-growing country, with villages of white-washed houses, roofed with thatch or shingle, all very like each other.

Over eighty per cent of the population are peasants. Living amid immense stretches of wheat and maize, varied with patches of sunflowers—grown for the oil that is pressed from the seed—we might expect the peasant to be rather dull and stolid, but he is not so at all. The houses of the peasants will have been built mostly by their own hands, beginning with four posts, then the roof

is put on, and the walls, made of clay and straw pressed together, are built up by degrees.

When dry and hard, these are white-washed inside and out, and, being done afresh at least once a year, they keep clean and bright, especially when gay bands of red and blue colour are added. The mud floor inside is as hard and smooth as timber and the cabin is divided into rooms. There will be a veranda gay with creepers, so that the home is quite picturesque outside and in.

Great Love of Children

The interior is bright with gay rugs and painted furniture, often also with home-made embroideries and polished metals. Each village has its church and school and post office, and its well, which is the meeting-place of the gossips and of sweethearts.

There is a great love for children in Rumania. An old proverb says: "A child is a blessing to any man's roof," and a large family is the pride of their parents. Children are useful, of course, as they go early to work in the fields—girls to gather the flax and fetch wool, boys to help with the ploughing and reaping. Attendance at school is, however, steadily increasing.

A Rumanian Village Dance

Young and old are very fond of dancing. The young people will walk miles to a dance in a neighbouring village, and the public dancing-ground is of earth beaten smooth and hard and clean as a board. The girls wear ribbons, flowers and a smart, if home-made, dress; the young men a long, snow-white blouse, with a border richly worked in colour, a sash of scarlet or embroidered leather and a sleeveless coat. They keep on their hats while they dance. All wear heel-less sandals. There is invariably a master of ceremonies, whose duty it is to see that the girls have partners—and no "sitting-out" is allowed.

The Rumanian peasant has no fear of having his house robbed. When he goes



GAY GARB OF A YEOMAN FAMILY OF RUMANIA

The national costume of Rumania is very distinctive. The women usually wear a long, full-sleeved, embroidered dress of white linen, with a brightly-coloured double apron hanging down back and front. Kerchiefs or transparent veils cover their heads. The tunic and wide trousers of the men are also of linen. This man's waistcoat is of sheepskin.



E N A

WORKADAY CLOTHES OF THE CATTLEMEN OF MOLDAVIAN UPLANDS

All over Rumania oxen are used to draw the carts and wagons, but in some districts, especially Moldavia, other kinds of cattle are reared, principally for export. The cattlemen of Moldavia, like their kinsmen the shepherds, keep themselves warm during the cold weather by wearing shaggy sheep-skin cloaks, each made from four fleeces.

GREATER RUMANIA



SAXON COUPLE OF TRANSYLVANIA

In Transylvania there are many purely Saxon villages, peopled by the descendants of Germans who settled here about six hundred years ago. They have retained their Saxon character, language and costume.

out he props a stick against the door to show he is not at home; it would be a serious breach of good taste to disregard this and enter. On the other hand it is not a crime to help yourself to his fruit or his grain, provided you do not take more than you need for yourself. It is recognized as the right of the hungry to be fed, whether the host is at home or not.

The Rumanian woman has a busy life, especially after she is married. In addition to her housework, she has to collect and prepare all the material for spinning flax or wool. She spins and then weaves it on a hand loom, making the most beautiful materials in both light and

heavy textures. The articles are also dyed and embroidered, needlework being unusually well developed. The native love of colour and design is clearly shown in this work. Many of the best pieces are taken to the towns for sale, but every home will be abundantly supplied with rugs and hangings, and the people are very fond of elaborately embroidered clothes. Everything, even pottery, is decorated.

As we go north and cross the Carpathians, we come into quite a different type of country and to a people of quite an opposite character. On the farther side of the range the land is pastoral, of wild beauty and great charm. It is very German, judging by the buildings, which are of stone and set in walled courtyards, and all as like one another as peas in a pod. The people are all alike, too, being sturdy, stolid, not given to speech, but thrifty and most industrious—quite a contrast in disposition to the lively Rumanians we have left behind. It is a stretch

of country surrounded by mountain peaks; it is called the Siebenburgen—the land of seven burgs or forts, or Transylvania, the land across the forest.

Many of these settlers are Saxons, although where they came from is a mystery. In fact, it is so mysterious that legend has it that the founders of this "tribe," if we may so call them, were those children whom the Pied Piper decoyed from Hamelin town, and who, you will remember, entered the mountain after him and were seen no more by their parents and townsfolk. It is said that they came through the tunnel out into this fertile plain and have remained here ever since, self-supporting, producing

GREATER RUMANIA

everything they want, from nails to embroideries. They are their own carpenters and shoemiths and tailors, their own weavers and potters and farmers. Truly, the Pied Piper did not leave them helpless if those children from Hamelin town grew up and founded a colony as prosperous as Transylvania is now! Yet he seems to have left a certain strain of sadness among them, as of something missed and missing.

This "land of a thousand beauties and a hundred hopes," as someone has styled Rumania, is a country full of the quaintest superstitions. Many of the peasants live in dread, as the Irish peasants do, of "The Little People" or, as some call them, "The Good People." Many spells and incantations are practised to induce these

spirits to be merciful, and to preserve homes and crops. In every well, too, there is supposed to live the Water Woman, to keep peace with whom everyone who draws water will spill a few drops on the ground before leaving, or, if drinking, will blow three times across the jug or pitcher. In some parts of the country the people place a full jug of water outside the door every night as a peace-offering to the Water Woman, because they have had to draw water from her well.

It is considered lucky to meet a girl coming from the well with a full pitcher on her head, but it is so unlucky to meet her going there with an empty one that she will of her own accord turn her face away so that she may not see you



Rumanian Legation

GETTING THE DAY'S SUPPLY OF WATER AND OF NEWS

Every Rumanian village has its spring, and there the busy housewife, while filling her pitchers, allows herself a moment's rest for gossip with a neighbour. The peasant woman is very superstitious and never dreams of carrying away her full jug until she has offered homage to the spirit of the spring in the form of a few scattered drops of water.



AINU BOWMAN OF JAPAN PREPARES TO SPEED HIS ARROW

By hunting and fishing the Ainus of Japan obtain the greater part of their food supply. They are wonderful marksmen with their bows and small, light arrows, which were formerly tipped with poison, but this is now forbidden by Japanese law. The Ainus have dogs trained to hold herds of deer in check until the hunters have a chance to shoot.

The Hunter and His Wiles

HOW MAN OUTWITS BEASTS AND BIRDS

Since man first roamed over the earth there have been hunters. At first they had only their wits and rude stone weapons to help them in their desperate fight against wild beasts for food and life. As man developed, he invented better weapons and became more cunning, so that the struggle was more even. In many parts of the world to-day hunting is a matter of sheer necessity, one reason being that if savage animals were allowed to increase unchecked, man would be exterminated, another reason is the fact that in this way only can meat be obtained in sufficient quantities.

IN the year 1920 two American naturalists decided to revive the old method of hunting with bow and arrow, and, armed exactly as the English archers at Crecy, went bear-hunting in the forests of Oregon. They met with success, killing in all nearly a dozen bears, one being a huge male weighing nearly half a ton. Sportsmanship of this sort is rare and most hunters who kill wild animals for their flesh or fur are equipped with modern rifles. Yet no matter how fine a shot a man may be with a gun or rifle, he will not bring home a large bag unless he knows how to approach the game of which he is in search.

There are many different ways of doing this. He may stalk his quarry—that is, crawl up against the wind so that the animal shall not scent him, hiding as he goes behind every bush or stone. It is in this way that red deer are killed on the mountains of Scotland, and it is, no doubt, the most sporting method, for the man matches his own endurance and wits against the keen senses of his quarry. Or he may hide himself and wait for the game to approach him. It is thus that tigers, leopards and many other fierce beasts are killed.

Toll Taken by One Leopard

A platform called a machan is made in a tree, a bait is put down, and the hunter waits hour after hour for the savage beast to approach. In May, 1926, a hunter spent no fewer than eleven nights in a machan in an attempt to kill a terrible, man-eating leopard which for seven years had defied every effort to kill it, and had slain one hundred and twenty-five villagers.

Timid creatures such as hares may be attracted within range by imitating their cries. Formerly it was common for a poacher to hide in a thick hedge and, by imitating the cry of a young hare, or leveret, in distress, to lure the hares to him. The Dogrib Indians of North America still call the white rabbit in this way. A South American explorer has told of little known Indian tribes of Brazil who call deer and other animals in similar fashion, and then kill them with bow and arrow.

Hunters and Their Dogs

Another method is to use dogs to help in the chase. Pointers and setters are bred and trained to scent out game and to stand and point when they get the scent, thus enabling their owners to walk up and shoot as the beast or bird runs or rises to fly. Dogs may be used to surround the game and prevent it from running away. It is in this way that grizzly bears are killed, the dogs used being Airedale terriers, which first find the bear, then attack and hold it at bay until the hunter can bring his rifle into play.

Dogs have been used from time immemorial to hunt animals for men. In old English records of the thirteenth century we read how greyhounds were used for running down deer, and we learn that as many as four greyhounds were used at once.

To this day poachers use lurchers—a dog which is a cross between a greyhound and a collie—for catching and killing rabbits. The lurcher is also used for poaching hares at night. A net is set at the gate of a field or in a gap



ESKIMO GOES A-HUNTING IN THE SNOWY WILDS OF LABRADOR

The Eskimos depend on their skill as hunters to fill the family larder in winter, when the sea is frozen and cod-fishing is therefore impossible. They also need warm skins from which to make their clothes. Equipped with snow-shoes, such as this man carries in his right hand, and rifles, they accordingly go in search of caribou and seals, foxes and bears.



Boulter

DISGUISED AS AN ANT-HILL TO DECEIVE THE SHY OSTRICH

The flesh of the rhea, or South American ostrich, is considered a great delicacy by the Indians of Paraguay, and they value its feathers as ornaments. These birds are very shy, however, and the hunter who wishes to shoot one of them must cover himself with grasses and creepers, so that the rhea may think him an ant-hill, and stalk it very carefully.



Boulier

COWBOY WITH THE SKIN OF A DANGEROUS CATTLE-SLAYER

The rolling grasslands of Paraguav afford excellent pasture for great herds of cattle, which, however, are often attacked by jaguars. These great, leopard-like beasts do great damage, so that ranchers and cowboys hunt them down without mercy. This sturdy horseman has just killed one of these pests, and so secured a magnificent skin.

in the hedge and the dog, with a tiny electric lamp attached to his collar, is sent into the field. The dog rounds up the hares which, when they bolt, are caught in the net.

Hawks and other birds of prey are trained for the purpose of killing game, such as partridges, rabbits and hares. The peregrine has always been the favourite hawk in Britain, but the short-winged goshawk is well able to strike down a rabbit, a wild duck or a pheasant. In Central Asia eagles are used in similar fashion for killing the smaller varieties of deer. Of late years there has been a great revival of falconry in England.

Another creature that has been pressed into man's service to help him fill his larder is the kind of polecat known as the ferret. It is sent into a rabbit burrow to drive out the rabbits, which are then either shot or caught in nets pegged down over the mouths of the holes.

Various disguises are employed so as to approach wild creatures without arousing their suspicions. One of our photographs shows a Paraguayan Indian who has covered his body with green branches so as to approach the rhea, the South American ostrich, which is a particularly shy bird. On the Marismas, the great marshes of Spain, a stalking horse is

THE HUNTER AND HIS WILES

used. The horse is trained to walk slowly, grazing as it goes, while the man with the gun walks at its side, yet quite hidden from the game. When near enough, he shoots across the back of the animal.

In China wild ducks are caught by men who, covering their heads with a large hollow gourd, wade into the water and, slowly approaching the unsuspecting bird, catch it by the legs and drag it under the water. In Britain decoys are used to entice birds within range. These are models painted to resemble exactly the bird which the sportsman is pursuing. Duck and other wild fowl can easily be decoyed in this fashion, and this method is also used for killing that shy, but very destructive bird, the wood-pigeon.

The gun, the bow and arrow, the boomerang and the blowpipe are used to kill game. It is, however, necessary at times to catch animals alive, and for this purpose man has invented many devices, of which the lasso is, perhaps, the one most

often used. The lasso is merely a length of thin, strong, well-greased rope, fitted with a slip-knot at one end.

One of the most skilful of American lassoers visited Africa some years ago and proved that it was possible to rope lions and even such a monstrous beast as the rhinoceros. An account has been written of how a number of mountain lions—that is, pumas—were roped in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. These creatures were taken alive for the purpose of being shown in zoological gardens in different parts of the world.

In South America the lasso is replaced by the bolas, which consists of two heavy balls of stone or iron covered with leather and connected by a leather thong six or eight feet in length. One weight is held in the right hand, while the other is swung around the head at the full extent of the thong. When near enough the hunter throws the bolas so that it winds around the animal's legs and brings it to the ground.



SLENDER CHEETAH THAT CAN OUTRUN ANY OTHER ANIMAL

In India cheetahs, or hunting leopards, are much used for chasing deer and antelopes, since they are wonderfully swift and easily tamed. They are taken to the hunt leashed and blindfolded. When once the hood covering its eyes is removed a cheetah bounds after its quarry at a great speed. Should it fail to kill, it usually returns to its master.

THE HUNTER AND HIS WILES



LION-HUNTER WITH TWO CUBS

Although Abyssinian lions are usually timid, they steal cattle, and so are hunted and killed. This fuzzy-haired Issa tribesman spears the parent lions, but keeps the cubs to sell.

Thousands of years ago our ancestors, who had not yet invented bows and arrows, dug pitfalls in the game tracks and, covering these with sticks and earth, waited for wild creatures to fall into them. They killed the beasts with stone clubs,

and cut up their flesh with knives made of flint.

A very early form of trap was the keddah, which is still used for the taking of wild elephants. A strong enclosure is built in the forest with one opening, from which fences run in a V shape far out into the woods. Hundreds of men round up the game, which is driven slowly but steadily into the wide mouth of the V and so by degrees into the enclosure. Then a gate is swung to and firmly fastened and the herd enclosed.

The deadfall, of which there are many kinds, is a very ancient form of trap. The pygmies of the Congo forests in Africa use a form of it for killing elephants. It consists of a blade of steel, a kind of huge spear heavily weighted with wood, suspended from a branch above an elephant path and so arranged that the breaking of a string causes it to fall. When an elephant passes underneath he breaks the light cord and the contrivance drops, burying the steel deep between the victim's shoulder blades. Bears are taken in North America by means of a deadfall baited with meat or a honeycomb. The trigger is a piece of wood set below the bait and the moment the bear treads upon this a huge log falls, usually breaking the animal's back.

In India, twenty-one thousand human beings and ninety thousand domestic animals fall victims to wild beasts in the course of a year, and the native shikari, or hunter, has many methods of trapping these destroyers. A very simple yet extremely clever trap is used in India for killing bears.

A tree is chosen with a strong, horizontal bough twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and on this bough, eight or ten feet from the trunk, is fastened a tempting bait, such as honey or goat flesh. Just above this bait and about a foot nearer the trunk a huge stone is suspended by a stout rope, which is attached to a higher branch, so that a sort of pendulum is formed which hangs almost above the bait. The bear, attracted by the bait, climbs the



Rykes

NOBLE EAGLE THAT IS TRAINED TO HUNT FOR ITS MASTER

Hawks have long been used for hunting, but in Sin-kiang eagles are trained to the huntsman's service, and are greatly prized—a good specimen being more costly than two camels. They are hooded, and carried by their masters until some animal—usually a deer, wolf or fox—is sighted, when their eyes are uncovered and they swoop to attack it.

THE HUNTER AND HIS WILES



ESKIMOS OF TI FAR NORTH OF CANADA DR. GING ASHORE SEA. THAT THEY HA KILLED

tree and walks along the bough towards the bait. The stone is in his way, so he pushes it aside with his paw. It swings away, but returns and strikes him heavily. The bear grows angry and pushes it away harder, only to receive a blow still more severe. The bear is too obstinate to give in and continues to fight the stone until he is stunned and knocked off the tree on to the ground, where the natives are waiting to kill him.

The spring-trap, or gin, is a steel trap with toothed jaws, which spring together when any weight is placed upon the flat plate between them. This form of trap is still used for catching rabbits and also for the capture of fur-bearing animals, such as mink and fox, in the sub-Arctic regions, but it is very cruel, for it maims without killing, and the poor captive suffers agony for hours or days, until release comes in the form of death.

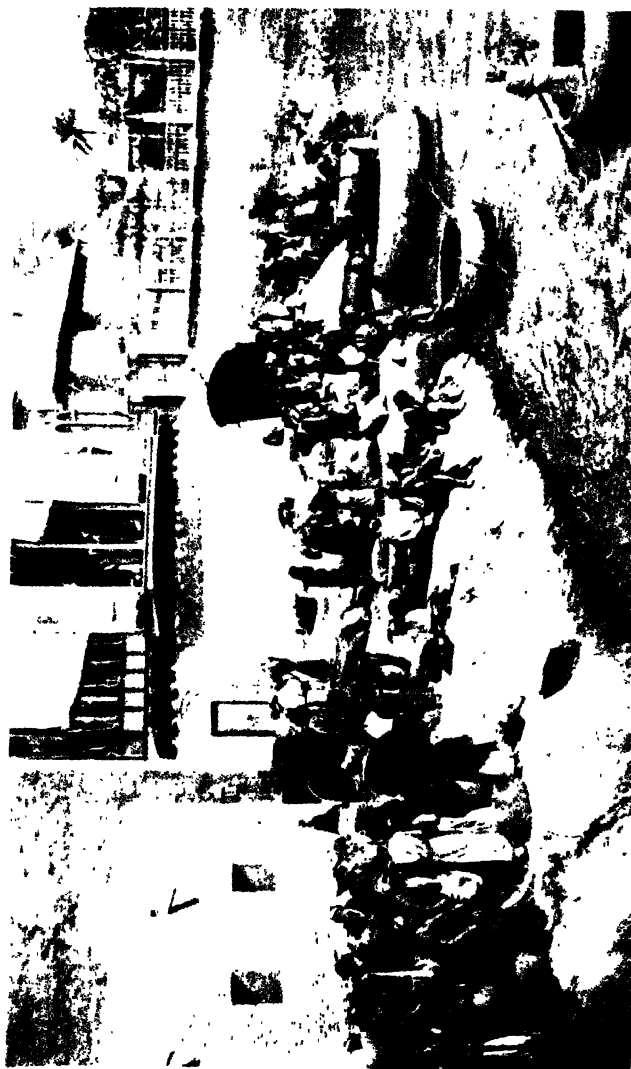
For the capture of rabbits an older form of trap, which is much to be preferred, is the wire snare set in the run. It is simply a noose of finely-twisted brass wire which chokes and kills the captured animal almost immediately. Unfortunately it requires more skill to set than the steel trap and is, therefore, less popular with the trapper.

In many wild countries where the people do not live chiefly by hunting there is a professional hunter in nearly every village, whose duty it is to protect the cattle and villagers by killing beasts of prey that may be terrorising the community. Should he fail in his task the village may have to be deserted—a thing that has happened in India, when a tiger has been able to outwit the hunter and to prey upon the people at his will.



INDIAN HUNTSMAN WITH HIS GREAT LONG-BOW AND ARROWS

This wily huntsman, who is drawing his bowstring in preparation for a shot, is a Bhil tribesman of the hill-forests of central India. The Bhils wage fierce warfare against the tigers that prey on their cattle and sometimes even prowl about the villages. Through this archer's cummerbund, or sash, are stuck his iron-pointed arrows and his sword.



ARAB CROWDS ON THE BANK OF THE TIGRIS WHERE GUFAS DISCHARGE THEIR MOTLEY CARGOES
 Bagdad is a very busy commercial centre, and great quantities of all kinds of merchandise are brought to its markets in the queer, round, native boats, called gufas. The scene by the Tigris at Bagdad where these craft, about which we have spoken in page 588, are being unloaded, is one of noisy bustle. Gaily dressed Arabs carry vegetables and poultry, sacks of grain and dates up the bank; often they have to land a pair of kicking donkeys or a few goats, and in this photograph we see a horse stepping carefully from an especially large gufa.

The City of the Arabian Nights

BAGDAD THE HISTORIC CAPITAL OF THE CALIPHS

Bagdad! At the mention of this magic word our thoughts turn to the wonderful stories of the Thousand and One Nights, to the great Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, during whose reign the city reached the zenith of its splendour, being then the capital of the Saracenic empire, a vast centre for the trade of all Asia, a home of romance, of mystery and of learning. Unfortunately the Bagdad of to-day is not the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights. The palaces, gardens and courtyards have gone, with most of the splendid buildings of the vanished city, on the site of which is a suburb—a collection of mud hovels—of the modern Bagdad. Bagdad, as we shall read in this chapter, is gradually being transformed into a city of the West and in due time it may regain some of its bygone splendour and commercial importance.

WHEN speaking of Bagdad we conjure up visions of the genu and of The Forty Thieves, for the glamour of romance hangs over this city from its associations with the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, and the "Arabian Nights." We think of the palms, the splendid cities, wealthy merchants, mighty princes and beautiful princesses—all the glory of the East, as pictured in the greatest story-book of all times.

In the days of Haroun Al Raschid, Bagdad was the capital of an empire that comprised not only Mesopotamia and Arabia, but also Persia, Egypt, Syria, North Africa and all the Caucasian countries such as Georgia and Circassia. The court of the Caliph was the most magnificent the world has ever seen, more than eighty thousand servants lived within the palace. There were ornaments of gold and silver, and in the Hall of Audience stood the famous golden tree upon which, so tradition says, birds of gold and silver, studded with precious stones, fluttered mechanical wings and poured forth delightful songs.

In the Land of Sinbad the Sailor

From the south we approach Bagdad by the River Tigris, sailing through a flat and desolate country of sand, upon which we may see an occasional encampment of wandering Arab tribes. Within a few miles of Bagdad the land begins to assume a different aspect. Native boats are plying along the river, and the paddle-steamer that has brought us from the Persian Gulf threads its way through a

maze of craft of all descriptions, and berths at one of the rough wooden jetties. We are in the centre of the land of the Caliphs, of Sinbad the Sailor, and the peris and genu of which we have read in the Thousand and One Nights.

The site on the Tigris is a good one, for the city stands at a point where that river is only some thirty miles distant from the Euphrates, which flows parallel to it on the east.

Mixed Population of the City

The population of Bagdad is very mixed. There are Arabs, Syrians, Armenians, Indians, Persians, Turks—members of all the tribes and races of the Near and Middle East. The languages mostly used are Arabic and Turkish, and the principal religion is, of course, Mahomedanism.

Let us take a walk through the bazaars, where we shall see the life of Bagdad. On market days they are crowded with town and country-folk who come in from the surrounding districts laden with the produce of the field and looms and with various articles made at their homes. All classes are represented, from the rich merchant to the beggar who clamours for alms amidst the din of bargaining.

Here and there in the narrow streets, we may see a fortune-teller who for a small sum promises life-long prosperity to his patrons; and the professional letter-writer is also a common sight. He sits cross-legged with paper spread out upon his lap. Clients gather round him and recite documents and letters and the scribe writes it all down. Education is



B. N. A.

BAGDAD AS A VOYAGER ON THE MAGIC CARPET WOULD SEE IT

Modern Bagdad is mean and squalid, but in an aeroplane we can forget this and admire its fine position on the gleaming Tigris as a traveller on the magic flying carpet of the "Arabian Nights" would have done. The city is seen in the foreground, and the long white line to the right of the river is the road leading from the North Gate.

not so universal as in the West, so the professional letter-writer is kept very busy on market day, when the terms of the bargains have to be recorded and deeds of sale drawn up.

The medical profession is often popular amongst Orientals, since it affords a ready means of acquiring wealth and influence, for among these simple people anyone may pose as a healer of all the ills to which flesh is heir. I remember once discharging a groom for inefficiency, who shortly afterwards set up as a medical man. As I passed through the market place one day, I saw my former groom presiding over a stall, which was well stocked with herbs and potions. Quite a crowd was assembled at his consulting room, and before dealing out the medicines he felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue, as he had probably seen European doctors do. Then

he glanced through a book in his hand, following this up by selecting some medicines, as if in accordance with the instructions in the book. I was curious to see that book, and on inspection it proved to be a copy of a novel that had formerly been in my library!

The houses in Bagdad are interesting because they are built to meet extremes of climate. From the end of April until the beginning of October the heat is excessive, so the houses are constructed partly underground, with windows high enough to admit light and air. The occupants sleep on the roof in summer, retiring to the cellar at sunrise, for soon after that time the temperature will rise to as much as 110° Fahrenheit in the shade. During the winter the weather is cold and there are often ice and snow.

The schools are interesting, and from them we can see how the priests acquire

THE CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

their influence over the people. Those children whose parents possess sufficient money attend the native schools that are to be found in almost all the principal streets and are controlled by a mullah, or priest. It will thus be seen that the pupils come under the influence of the priests at a very early age. There are schools attached to some of the mosques, but in the majority of them, with the exception of reading, writing and a certain knowledge of the Koran, of which the pupils are taught to recite whole passages by heart, practically nothing is learnt. Even some of the teachers are comparatively ignorant.

The schools differ very widely from those in Britain, for the children sit on the ground at desks made of logs roughly hewn into shape, and they sing whatever they are supposed to learn, because the Orientals believe that the mind absorbs knowledge through the ears rather than by the eyes. There is an interval at midday for a light meal, which may consist

of bread and fruit, after which the singing is resumed in the same shrill tone until the school closes at sunset.

There is one thing that we do not meet with in Bagdad, that is caste—the distinction between the different classes which is such a handicap to the people of India. Here any means of livelihood may be adopted, whether it be that of a potter, a grocer or a butcher, and no one will sneer at a man because of his trade.

Market day reveals the national costumes in all their many colours. The under garment is usually a long shirt, over which is a close-fitting coat of coloured cloth fastened at the waist by a girdle. Above this is a cloak of camel's hair, often with black-and-white stripes. Shoes with pointed toes are worn, but perhaps the most practical part of the costume is the head-dress, arranged over the head in a form of turban so that the long ends hang from the shoulders and can be used as a protection against the rays of the sun.



Harvey

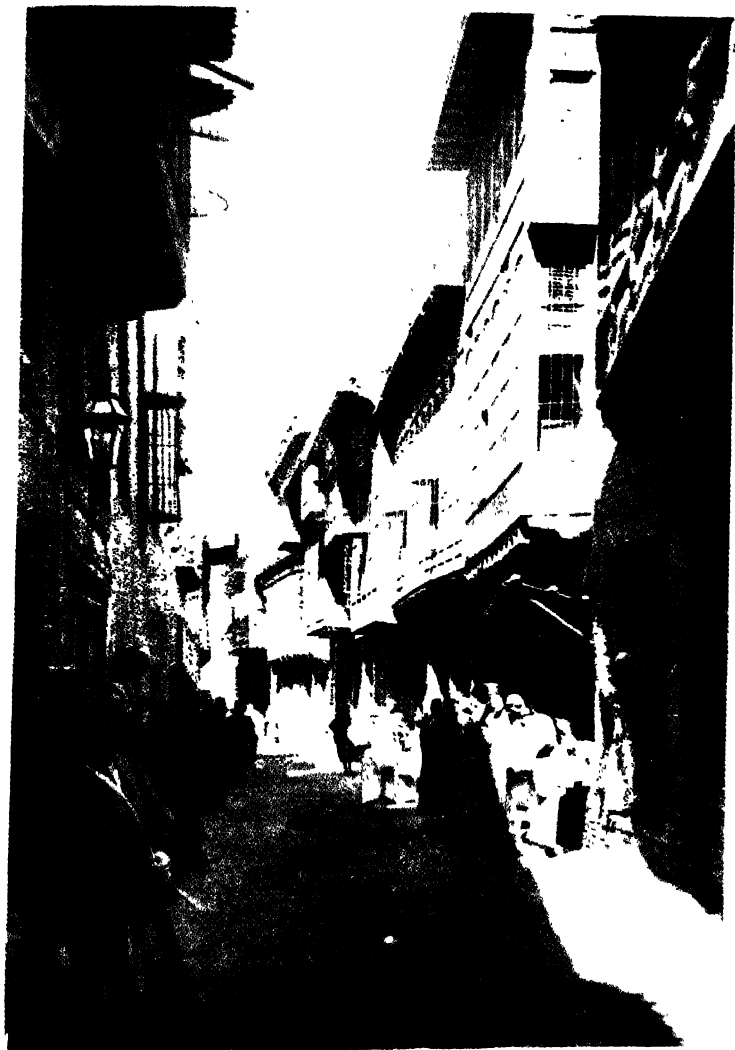
MERRY ARAB LADS BOATING ON THE TIGRIS AT BAGDAD

In the little, canoe-like boats—which are small varieties of the long, graceful craft, known as the bellum, that we saw in page 589—these boys paddle up and down the broad reaches of the Tigris. From midstream we have a pleasant view of the handsome, tree-encircled buildings of Bagdad, the main part of which lies on the eastern bank.



CITIZENS OF BAGDAD WALK BY THE PALM-FRINGED TIGRIS

On the river banks below Bagdad the townspeople walk in the cool of evening. They are of all classes—the camel-driver, with a great kerchief as a head-dress and flowing garments, as well as the merchant in his fez, his white gown and dark abas, or cloak. Most of the women wear their robes over their heads, and many have masks of black horsehair



800

QUAINT HOUSES GIVE CHARM TO THE NARROW BAGDAD STREETS

Although they are narrow, unpaved and lacking in grandeur, the winding streets of the city of Haroun Al Raschid have an attraction all their own. Although the houses are not very old, their overhanging windows, with decorated woodwork, give them an appearance of age, so that we may imagine the caliph of the "Arabian Nights" wandering here.



NEW STREET, THE ONLY BROAD MODERN THOROUGHFARE IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF BAGDAD

The old, narrow streets of Bagdad, some of which are roofed over, are quaint and romantic, but they are absolutely unfitted for wheeled traffic. In 1916, however, the Turks set about building New Street—a thoroughfare suitable for motor-cars and lorries—and the British continued to work on it when they captured the city. It runs right through the city, connecting the North with the South Gate, and it is lined by some fine buildings. In this photograph we see it from the North Gate, with the dome of the Great Mosque in the distance.



BLUE-DOMED GREAT MOSQUE AMIDST RUINS OF FORMER BEAUTY

Numerous pilgrims of the Mahomedan sect of the Shiites visit the Great Mosque at Bagdad. They consider it very holy, and no infidels are allowed to enter it. At one time its surroundings were much more splendid, but many buildings had to be destroyed during the construction of New Street, which we see here, still bordered by once-graceful arches.

The food of the people consists of wheat, barley, maize and mutton, and the date is also an important article of diet. It is, in fact, the staff of life of the Arab, and the Prophet Mahomet directed all his followers to honour it as they would their parents. Coffee is another thing of which the people are very fond, and the first thing an Arab does in the morning, after he has said the

early prayers ordered by his religion, is to take a cup. It is said that coffee was first discovered by an Arab near Bagdad, who, from a fire he had lighted beneath a wild shrub, experienced an uncommon and pleasing smell, and this led to the discovery of the famous beverage.

Music of a kind peculiar to the Orient is played in the bazaars and at

THE CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



TRAMCARS HELP PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY

Shiite pilgrims also visit certain tombs holy to them at Kazimain, which lies on the Tigris four miles above Bagdad. They once had to walk this distance, but to-day tramcars carry the devout from Bagdad on their pious journeys.

entertainments, but the tunes are a monotonous repetition and mainly of a dull and plaintive character. Indeed, there is no accounting for taste in that direction. Some years ago a party of desert tribesmen were taken to Leningrad, in Russia, where they witnessed a performance at the Opera House. At the fall of the curtain they unanimously agreed that the finest part of the entertainment had been the tuning-up of the violins!

The coffee house, a form of open air café, is a feature of Bagdad. There the gossips congregate to discuss the news of

the day and a great deal of business is accomplished over the cups. As the Bagdadis are strict Mahomedans they observe the fast of the Ramadan, the foremost religious observance of the Moslem faith, and it is then that the coffee shops are most crowded.

The Ramadan is chosen as the period of fasting, because the Koran is believed by the Mahomedans to have been revealed to Mahomet during this month. While the fast lasts no food whatever may be taken between dawn and night-fall; there can be no eating, drinking, nor any form of material pleasure, and the fast is considered to have been broken if perfumes are smelt.

During the hours of complete darkness eating is permitted, and so the coffee shops remain open all night and are gay with lights and other attractions until the coming of dawn, when the fast begins again. While the rich may lessen the severity of the ordeal by turning night into day, its hardships fall heavily upon the poor and industrial classes, who must continue their daily labours.

All through Bagdad we shall find evidence of the historic past, and, with the advance of civilization and under the guiding influence of British rule, it is being gradually developed into a great and prosperous city. Vast distances in this land are now covered by aeroplane in a few hours, where formerly all transport was by camels, which averaged but fifty miles per day. Now double as much is done in an hour, and soon this once magnificent city, with its quaint streets, its cafés, mosques and market places, will be within reach of the traveller, who can, if he has the imagination, then feel himself really in touch with the Orient.

Hats and Their Wearers

MAN'S DEVICES FOR COVERING HIS HEAD

The earliest form of head-dress was probably the skin of some animal or a leaf thrown over the head, but this did not remain firmly in position, and so the hat which roughly fitted the head was evolved. The earliest hats or caps of the Greeks and Romans were quite plain, but as time went on more and more ornamentation was used and the designs became more elaborate. We shall read about some of these in this chapter and shall see the fantastic head-dresses worn in many lands. Though some of these may look very imposing, we can be thankful that we do not have to wear them.

A WHOLE book might be written on one subject alone, so far as human headgear is concerned—The Symbolism of Hats.

A man's hat hanging on a rack in a hall—there we have the nine points of the law, Possession; a hat tossed up towards the sky—that surely is the symbol of joyousness; a hat chivalrously lifted from a head—that stands for respect and good manners, unless, of course, the wearer happens to be a Chinaman, who lives in a world of contraries, according to our standards. A hat cocked jauntily to one side—that betokens insolence; walk with your hat in your hand and you have the trick of the beggar, the last use that any self-respecting person would wish to make of that which was intended for a far different purpose.

At the British Museum, in London, there is a statue that was found at Roma Vecchia, in Italy, in the year 1776, though the hands that formed it belonged to some unknown sculptor, who

worked at his art some five hundred years before the birth of Christ. The statue represents the legendary Greek shepherd Endymion asleep on Mount Latmos, a mountain in Asia Minor, the reputed

scene of the old story, that tells how Selene, the goddess of the moon, visited him there while he slept and caused him to sleep for ever. The statue is interesting because it shows Endymion wearing one of the earliest hats on record, though in what remote century the first hat or cap appeared it would be difficult to say with any certainty.

The first hat was probably a broad leaf, designed to keep off the burning rays of the sun. Then human ingenuity thought of making a hole in the middle of the leaf to fit the shape of the head and of substituting for the leaf a round disk of felt or skin, which brings us to the hat of Endymion as we may see it on the statue.

This primitive headgear was undoubtedly introduced to Britain by the Romans, though



²²³ **HAT AS TALL AS WEARER**
This Papuan dancer wears a head-dress that it would be hard to rival. It is built of feathers of the cockatoo, crane and bird of paradise, on a foundation of cane.

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS

there is little evidence to tell us that the Britons themselves ever adopted it. No pictorial representation has come down to us of its being worn by Danes or Saxons, caps being the usual headgear of the men of the Celtic and Gothic races before the tenth century.

A Cap as a Sign of Freedom

If on a wet day we see, as we often may, a carter throw a sack over his head and shoulders, it is probable that we are seeing him adopt one of the most ancient forms of hat in the world. For here is a hood and cape in one. If we make one of these and cut it up the back we have a headgear similar in shape to the Scythian hood, the Scythians being those roving people who proved such a nuisance to the Persian king, Darius I, when he invaded their country about the end of the sixth century B.C. So we can trace its development to the cap proper.

Beyond a doubt, although it is less fashionable than the hat, we can take it that the cap is, historically speaking, the more ancient and the more honourable. For when a Roman slave was granted his freedom, his head was shaven and a red pileus, or woollen cap, was placed upon it in token that his days of servitude were at an end.

Time and again, when the lowly bondsmen of Rome were stirred to revolt, the cry that went up from their ranks was: "Rally round the cap!" So, when Liberty figured on a statue or on a coin, she was shown with the cap of the workman on her head.

Magic in Men's Hats

Consider, too, how the cap has played its part in fable and fairy tale. Was there not the wishing-cap that the sultan of old gave to Fortunatus, which the lucky possessor had but to place upon his head to find himself conveyed to whithersoever he desired? Then there was the Windy-Cap of Eric, King of Sweden, who, merely by turning this cap in a certain direction, could cause the wind to blow from that quarter. This

old legend survives to-day in the "capful of wind" about which sailors talk.

Until recently in Teviotdale, in Scotland, it was always believed that an unchristened child was not safe in its cradle, unless its father's blue bonnet lay close by, to ward off elves and pixies.

"It's a feather in your cap!" How often we hear that remark without knowing that the saying has been handed down from very old times, for amongst some Asiatic tribes and certain of the ancient Greeks, and also among the Red Indians, it was always the custom to add a feather to the headgear for every enemy slain. It is quite common nowadays for a successful sportsman to stick in his cap or hat a feather from a bird he has shot. That is, of course, the outcome of a custom that was observed when folk were much more barbarous and primitive than they are now.

Donning Cap and Bells

Another phrase we often hear is "donning cap and bells," which means amusing people by playing the fool. This phrase originated in the Middle Ages, when kings, and also many of the great nobles, kept a jester or court fool, who wore a special cap and had bells stitched to his clothing. The cap was usually a hood as well, and fitted tightly over the shoulders and neck. Up the centre of the back ran a piece of cloth shaped like a cockscomb, and donkey's ears, or two long "ears" of cloth, sprang out at each side.

Gradually the cap, from being a humble, simple head-covering, became a symbol of high renown. The Cap of Maintenance was a cap of dignity in olden times and an emblem of ducal rank. It is carried before the British Sovereigns at their coronation. The exact meaning of the word maintenance is rather vague. It may have been so called because the cap was held in the hand as a sign of respect. Anyhow, the cap has always been an emblem of high honour, and the Pope conferred it three times on Henry VII. and once on Henry VIII.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the year 1571, a statute was passed enjoining the



CHIMNEY-POT HATS are worn by women old and young in many country districts of Wales, for they are part of the Cambrian national costume. A snow-white bonnet usually frames the face beneath the black brim. One cannot help thinking that the witch who introduced the fashion in witches' hats must have been a Welshwoman.

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS

wearing of a woollen cap on holidays by all citizens, and for a queer reason—to benefit the woollen trade!

Everyone knows the meaning of: "She sets her cap at him." This saying comes down to us from the days when ladies habitually wore caps and would naturally do the most becoming one in order to attract the attention and admiration of their favoured suitors.

An early form of hat was the "cockle," or pilgrim's hat, so called from the custom that devout men had of putting cockle-shells upon their headgear to indicate their intention of going on a pilgrimage. These coverings were not unlike the hat worn by Endymion, which has been mentioned already, and were probably made of felt or hide. On the wall of the old Palace of Westminster was found a painting of a pilgrim with his cockle-hat, which was covered with the same skin, ermine apparently, that formed his coat.

There is a very old saying: "Never wear a brown hat in Friesland," and the meaning is much the same as "When in Rome do as the Romans do." In Friesland, a province of the Netherlands, the people used to place upon the head firstly a knitted cap, secondly a tall, silk skull-cap, thirdly a metal turban, the whole being crowned by an immense scarlet bonnet. It would be interesting to know who was the first individual to wear this dreadful contrivance. It so happened that a harmless traveller, knowing nothing of the custom of the country, passed through the province wearing a simple brown hat, with the startling result that he was jostled by the workmen, jeered at by the women, stoned by the street urchins, and sneered at by the more important people as being an absolute guy! Hence the origin of the phrase.

In the reigns of Richard III., Henry VII. and Henry VIII., caps and bonnets,



"PICTURE HATS" ARE WORN BY THE NATIVES OF MEXICO

In most tropical countries we find that the natives have a characteristic means of keeping the hot sun from their heads. The Mexican way is very effective, for there the "peons," or native labourers, wear straw hats shaped like gigantic convolvulus flowers. These hats have probably been developed from the wide-brimmed Spanish "sombrosos."

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS

rofusely ornamented and ecorated, were very fashionable. We are told that Henry VIII. wore a bonnet that was ornamented with silver, gold and feathers when he attended a banquet at Westminster.

At about the same time Milan bonnets came into fashion. They were so named because they were first made in the Italian duchy of Milan, whence also comes the modern word "milliner" (Milaner) which is also applied to the makers of ladies' caps and bonnets, though, as we have seen, highly decorated caps and bonnets were then worn by both sexes. These bonnets were made of the most costly materials, cloth-of-gold and silver, velvet and satin, slashed and puffed as were the dresses, and decorated with gems and hanging ornaments.

In the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. hat brims became much larger, so much so that they hung down over the face and ears. For this reason they were called "slouch" hats. These broad brims were ornamented with feathers all round, a fashion that persisted through the reigns of James II. and William III. But the inconvenience caused by this floppy brim brought about a new mode. One portion of it was turned up at the front, back or side of the head—"cocked" in other words. As this "cocking" was done to suit the taste of any wearer who cared to adopt a new fashion, we find special names being given to special cockings. For instance the name "the Monmouth cock" was applied to the mode adopted by the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth.

In course of time two sides of the hat were turned up, and in the days of William and Mary a third portion was raised, this forming the complete cocked hat.



Pollard

HATS MADE OF THEIR OWN HAIR

A girl of the Nosu tribe—an aboriginal people living in South China—cannot take her hat off, because it is made of her own long, thick hair, mixed with large quantities of wool dyed the same colour.

In this same reign and that of Queen Anne the dandies wore wigs, and the great ladies caps, so tall and elaborate that wearing a hat was impossible; yet still a hat was used, but it was carried—a "chapeau-bras"—under the arm.

Women's hats, throughout the ages, have been even more marvellous than those of the men. In the late fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries a lady covered her head and hair with a caul, or great bag of gold net enriched with gems. This caul was later stiffened with wire, and was made of other materials than net, assuming most wonderful shapes. Sometimes it bore two great horns, each about fourteen inches in length, that spread out sideways or



AN ENORMOUS BOW of black ribbon is worn by this woman of Alsace. We may see many like it in the districts south and west of Strasbourg, whenever the gay national costume is worn. Sometimes we see it also in the parks of Paris, and then we may be quite certain that the wearer is an Alsatian nurse.



A MONGOL LADY shows her high rank by the spots on her cheeks, and her wealth by the richness of her head-dress. Through the curved, gem-bedecked horns her long plaits are threaded, the ends being covered in elaborate casings of silver and green silk. Long tassels of pearls hang over her ears. Her real hat is of fur and fine gold.



BUSY KOREAN HATTER WEARING A HAT HE HAS MADE

The man of Korea never varies the style of his hat. It has a crown shaped like a flower-pot, about six inches high, and a broad, straight brim; it is usually made of horsehair or finely-plaited bamboo, dyed black. He wears this queer top-hat over a black skull-cap, and ties it under his chin with narrow bands.



SIAMESE LADY OF FASHION

This little lady of Siam wears a hat rather like a basket, with handle and all complete. It is trimmed with artificial flowers and chains of beads.

stood straight up above the head. A little later came the steeple hat—a long black cone worn at an angle of forty-five degrees from the face. From its point floated a long veil of muslin or net.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there was another period of extraordinary hats. Women had for many years been wearing simple bonnets and caps. Then large powdered wigs came into fashion, and the caps grew, in order to cover them, into enormous starched erections of muslin and ribbons. Little hats were perched at a queer angle on the wigs, but these developed in the opposite way to the caps, for when the wigs became smaller the hats became really immense!

The steel helmet worn by soldiers during the Great War might be considered by many to be a product of modern times. But just as there is said to be nothing new under the sun, the "tin hat" of Tommy Atkins was in use in the twelfth century, though not as a military head-piece. The Iron Hat, which is the English translation

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS

of the old French "chapeau de fer," was a civilian hat, and the name must not be applied to the cylindrical, flat-topped helmet worn by Crusaders and others. Helmets were, of course, hats in a sense, but as they were designed solely for defence in battle, and as the subject is such an immense one, it hardly comes within the scope of the present chapter.

The iron, steel or kettle hat then was literally a hat of metal, made in the shape of the headgear commonly worn by civilians of the same period, and in all official documents a strongly defined distinction is made between casques or helmets and these metal head-coverings.

There are some frescoes in the cathedral of Brunswick, in Germany, painted some time in the twelfth century, in which a man is shown wearing the Iron Hat (Eisenhut), the shape of which is curiously like the "bowler" hat of to-day.

As regards the clerical hat, it is worth recalling that those of the various ranks held by Roman Catholic clergy are



1231
NOBLE BEGGARS OF JAPAN

These street musicians are penniless Japanese noblemen, and they wear these strange hats that serve also as masks, so that no one will recognise them.



1231
LITTLE BOYS WHO WEAR UMBRELLAS ON THEIR HEADS

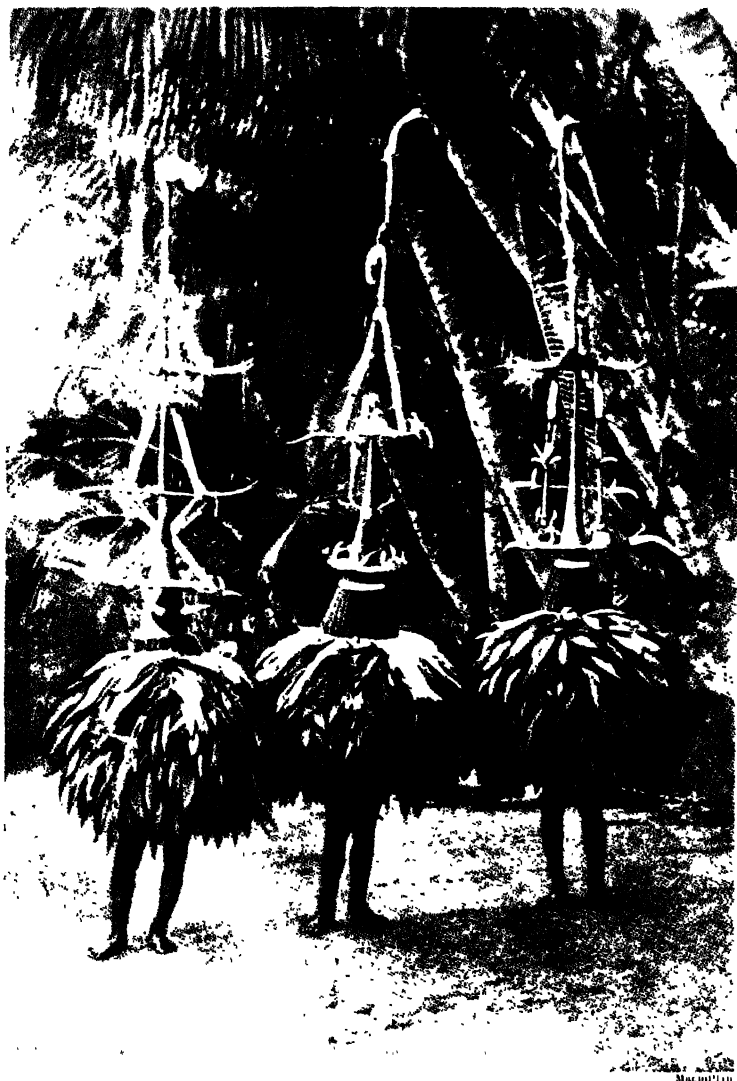
Most music-makers, however, are not afraid to show their faces as they play in the towns of Japan. The great straw hats of these little minstrels make very effective parasols in sunny weather, and what is more important, for Japan is a very rainy country, they also serve as umbrellas, and keep both heads and shoulders dry.



IN THE BLACK FOREST, in west Germany, Sunday clothes are very splendid. Every valley has its own style of costume, and above all, of hat. A girl of the Elz Valley has a tall, scarlet, chimney-pot hat; others wear white hats, covered with enormous black or red pompoms, or maybe a bead coronet shaped like a flattened ball.



THE BRIDAL ROBE of an Esthonian maid from Oesel Island is gaily coloured and embroidered, but it is in her hat that she takes greatest pride. It is shaped like a basin and is covered with dangling balls of coloured glass and bunches of feathers. Though fine, it cannot be comfortable, and the wearer must move carefully or it may fall.



MARVELLOUS HEADGEAR OF THE DUK-DUKS OF NEW BRITAIN

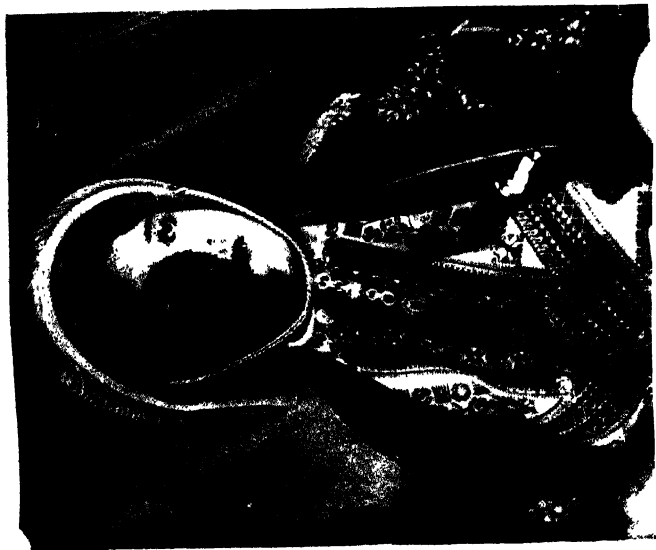
The men disguised by these elaborate hats and garments of leaves are Duk-Duks, fierce savages of a far Pacific Island, who by their weird appearance frighten their superstitious neighbours into giving them all that they want. Formerly a woman who looked at a Duk-Duk was put to death, so all hid in the deepest jungle at warning of their approach.



Mr. Mahon

YOUNG SOLOMON ISLANDERS CANNOT DOFF THEIR HATS

Their globular caps of sago-palm leaves show that these young savages have reached a marriageable age. They must keep them on for two years, and by that time their hair, which is plaited and bunched inside the hat, will have grown so much that it will fill the hollow space entirely. So the hair must be cut off before the hat can be removed.



IN PALEJINE, a girl carries her dowry on her head. She edges her close-fitting hat with overlapping coins, and hangs any further ones she may get from her chain chin-strap. When out of doors, she wears also an embroidered head-cloth, that hangs over her shoulders.



A LADY OF CHILE, on a Sunday morning, puts on her "manto," for without it she may not enter a church. Sometimes it serves just as a veil; sometimes, as in this picture, it takes the place of both hat and coat. It has been developed from the graceful Spanish mantilla.



American Museum of Natural History

BUNCHES OF FEATHERS from some bright green bird that flits through the forests of Central Africa add majesty to the appearance of this savage black chieftain, who rules over a particularly ferocious and warlike tribe in the north-west of the Belgian Congo. The cap on which the feathers are stitched is made of woven palm fibre.

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS

distinguished by colour. Thus the cardinal's hat is red, that of the bishop and archbishop green, the abbot's black. It was Pope Innocent IV. who, at the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1245, first granted the red hat to cardinals, the green hat appearing later. There was naturally no

need to issue any edict concerning the black hat, that colour being the hue commonly adopted for clerical headgear.

In shape the clerical or "shovel" hat differed but slightly from those worn by travellers, pilgrims and the laity generally in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.



YOUNG LAMAS WEARING HATS LIKE ANCIENT GRECIAN HELMETS

There are two kinds of Lama, the Red and the Yellow, and the colour of their headgear varies accordingly. Thus the priests of the great Lama temple of Peking wear plumed, helmet-shaped hats of yellow, though their cloaks are brick-red. It is supposed that the shape of these hats was originally copied from the peak of a sacred mountain.



WARRIORS DECKED FOR THE DANCE IN KENYA, EAST AFRICA

From the birds' plumes he uses in decorating his headgear we can often tell from what country a native man comes. We might think that these men were South Sea Islanders, for instance, if we did not see that their magnificent hats were made of curling black and white ostrich plumes, and the ostrich is, we know, an African bird.

They had cords by which they could be slung behind or fastened under the chin. In the fifteenth century the crowns were made higher and hemispherical, with a narrow brim. In the sixteenth century the crown was much depressed and the brim was made very much larger, the parson's hat taking practically the form that it has retained to the present day.

Concerning nightcaps, these are of

considerable antiquity. Foxe, in his "Book of Martyrs," describing the dress of Bishop Latimer when he was summoned to appear before the commissioners appointed by Queen Mary for his last examination previous to his martyrdom, says "He held his hat in his hand, having a handkerchief on his head, and upon it a nightcap or two, and a great cap such as the townsmen use, with broad flaps to button under the chin."



GALA HATS IN SAMOA are very elaborate. Those of these two girls of Pago Pago are built up of shells and flowers, feathers and tow, and plaques of mother-of-pearl. In page 171 we see a Samoan warrior with a similar head-dress.

"Britannia Minor"

ROMANTIC BRITTANY AND THE BRETONS

Although few of us realize it, Brittany is really Britain's godchild. It was once called Armorica, and its inhabitants thought of our land as a mysterious, holy place where lived the souls of their dead. Later, however, when the Anglo-Saxon pirates were invading our islands, many of the Britons fled from them over the sea to France and established themselves in the broad and lovely peninsula of Armorica. In memory of the island-home from which the new settlers had been driven, its name was changed to Britannia Minor, or Lesser Britain, which has been slightly altered in the course of time until, to-day, it is the familiar "Brittany."

THE human interest is far greater than the historic or artistic interest in Brittany and that is saying a good deal. There is a Breton proverb to the effect that "Wherever the sun shines, there is no one like the Breton." Though that is certainly making a very bold claim, it is perfectly true that this north-western corner of France draws people from all parts of the world to admire its customs and its scenery and more particularly its people. They have some very pleasant qualities, these Bretons.

For instance, if we are very observant when in Brittany we shall not be long before we notice a reverence for the weak, especially for the feeble-minded. It is nothing unusual to find people, going about carrying a wand in their hand, to whom everyone speaks kindly and acts tenderly. To their face they are called "dear Innocent," and behind their back they are spoken of as "Diskyan," which means "without knowledge." They are never called upon to do any work, and when they die they are mourned as something very precious.

Jolly People of the Country

A Breton is quite as much concerned with the dead as with the living. Cemeteries are always in the middle of a town or village, as the people think that the dead should be where they can hear the singing and the church services. Speaking of anyone who has died, a Breton will tell us "he has paid his sou and passed over the bridge." Or he may say, "he has paid the debt that you and I still owe." But while he waits his turn to "pay his sou," the Breton is not melancholy or

pensive. He is gay, fond of a story, fond of dancing and of a drink, especially if he is a fisherman!

Before everything else, however, he is religious and his religion interests him. It may not influence his motives very much, but it deeply affects his point of view. He loves a sermon and will listen to the priest, if the latter is eloquent, with great attention. There is no denying that the Church has not quite the same hold over the people now as formerly, yet belief in the power of the saints seems just as strong, and the "pardons" lose nothing of their popularity.

What the Breton Pardons Mean

A pardon is a mixture of a religious ceremony and merry-making. The peasants who attend one believe that their sins will be forgiven and their bodily ills cured. So it is natural that, though the day may be spent in pilgrimage and prayer, there is much feasting and dancing in the evening.

If we are spending the summer in Brittany it seems as if a pardon were being held every week, and usually they are monotonously alike in the form of celebration.

There is always a great crowd of people coming and going, all in their Sunday best, with clothes of the brightest colours and spotlessly white caps, yet all are very solemn in their behaviour. "A pardon is not a festival," they say; "it is not a kermess or a fair. It is a feast for the dead." So there is an atmosphere of deep religious feeling and even sadness about it. Yet it is not of their own dead they are thinking, but of the saint whose



C744

' WEDDING PROCESSION OF JOYOUS BRETONS FOLLOWS THE MUSIC-MAKER THROUGH PLOUGASTEL

The Bretons are a very hard-working folk, but they make good use of their few opportunities for merry-making. A marriage, especially, is regarded as an occasion for singing, dancing and feasting, and in Plougastel, in western Brittany, the wedding procession is a wonderful sight. The people of this village have their own customs and costumes. The women have starched head-dresses, called coifs, and bodices and coloured aprons. Among the men the popular dress consists of a pale blue coat with silver buttons, a green waistcoat and dark trousers.



HOMELY TOIL IN THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD BRETON FARM

There are few modern devices on the old-world farms of Brittany. On this one the washing has to be done in the huge granite trough at which the woman is working. The household water supply is drawn from the well by which the man is standing. Horses and oxen draw the simple agricultural machines, and the grain is threshed with flails.

fête it is. They will kiss the stones and on their bended knees make the painful pilgrimage to the spot where they suppose his body to lie. Afterwards they will drink of the fountain that rises somewhere near every saint's grave.

It is only in the evening, when devotions are over, that the merry-making begins, and even then it usually takes the form of dances to the shrill music of the biniou, the Breton bagpipe, or of folk airs played on the concertina. At a very popular pardon there will be booths for refreshments, and swings and roundabouts for the younger people, and it all seems somewhat disorderly. In the towns the processions are fairly imposing and always impressive, because of the seriousness of everyone who takes part in them.

There is the Pardon of Rumengol, which is famous for the peculiarly devout nature of the celebration. It is remarkable for the number of people who attend it, and for their costumes. At Rumengol

is a very celebrated statue of the Virgin; its name, translated into English, means "Our Lady of All Heal," and the Bretons believe it has the power to cure all the ills of body or soul of those who come to it.

This is also called the Pardon of the Singers, and it obtained its name from a very old legend. It is said that a king of ancient Brittany, Gralon by name, threw his lovely daughter, Ahes, into the sea that he himself might escape from drowning. She became a siren, luring fishermen and mariners to their doom by her wonderful singing. Gralon heard it and was sorrowful, and on his death-bed asked the Virgin to deprive Ahes of her voice that was causing the death of so many men. This the Virgin said she could not do, but she promised that a race of sweet singers should come to the earth and that every year they should sing at the Pardon of Rumengol. And they do—although some of us might not think their singing very sweet!

'BRITANNIA MINOR'



GAILY DRESSED FOR CHURCH

On week-days this girl of Douarnenez is at work tinning sardines—an important Breton industry—but on Sundays she always wears the beautiful costume of her district.

On the night of the 23rd of June the Pardon of Fire is celebrated. It is a festival of bonfires and rockets. On a hillside at St. Jean du Doigt, or Saint John of the Finger, will be built a great fire. The peasants gather round it, excited, raving and getting scorched in their efforts to seize a brand to carry away as a charm—"Joy and good health from the blessed S. John!"

There is the Pardon of the Poor, too, yet as beggars swarm at every other pardon it hardly seems necessary that they should have a special one all to themselves! Begging is not considered a disgrace in Brittany. It is almost an honourable occupation.

The Pardon of the Sea, which is the Fête of Sainte Anne de la Palude, is the greatest of all. Those who have not seen this do not know what a pardon is. "S. Anne is the only one—there is no saint besides S. Anne!" Bretons will tell us. She is the saint of all who lie

beneath the sea, or make their living in deep waters. Her story is full of that mystical meaning which the Breton loves.

S. Anne, when young, was a much-beloved duchess in her land of Brittany, and married a king of France. When the king found she was likely to become a mother, he drove her from her home and country, and she came down to the sea in great distress.

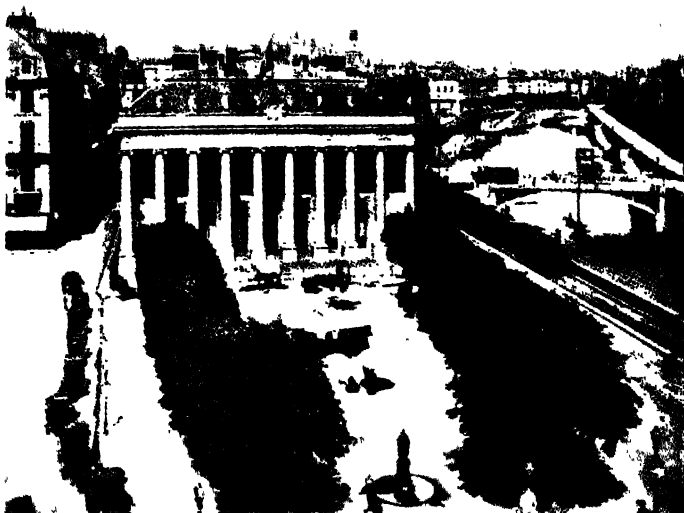
But a "ship of glory" was provided for her, and the helmsman was an angel (so the story runs). He guided her to the Holy Land, where she gave birth to the Virgin Mary and brought her up with wisdom and discretion. When Anne was growing old, she longed for her Breton people again and begged to be taken back. So the "ship of glory" came back again with the angel at the helm, and her own people assembled on the shore to give her a great welcome as queen and duchess. S. Anne would



Créteil

PEASANT IN OLD-FASHIONED GARB

In Brittany most of the men now have their hair cut short, and the puffy breeches that were once commonly seen are only worn to-day by a few old men on festivals.



NANTES, THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL CITY ON THE RIVER LOIRE

In contrast to the old rambling villages of Brittany, with their quaintly-dressed inhabitants, is the busy city of Nantes, one of the most prosperous ports of France. Here are great factories and shipbuilding yards, quays and warehouses. In this photograph we see the pillared Bourse, or Stock Exchange.

have none of this. "I give all my goods to the poor!" she cried, and she was as good as her word, ending her life in poverty.

All the legends are not connected with pardons. There is that very wonderful and rather beautiful legend about the City of Is, for instance, which once existed where is now the Bay of Douarnenez. It was so great and beautiful a city that when the people of France were seeking a name for their capital they could find nothing better to call it than Par-is—that is, *the like of Is*.

The city of Is was below sea-level, but it was protected from inundation by walls and dykes with doors that could be opened for the water to flow out or in. The Princess Dahut carried the silver keys that unlocked those doors suspended from her neck. The story of this princess' wealth and the wonder of the city of Is, of its beauty and of the extravagance of its ruler and people, and of how she

"tried the forbearance of God to the utmost" and would take no warning about His rising wrath, is often told.

One night a stranger made his appearance and captivated the princess by his beauty and masterfulness. As soon as he got an opportunity, he snatched the keys from her neck, made away with them and opened the flood-gates. The sea streamed in. The waves, mounting higher and higher, swamped the streets and houses and palaces, until finally there was left only the wide surface that to-day makes the Bay of Douarnenez.

For many years the clergy of the parishes round about used to embark on fishing-boats every year to say Mass over the drowned city, and it is still said that when the sea is calm and the weather is clear, the remains of a great town may be seen at the bottom of the bay.

That is one of the stories told to their children by fathers in every generation.



FASHIONS OF LONG PAST STILL PREVAIL IN BRITTANY

Fashions live long in Brittany. The gown of this woman, with its wonderful lace, and the short coat, puffy, tucked trousers, gaiters and wooden shoes of the man are very like those worn by their grandparents and great-grandparents. This woman's coif is not like those shown in pages 1242, 1244 and 1251, for the coif is different in each district.



FOLK-MUSIC FOR THE COUNTRY DANCES AT A BRETON FESTIVAL
The music for the dances at a Breton festival is usually provided by a concertina, but the binou, a native variety of the bagpipe, such as is played by the old peasant on the right, and the flageolet of his companion rival that instrument in popularity. On both of these the old, traditional airs of the country are rendered very sweetly.

And here is another, the story of the good Saint Galonnek whom Breton mothers love and want their boys to imitate.

The feast of S. Galonnek is held every first of April, when "the time of the singing of the birds is come." S. Galonnek was a native of Ireland and a disciple of S. Patrick, and his heart was said to be "like a fresh spring of water, ever bubbling-up with blessing," hence the name Galonnek, which means open-hearted.

How Plouzevel Received its Name

At the age of eighteen, Galonnek left S. Patrick and crossed over to Brittany. After many adventures he came to a place near Plougastel, where, being weary, he seated himself on the doorstep of a house and waited for an invitation to enter. But its owner bade him get up and go away. He went from house to house, always meeting with the same inhospitable treatment and the same injunction to "Get up and begone," which in Breton is expressed by the word "zevel." Ever afterwards that village bore the name of Plouzevel.

In a neighbouring village there was a poor widow who possessed nothing but some barren land which she was too weak to till, yet she received Galonnek and treated him as if he had been her own son. To reward her he dug for water one day on her land and a fountain sprang up. Because of this he told her that her land would soon become rich meadow and cattle would come to feed there, which really happened. When the villagers saw this, they begged Galonnek to take up his abode with them and he did so, living in a simple hut and teaching all the time.

A Breton Saint Teaches his People

He taught them to think of the continual providence of God by watching the care of the birds for their young and the care of the trees for the birds. He also persuaded them to abandon their cruel custom of lighting fires on the rocks to lure ships to destruction, and he made

them see that wrecking was a sin. He freed the country from the wolves that used to descend on the villages in the winter and from the plagues of mosquitoes in summer.

Later in life, when Galonnek was made Bishop of Cornouailles, he fought for the poor against the oppression of the rich, for the weak against the mighty, and had many a struggle with the nobles on behalf of the serfs. Returning weary from one of his many rounds, Galonnek one day sat down to rest on a stone by the wayside. A little later he was discovered there dead. They took his body and buried it in the cathedral of S. Pol where its resting-place is covered by a plain, granite slab bearing the one word—Galonnek. On that slab the Breton mothers lay their baby boys, praying "S. Galonnek bestow on my child two hearts—the heart of a lion, strong in well-doing and the heart of a turtle-dove, full of brotherly love."

Strange Monuments of Huge Stones

The very first people in Brittany to leave any records behind them were the Armoricans, as they were called by the Romans, who erected those strange Druidical monuments that we see in so many places, and to which people make journeys or take their cattle to be blessed. These dolmens and menhirs and cromlechs could tell us many strange stories if they could speak.

All over Brittany we may see rough, almost shapeless stones that stand in rows or are scattered in groups in different places. These were all connected with the religion of peoples who lived in Brittany before the beginning of history.

Some of these may be seen at Carnac where are the famous Alignment of Menec, as it is called, and two other similar alignments. These alignments consist of parallel rows of great stones, so arranged that they form long, grass-paved aisles. In pagan times, so it is said, the tribesmen danced down these aisles, leading victims to the cromlechs where the priests stood ready to make the sacrifices.



A CALVARY, or solitary cross of stone, wood or iron, is a very common sight at the road-sides and by the sea in Brittany. Many of them are wonderfully carved. This one was erected on the quay at Concarneau, looking across the waters of Concarneau Bay, that it might watch over the fishermen of the town while they are at sea.



Onslow

NEEDLE AND THREAD ARE NEVER NEEDED BY A BRETON COBBLER

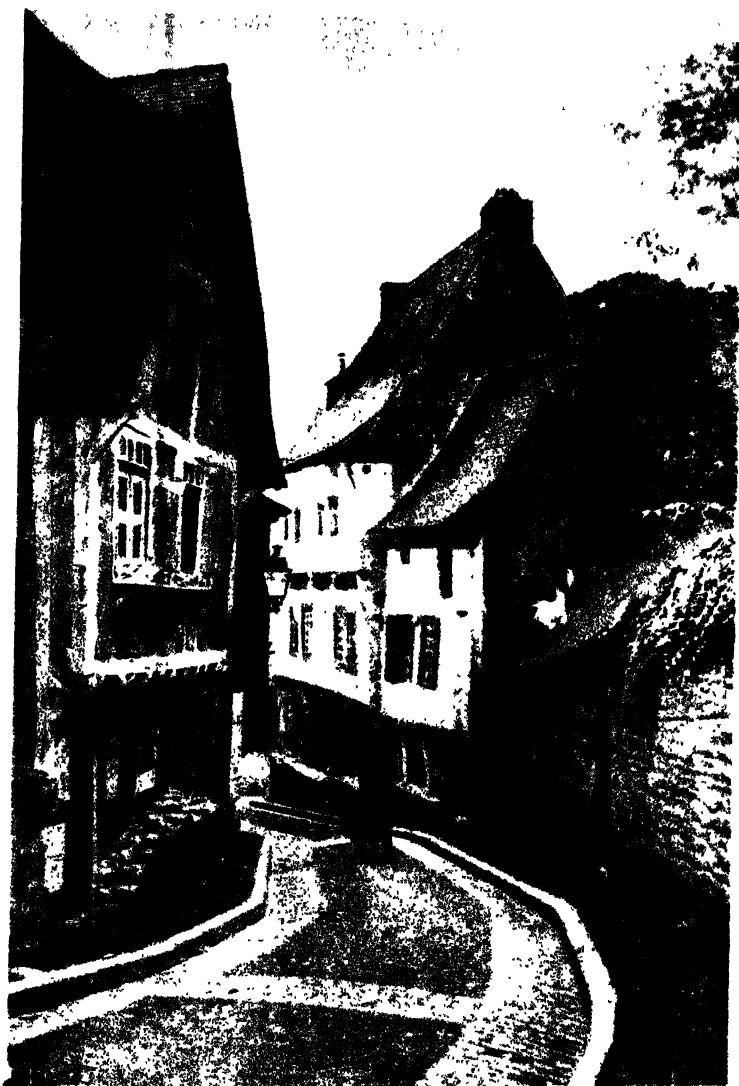
A cobbler's shop in Brittany is carpeted with wood shavings, and the shoemaker stands at his work with mallet and gouge, instead of crouching over his last, for all the Breton peasants wear "sabots"—wooden shoes like the "klompen" of the Dutch folk. As we can imagine, there is a noisy clit-clatter over the cobbles when several of them pass.



CR614

A BRETON MOTHER WITH HER WELL-SWADDLED SON AND HEIR

Babies in Brittany are sometimes curiously clad. The small son that this pleasant-faced woman gazes upon so proudly is tied up as securely as a Red Indian "papoose" in brightly embroidered clothes and ribbons, and so keeps warm and cosy wherever he lies. His mother is wearing the form of white starched "coif" peculiar to her particular district.



IN OLD DINAN there are many queer, little, narrow streets, but none queerer or more ancient than the Rue du Jerzual, with its top-heavy houses that belong to the Middle Ages. This street winds down very steeply to the Porte du Jerzual, one of the gateways that pierce the old town walls. Through this gate one reaches the River Rance.



BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSES seem to nod to each other across the narrow streets in the town of Quimper, capital of Finistère. Behind rise the modern twin towers of the old cathedral of S. Corentin. We are visiting Quimper at the right time—on market day—when the streets are thronged with women and men in various delightful costumes.



Underwood

CATTLE AWAIT BLESSING AMONG THE GREAT STONES OF MENEC

In ancient days, so the Bretons say, the good S. Corneillez was saved from enemy soldiers by cattle at this place, and ever afterwards cattle have been blessed here. It is also said that these long lines of mighty stones are the soldiers, turned into stone by the saint, but they were really erected by a vanished race of long ago who worshipped here.

The Armoricans were vanquished in the fifth century by the invading Celts from Britain, who set up a new Britain in this curiously-shaped province of north-west France. The name has survived and the Celtic type has remained to this day.

Where we may see the Breton at his best is at a wedding. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to speak of seeing the Bretonne at her best and bravest, since it is the bride who is the most elegant of the whole gay company. In some districts she is like a butterfly with lace wings, and everywhere her cap and collar are of fine lace, her bodice of velvet, and her dress embroidered with gold thread. Her apron is her glory. It is made of flowered velvet of brilliant hue, with trails of orange-blossom over it, and her wreath is of orange-blossom, too.

Bands of girls in the costume of their district laugh and joke with young men who are also in festal dress, but as the bridal procession comes out from the mayor's office where the civil ceremony

has taken place, a hush falls, and after the bride and bridegroom and relatives have passed the crowd quietly falls in behind and all go to church. At the altar rail are two chairs for the couple to occupy and two candles are placed in front of them. The ceremony is not long, but it is very impressive.

After the ceremony, if the wedding is a country one, comes the feast in a meadow, in which every one shares, young and old, rich and poor—especially the beggars. When all have feasted, the oldest woman may begin the recitation of the litany for the dead, to which everyone pays respect. This bringing-in of the dead is characteristic and natural. The dead are always in the mind, never forgotten. When the litany and feasting are over the bride and her groom will start the dancing, and merry-making may continue for two or three days.

The majority of the people live along the coast, leaving the barren uplands almost deserted. Much of the coast-line

"BRITANNIA MINOR"

is very rocky, and in the Bay of Morbihan there are said to be 365 islands, one for every day in the year. It is from Tregastel that we look out across the water to the Isle of Avalon, to which King Arthur was carried to be healed of his grievous wound and where he is supposed to have died. But the Bretons say he is not dead, but only held a prisoner in an underground palace, from which he comes out occasionally in the form of a raven. Certain it is that there are ravens occasionally to be seen sitting on the rocks!

There is a considerable nomadic population in the province even yet, in spite of the fact that the influence of travellers has modernised the towns and the well-known beauty spots. There are the bands of "sabotiers," makers of wooden shoes, who go in groups to the woods to get their material and then divide into bands to go through the towns and villages to sell their wares. There are charcoal-burners, weavers of linen and wool, thatchers, rag-merchants and others, all leading a kind of gypsy life, exceedingly picturesque and free from restraint and convention.

In England we are familiar with the onion-sellers who come every year to sell us their excellent crop. The blue-bloused peasant, with his pole and ropes of onions hanging from it, is ever a welcome sight. His wares are good and useful and his manners are pleasant, though his words are few. He is a link, and a picturesque one, with our summer wanderings in a land full of legend and story, beauty and romance.

For it is all this. There is enchantment in every part of the land—some exquisite and elusive quality that moves each one of us. We may hurry through Brittany on some holiday, marvelling at the strange costumes and customs of the people, visiting the great châteaux at Nantes and at Josselin, or boating on the silver Rance, but its true charm does not lie in these. To capture its spell we must wander along the grey, narrow roads, among the fragrant apple-orchards hearing perhaps the notes of the Angelus as they steal from a village church across some twilight bay, or the haunting, plaintive sweetness of an ancient song.



WHERE PEOPLE GO TO SLEEP IN CUPBOARDS IN THE WALL
In this and many another Breton farmhouse, bed-rooms do not look like bed-rooms at all, especially during the day. The beds are more like the bunks found on board ship. They are placed one above the other, and in the daytime are hidden by sliding doors so that they seem to be just cupboards in the wall.

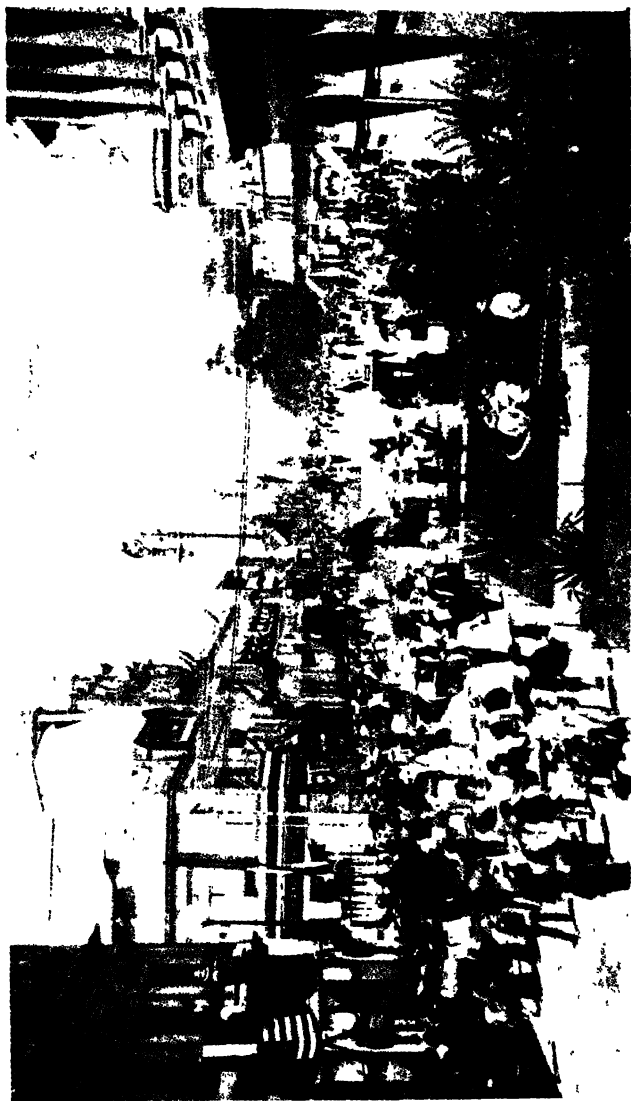


THE ROCKY COAST OF FINISTERE, the westernmost part of France, is rather like that of Cornwall. There are the rugged headlands, deep bays and coves, and tiny islands of rock, often hidden by the sea at high tide. Many a mariner has been wrecked on this treacherous coast in days gone by, when there were no lighthouses to warn him.

Underwood



THE GLORY OF JOSSELIN, a little old town of south Brittany, is its "château," a fortified castle many centuries old. Its water-front is very grand, with high, strong walls and round towers rising from the living rock. In the reflection that it casts upon the placid River Oust the women of Josselin do their week's washing.



TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN BEAUTIFUL MEXICO CITY, THE CAPITAL OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC
 Mexico City has wide, airy streets, sometimes with well-kept lawns and public gardens down the centre, and the shops are gay and attractive. It stands seven thousand feet above sea-level, far higher than many mountain villages in Switzerland to which people go for holidays, and is, therefore, healthy, sunny and bracing. Once upon a time the city was entirely surrounded by a lake, but this dried up and took a different shape, until now there is a string of six shallow lakes. There was an Aztec city here before Cortés founded the present one.

Through Six Republics

MIXED RACES AND FERTILE LANDS OF CENTRAL AMERICA

Long ago, before Cortes and his Spanish soldiers began the conquest of Mexico, there had been wonderful native civilizations in Central America. The last and greatest of these, the Aztec kingdom, was destroyed by the Spaniards, who, though they have left their mark on the land, gave little in return. The republics of Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica are all inhabited by Spanish-speaking peoples, a few of whom are pure-bred Spaniards, but the vast majority are of mixed origin. The region is rich in natural products, but the indolence of the inhabitants, probably a result of the hot climate, and unstable government have hindered their development.

CENTRAL AMERICA, that narrow and tortuous stretch of land that forms the connecting-link between the continents of North and South America, is one of the world's centres of volcanic activity. No equal space on the earth possesses so many extinct and active volcanoes as that lying between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and the Isthmus of Panamá.

It is, too, a country subject to earthquakes. In 1902, there was an earth tremor that lasted for nearly a minute, being felt with especially severe force in Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras. Eight important and flourishing cities were ruined, and many acres of coffee and sugar plantations were destroyed, while nearly a thousand people lost their lives in those seconds of horror.

Volcanic eruptions in Central America have always been of an extremely severe kind, with the result that the ashes and fragments of lava flung from the craters are discharged a great distance, a fact that is, strangely enough, a blessing in disguise. For these volcanic deposits make splendid fertilizing materials for the surrounding land, which becomes very fertile and is soon clothed with a rich covering of vegetation.

A Sleeping Mountain Wakes

Life in a volcanic country means that you can never be quite certain that your house may not collapse suddenly, or a mountain peak burst into flame. To show the dangers attendant on the dwellers in such a land, we may take as an example the lovely chain of mountains in

Guatemala, the highest peak of which, Santa Maria, is 12,467 feet high. Santa Maria was always looked upon as an extinct volcano, but in the year 1902 it suddenly broke out into violent eruption, and an area of 2,000 square miles was strewn with ashes and pumice stone, many of the houses and plantations in that area were ruined, and hundreds of people killed.

A City Swept Away in a Night

One of the highest mountains in Guatemala is Acateango, 11,100 feet. The chain in which this peak stands is terminated by two others known as Fuego (Fire) and Agua (Water). Both of these cones have been quiet for many centuries, Fuego being the last to die, if dead it really is.

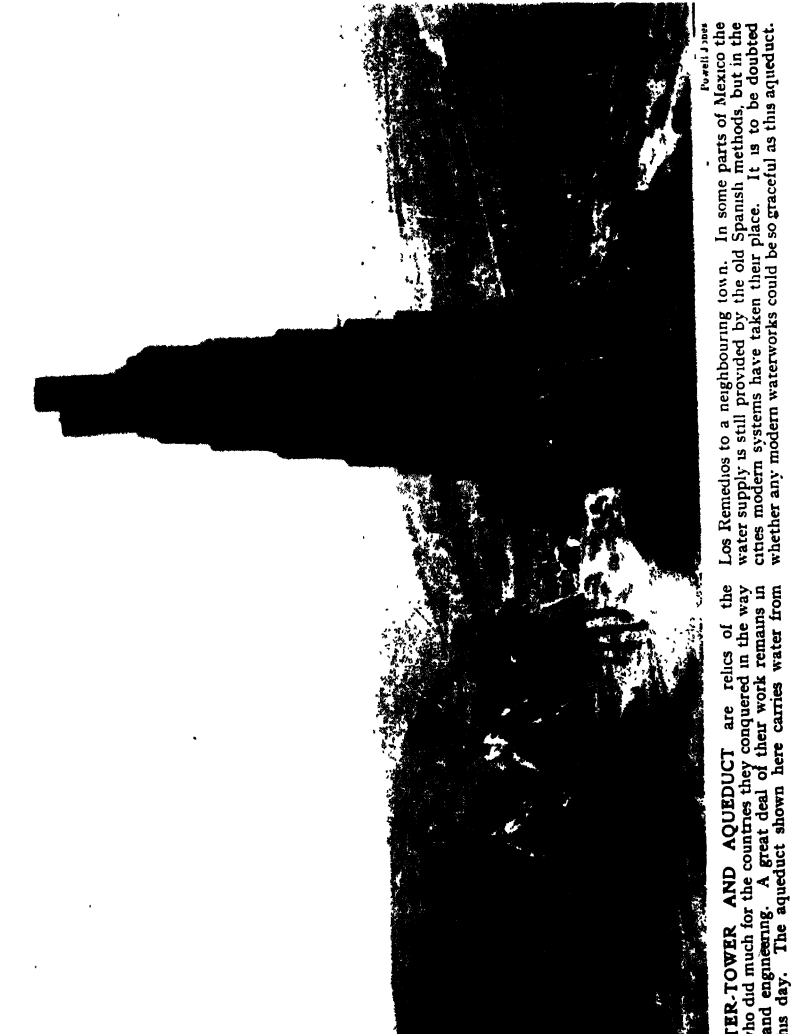
In olden days the crater of Agua was a huge, hot lake, and in the year 1541 the rim of this crater suddenly gave way, with the result that about 35,000,000 cubic feet of mud, rocks, slush and debris were poured on to the newly-founded city of Guatemala. This terrible avalanche swept down in the night and was accompanied by an earthquake. When morning came there was little to be seen of the town. The present city of Guatemala stands some miles east of the site of the old town.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century that the Spaniards discovered the coast of Mexico and, in 1519, Cortés founded Villa Nueva de la Vera Cruz, and began the conquest of the Aztecs, the inhabitants of Mexico, who were at that time ruled by a chief named Montezuma.

Writing about 60 years after this a Spanish priest said of Mexico City, the



A VOLCANIC LAKE, Atitlan lies in the south of Guatemala, nearly eight thousand feet above sea level, with the volcano of the same name brooding over it. It is more than twice as long as our Lake W. Undermere, and is ten miles wide, besides being of very great depth. The volcanic formation of the country makes it liable to earthquakes, one of which entirely destroyed the city of Guatemala in 1918. The peace of this mountain scene, therefore, is deceptive. The climate is, on the whole, healthy, though the coast region is slightly malarial.



THIS WATER-TOWER AND AQUEDUCT are relics of the Spaniards, who did much for the countries they conquered in the way of building and engineering. A great deal of their work remains in Mexico to this day. The aqueduct shown here carries water from

Los Remedios to a neighbouring town. In some parts of Mexico the water supply is still provided by the old Spanish methods, but in the cities modern systems have taken their place. It is to be doubted whether any modern waterworks could be so graceful as this aqueduct.

Powell, J. 1908

THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS



TEHUANA WOMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME

This race of Indians, living on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, is remarkable for grace and good looks, and the women hold a much better position than those of other tribes. The head-dress is made of frilled lace.

capital of the country: "Mexico is as great as Seville. There dwell in it 3,000 Spaniards, many more women, 200,000 Indians, 20,000 negroes. The natives are capable of arts and discipline. They very much honour priests, monks, and slaves, and when the bell rings for mass, the Indian boys run up and down the streets crossing their foreheads. . . . In New Spain is such store of cattle, that one man often kills 1,000 of them, and as many goats. . . . From Mexico to Acapulco, the Haven on the South Sea, are ninety leagues, and well inhabited."

To-day the majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are the descendants of those Indian races found there by their Spanish conquerors, and the descendants of marriages between the natives and European settlers. Mexico has a population of some fourteen millions, nineteen per cent of which are white, forty-three per cent Indians, and the remaining thirty-eight of mixed blood.

Mexico is a land of ancient civilization. It possesses pyramids that rival those of ancient Egypt, wonderful ruins of temples, tombs and palaces; it has vast mountains such as Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, great cities with customs that have remained much the same since the days when the Spanish conquerors built them, a soil and climate that will produce every fruit grown between the Arctic Circle and the Equator, and great cattle ranches. Mexico is a land of strange extremes, where dirt and cleanliness, poverty and riches, culture and ignorance are to be found side by side.

Before the conquest of Mexico by Cortés, little is known of the ancient history of the Aztecs, the forerunners of the Mexican Indians of to-day, a people with very black hair and eyes, of brown complexion and small stature, somewhat similar to the Japanese. We know that the Aztecs were great builders and sculptors and that they lived in good houses, in many of which were baths very much like our Turkish baths. They had fine schools and as miners and agriculturists were far ahead of the modern natives. We also know that there were other civilizations such as those of the Toltecs and Mayas. Ruins of the wonderful buildings erected by these two races are still to be seen to-day.

THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS

There is much in Mexico that will remind us of Spain, especially as far as the people are concerned. The average Mexican is a very contented and rather lazy being. Nothing is so important that it cannot be put off till the morrow. If, for instance, we have made an appointment with a Mexican at midday, we may start out to keep it about four hours later and will probably find him waiting contentedly for us. He is also ceremonious, proud and polite and a great home-lover, though, curiously enough, there is no word in the Spanish language, which is spoken in Mexico, corresponding to the English word "home." The nearest to it is *casa* (house) and the Mexican always refers to his *casa* when he means his home.

The hacienda is a great Mexican feature. The word means an estate and its dwelling-house and buildings. Some haciendas are very big and on them thousands of peons, or labourers, may be housed. But the housing problem does not trouble the Mexican as it does us. A room fifteen feet square is often thought adequate for a family of peons, no matter how many there may be in it. Little furniture is required, for Mexicans live chiefly out of doors and instead of beds and mattresses they sleep on mats which can be removed and folded up during the day.

All round the buildings are the plantations, and from early morning until night strings of donkeys are continually passing to and fro, laden with vegetables, poultry, wood, corn and goods of all kinds.

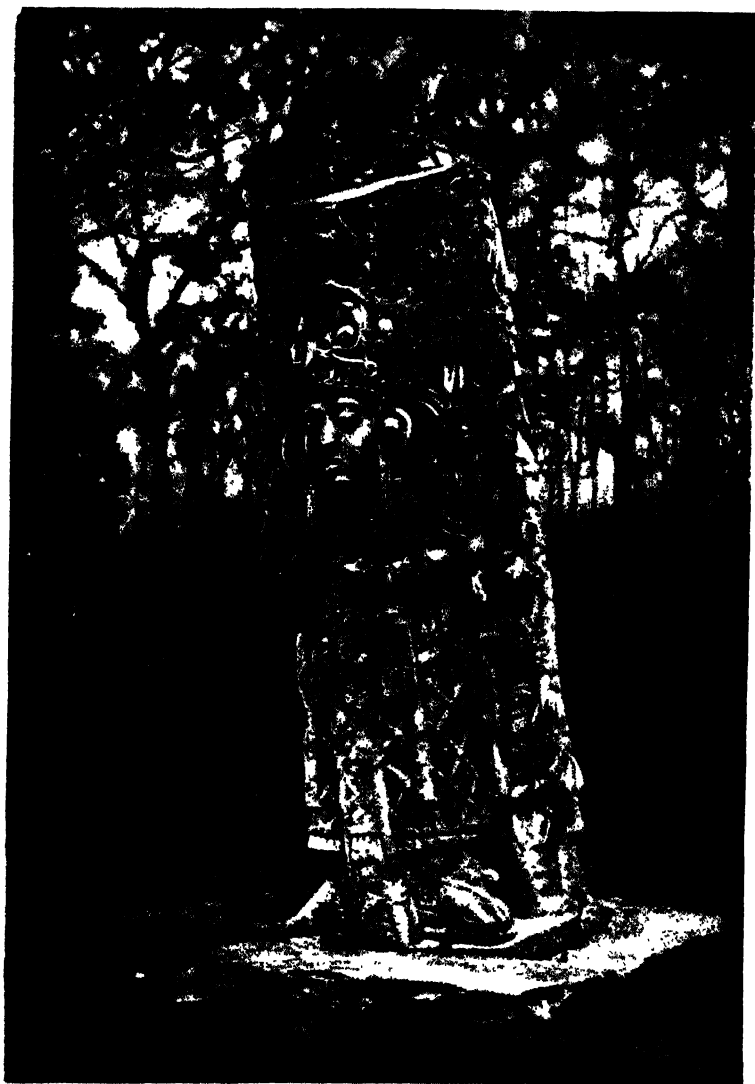
Servants are very easy to obtain in Mexico. It is the custom to employ three or four retainers in quite small households and as many as forty in

large ones. One of the curious things about Mexican servants is the fact that it is difficult to induce a servant to do anything except his or her own particular job. If we were to ask the man whose duty it is to clean the boots to wash the floor, or the cook to make the beds, we should probably be met with the response, "No es costumbre" (It is not the custom).

The Indian servants are not accustomed to beds and require only a mat on which to sleep, and it is useless to try to alter their habits, as an American lady discovered. This lady purchased a



GIANT CACTUS PROVIDES WELCOME SHADE
There are nearly a thousand different species of cactus in Mexico, some very tall, as can be seen. Their curious formation gives them an odd, unreal appearance, and their spikes can inflict painful scratches.



AT COPAN, IN HONDURAS, there are some remarkable ruins of ancient buildings, many of them covered with elaborate carvings of figures, symbols and geometrical designs. The figure above may possibly represent some god, splendidly isolated now among the ruins of the mysterious Maya civilization, which dates back to at least two hundred years B.C.

THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS

comfortable, modern, iron bed for a servant, and took a great deal of trouble in explaining how the article should be used. Some days later she asked the girl how she liked it, to be met with the reply: "It's fine to lay my clothes on!"

The Mexican is a very economical housekeeper and a shrewd bargainer and shopper. The markets are a great feature of the country, especially in the early morning. Here we may see the sweetmeat-seller, walking about with silent tread, proclaiming his wares in a monotonous song that varies as little as his stock, which is invariably the same in form and arrangement, though the Mexican dulces (sweets) are by no means to be despised.

Another prominent person in the market is the letter-writer, with ink-pot and pen on a small table, who is always willing and eager to write a letter of any description. He is kept very busy, for there are plenty of people in Mexico who cannot read or write.

Prescriptions of Mexican Healers

At the corners of the streets we may see the cobblers anxious to cut and fit sandals while their customers wait. Their whole stock-in-trade is very simple—some scraps of leather, a few leathern thongs—and a curved, sharp knife is the only tool. Through the crowd of people wanders the water-carrier, a very important personage in this land.

Amongst the lower classes medical treatment, as we know it, is almost unknown. The doctor is the curandera (healer), who is generally a woman. Her prescriptions would hardly satisfy us. For example, the favourite prescription for a child who is backward in learning to talk is boiled swallows. We could not go to a chemist and ask for that. Or again, if a man's wife is ill, it would not occur to an English doctor to prescribe a "white turkey tied up in the house" to effect the cure. These are two queer examples of a curandera's prescriptions.

A journey from Vera Cruz, a big port on the Bay of Campeche, to the Isthmus

of Tehuantepec brings us into the middle of the Mexican tropics. The whole journey lies within the tierra caliente (hot land) district, and for 250 miles scarcely a hill worthy of the name is to be seen.

In the Hot Land

A great deal of the route lies through jungle, though there are plains several miles broad, with rich pastures for huge herds of cattle. Here we shall find the striking Mexican gaucho, or cowboy, riding his wiry pony and carrying his lasso. They use saddles which are very cumbersome things from our point of view, and the huge, twisted bit that the poor horse has to endure would not be allowed in this country. For a sharp wrench at it will almost break a horse's jaw, and it is impossible for the poor beast to drink with such a thing in its mouth.

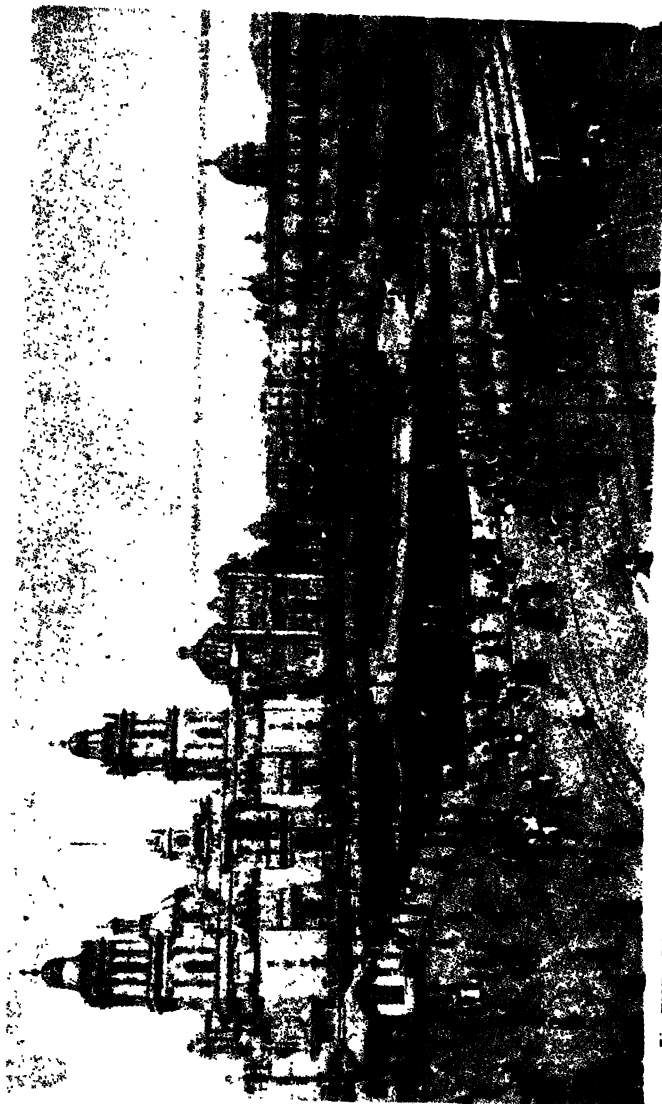
In the tierra caliente there are many villages and no cities. Streams and rivers have to be crossed and much difficult country traversed, then as the isthmus is approached the tropical swamps become more frequent, and our train passes through miles of territory which is covered with dense forests in the recesses of which are deadly snakes, pumas, alligators, parrots and beautiful, gaily-plumaged birds of all kinds.

From Tehuantepec we enter Guatemala, the largest and most important of the five republics—Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador—that make up, with Mexico and the British colony of Honduras, the territory known as Central America.

A Land Covered with Trees

Guatemala is a corruption of an Indian word meaning "a land covered with trees." Few portions of the globe can show such large and rapid variations in the height of the land within the same area, or greater climatic contrasts.

Guatemala City, the capital of the republic, is about 75 miles from the Pacific Coast and has a most delightful climate, being 5,000 feet above the sea. It has over seventy thousand inhabitants and is



THE GREAT SQUARE IN MEXICO CITY, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL AND PUBLIC GARDENS

This fine open space may be regarded as the centre of Mexico City, and it looks completely modern and up to date. The site, however, is historic, for the cathedral stands on the spot where Montezuma, the Aztec ruler of Mexico at the end of the fifteenth century, used to offer human sacrifices. The cathedral took nearly two hundred years to build and is the glory of the republic. The domed building on the right is the National Palace, built by Fray Diego de Valverde, who lived in the sixteenth century. It contains a museum.



ARMY OF SALVADOR TURNS OUT FOR A PARADE ON THE BARRACK SQUARE OF THE CAPITAL CITY

Though the regular army of Salvador is comparatively small, there is a militia about six times as large and in time of war all able-bodied male citizens between the age of eighteen and sixty are liable for service. San Salvador, the capital of the republic, is situated in mountainous country, as the picture shows. The mountain at the back is Mount San Salvador, an active volcano. On this account, and because of the frequent earthquakes the buildings are mostly low, and even the cathedral has been built of wood instead of stone.

THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS



MEXICAN CABALLERO - IN NATIONAL DRESS

No Mexican gentleman would think of walking, as that would lower his dignity. This gentleman certainly looks magnificent in his broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat, and suit ornamented with silver braid and buttons

the third city to bear the name, the first two having been destroyed by eruptions

The town to-day is a typical Spanish-American city, where new and old, civilization and barbarism are all to be found. If we go to the native market in the western part of the city in the morning, we shall see men and women come marching down the road in Indian file, the men with huge bundles on their backs, the women with tremendous market baskets on their heads, filled with all kinds of country produce. Many of them have been three or four days on the way, with only the ground at night for a bed. Each load they carry is worth, perhaps,

two dollars, which is to them a good week's pay

Of one of these market-women a writer said: "She had an open-work basket, full of fowls and ducks, on her back, on which was also slung a baby; in her arms she carried a fine young pig and on her head was a tray of tortillas (maize cakes, the Mexican and Guatemalan substitute for bread). As she jogged along the baby cried, the porker squealed and the poultry made noise enough to drown her own groans"

Immediately east of Guatemala is Honduras, with a frontier line of about two hundred miles to its neighbour, and British Honduras is a slice of land bordering the Caribbean Sea and lying between Guatemala and the arid, Mexican peninsula of Yucatan

British Honduras possesses the lovely harbour of Belize, which in olden days was famous as the rendezvous of the buccaneers who terrorised the Caribbean Sea during a large part of the seventeenth century.

Although there are only a few hundred British people among the seventeen thousand inhabitants of Belize, the city is a great contrast to the Spanish-American cities of Central America, as we can judge from this description by an American writer who said: "We were not at all surprised to find that the black, native police wore the familiar blue-and-white striped cuff of the London bobby, the district attorney a mortar-board cap and gown, and the colonial bishop gaiters and an apron. It was quite in keeping, also, that the officers of a man-of-war should be playing cricket with a local eleven."

Cortés, making a report to his sovereign about Honduras, in the sixteenth century, said: "It is a land covered with awful,



TWO COBAN INDIANS IN BLANKETS AND STRANGE HEADGEAR

The city of Coban, in Guatemala, owes its prosperity largely to the Indians who form the bulk of its inhabitants. They are noted for their industry—a somewhat unusual thing among the people of these regions—in fact, they have good characters altogether, and are usually cheerful and smiling like the man above. The cloak is made of native grass.



GROUND-FLOOR WINDOWS PROTECTED BY WOODEN BARS

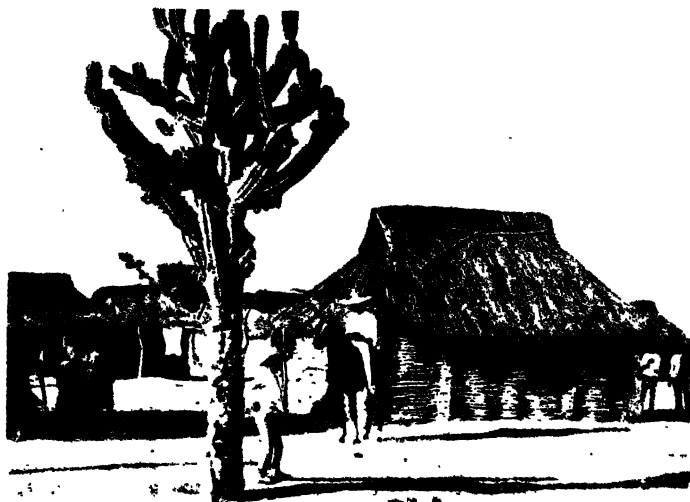
Mexican windows in the poorer houses seldom have glass in them because it costs too much. Instead, they are protected by wooden bars. The small boy finds it pleasanter to do without clothes in the hot weather, a thing which would not be allowed in England.

As his parents are poor, the cost of clothes may have something to do with it.



FRUIT-SELLER IN THE MARKET PLACE OF AGUAS CALIENTES

Aguas Calientes is Spanish for warm water, and this name has been given to a state of Mexico as well as to the capital of the state, because of the warm springs, the waters of which are said to be good for rheumatism. Owing to the heat, portable umbrellas are used to protect the stalls, and the pavement is shaded by an arcade.



STRANGE-LOOKING CACTUS, THE FRIEND OF THE MEXICANS

Though the cactus is hardly one of the most beautiful of plants, the Mexicans are glad to have it near their homes, for it provides them with many things. The species seen here gives them fruit and the means of making sweetmeats, vinegar, molasses, paper and furniture. As the peasants are very poor, the cactus is a great blessing.

miry swamps. I can assure your majesty that even on the tops of the hills our horses, led as they were by hand and without their riders, sank to their girths in the mire." But Cortés must have landed in the rainy season, for Honduras is not all swamp, since it possesses ground that is as fertile as any on the earth, genial sunshine and smiling valleys.

Salvador, situated between Guatemala, Honduras and the ocean, is the smallest, yet it is the most thickly populated of the five republics, and it is the only Central American state entirely confined to the Pacific without any access to the Atlantic Ocean.

Nicaragua, which lies between Honduras and Costa Rica, is half the size of Great Britain and possesses a somewhat unhealthy climate. Its population is very mixed and the native Nicaraguans are a somewhat lazy, ragged race. Wearing trousers wide at the bottom and tight at the knee, high-crowned and broad-brimmed hats of palmetto straw, shirts

that seem always to shun the laundry, their favourite occupation is to loiter about, smoking black cigarros and trying to look dignified.

On Sunday afternoons they deign to watch cock-fights and are willing at any time to play billiards or gamble, while whenever there is a bull-fight in the neighbourhood—bull-fights modelled on Spanish lines are held all over Central America—they will be there.

Costa Rica, famous for coffee and bananas, is, after Salvador, the smallest of the Central American states and is that narrow piece of land extending in a south-easterly direction from Nicaragua to the republic of Panamá.

The Costa Ricans are mainly a peaceable, steady-going people, the quietest, indeed, of all the Spanish-Americans. The little state possesses an extraordinarily rich variety of birds and reptiles. Toucans, parrots and humming-birds of numerous varieties abound, and there are many species of reptiles. Costa Rica



A BLAZING PETROLEUM WELL IN THE STATE OF VERA CRUZ
 Petroleum is one of the principal sources of Mexican wealth and it is found in various parts of the country. The Amatlan oil-fields, shown above, are in the state of Vera Cruz. As we can imagine, fire is a continual danger and sometimes causes a loss of thousands of pounds. The greatest precautions have to be taken to guard against it.



WONDERFUL ZAPOTEC RUINS AT MITLA, IN MEXICO
 Near the village of Mitla there are several groups of ancient palaces, temples and tombs, which are believed to have been built by the Zapotecs. These people were civilized Indians who, like the Mayas with whom they fought, had totally disappeared before the coming of the Spaniards. The ruins are profusely decorated with geometrical designs.



Powell-Jones

MEXICAN CAVALRY SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO MEXICO CITY

The Mexican army is well armed, but somewhat undisciplined and, to our way of thinking, very badly paid. The officers come from the well-to-do classes, and the rank and file are recruited from half-breeds and Indians. Many enlist voluntarily, but the remainder are taken whether they like it or not, in the manner employed by our old press gangs.



A FEAST DAY IN THE SUNNY LITTLE TOWN OF SAN ANTONIO
The Mexican Indians and half-breeds, called mestizos, are mostly Roman Catholics, though much of their old, pagan superstition still clings to them. They keep a great many feast days, or fiestas. Here we see a street in San Antonio on such an occasion. The famous Cuernavaca pottery is made in this village, and most of the natives are potters.



ONE WAY OF KEEPING A FEAST DAY AMONG THE NICARAGUANS

The love of dressing up seems to exist all over the world, among civilized and uncivilized people alike. The wearing of these strange wooden masks is a very old custom and probably goes back to pagan times, although they are still worn to celebrate religious festivals. They give the celebrants a horrible and not a particularly pious appearance

also possesses valuable pearl fisheries. Its chief scourge is a large kind of vampire bat that sometimes causes great havoc amongst livestock. How dangerous are these huge bats can be gathered when it is recorded that one of them will, in a single night, bleed the strongest ox to death. The vampire will also attack cats and dogs and even human beings.

Mention has been made of tortillas, the maize cakes that serve for bread amongst the Indians of Central America. For centuries the dusky women of Mexico and elsewhere have ground the maize for their daily bread between two stones, the grains having been soaked first of all for a considerable time in lime water. These stones, smoothed and slightly hollowed, are known as metates, which is a very old word, and the "baker" will work for hours at pulping the softened grain to a fine paste. She then works small fragments of the dough between her hands, tossing and flattening the pieces

until they are wafer-thin. They are then put on a griddle over a charcoal fire, and are never allowed to burn. They are eaten without salt and, indeed, without seasoning of any sort.

Central America is a strange and interesting part of the globe. The very names of its Indians are intriguing: Toacas, Ramas, Woolwas, Melchoras and Seris are some of them. The last named, who occupy the large island of Tuberón in the Gulf of California, are said by an explorer to be "probably more savage than any other tribe remaining on the North American continent. Most of their food is eaten raw; they have no domestic animals save dogs; they do not cultivate the land and their industrial arts are few and rude."

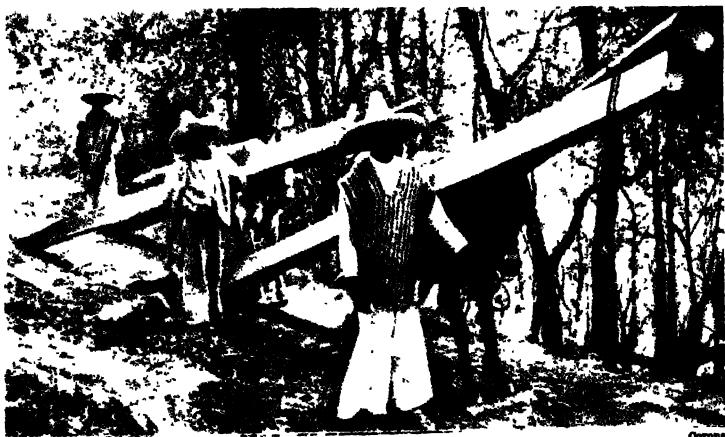
There are, of course, a number of Indian dialects. In the Mixtec tongue words of sixteen syllables and more are quite common, and are longer even than some of the tongue-twisting Welsh names that seem so queer to English people.



Underwood

QUEER PLANT FROM WHOSE LEAVES ROPE-FIBRE IS MADE

This plant is a source of great wealth to its owners. The long, spiked leaves are cut in the manner shown above and then treated by machinery until the leaf-fibre is ready to be made into rope or yarn. The fibre is exported to the United States in huge quantities. The plant is called the American aloe, and the fibre is sisal hemp.



O'Brien

MULES BRINGING BAULKS OF MAHOGANY FROM THE FOREST

The great timber forests of Mexico produce, among other things, much mahogany. After the trees have been felled they are sawn into convenient sized baulks, loaded on to the backs of mules and transported to the coast for export. The forest tracks are steep and transport is slow and difficult, but mules are steady and sure-footed animals.



P. N. A.

THE RICH SALT MINES IN COSTA RICA ARE WORKED BY NATIVES, WITH WHITE MEN AS OVERSEERS
The early Spanish settlers were justified in the name they chose for sound as exciting as the others, but it is nevertheless of great commercial value and brings in much wealth. The salt mine in the photograph, which looks curious to our eyes, is on the shores of the Gulf of Nicoya, products, such as coffee and bananas, and it has many valuable minerals, including gold, copper and salt. The last-named may not on the western side of the republic—that is, on the Pacific coast.

THROUGH SIX REPUBLICS

"Yodoyokavuandisasikandiyosanninah-
asaan" means, in Mixtec, to walk with
a shambling gait. It is of course a com-
pound word, and is a good example of
many other formidable tongue-twisters

As we have read, nearly all these

countries have abundant natural riches,
yet the people, on the whole, are very
poor. Unstable government has retarded
progress in some cases, but the real root
of the trouble lies in the fact that the
people will not work hard



Underwood

MEXICAN WOMEN AND GIRLS WORKING IN A TOBACCO FACTORY

In Mexico the tobacco industry is a flourishing one, and there are hundreds of cigar and cigarette factories, the largest and most important of which are naturally in the capital. Snuff and tobacco for pipe-smoking are also prepared here. The Mexicans are slow in adopting modern methods, since the work is being done by hand.



STATE CARRIAGE OF THE SHAH PASSING THROUGH A STREET IN TEHRAN AFTER THE CORONATION
Surrounded by an escort in gorgeous uniforms, the Shah, Riza Khan Pahlavi, drives through Tehran after his coronation at which he was proclaimed Shahinshah (king of kings). Riza Khan passed a great deal of time in the army, but eventually became the Prime Minister under Shah Abbas, who was deposed. Unlike so many of the former shahs, Riza Khan is not content to lead a life of idleness, but is full of energy and anxious to reform the corrupt Persian government. Tehran is the capital and stands about 70 miles south of the Caspian Sea.

A Land of Ancient Grandeur

THE PERSIANS AND THEIR BACKWARD COUNTRY

Under Cyrus the Great the Persian Empire became the most powerful state in the world, stretching from the Punjab, in India, to the desert beyond Egypt. Persia remained a great power for many generations, but the empire was finally overthrown by the Arabs, and has never regained its former position. To-day it is a land of the Middle Ages in the twentieth century, ruled by an official class that is both lazy and dishonest. Government appointments are bought, and the purchasers endeavour to get their money back by extorting large sums from the people. In 1925 the Shah Abbas was deposed, and a man of humble birth, but possessed of energy and enlightened ideas, ascended the Peacock Throne. He may, perhaps, be able to arouse the people and restore law and order, but it will take many years, for the Persians are suspicious of changes. I am fortunate to be able to print this chapter written by one who has lived among the Persians for many years.

PERSIA, one of the most interesting and historical countries of the Middle East, consists mainly of a vast plateau situated between the Indian Empire on the east and Irak, or Mesopotamia, on the west. To the north lies the Caspian Sea and on each side of this stretch of water the Persian frontier adjoins that of Russia; to the south lies the torrid Persian Gulf.

The Persians call their country Iran and themselves Irani, these words being a form of the well-known word Aryan. The Persian Empire founded by Cyrus the Great in 549 B.C. was the first great Aryan monarchy known to history.

The chief feature of Persia is its aridity, the amount of rainfall being about one-quarter that of the British Isles and the power of the sun infinitely greater. The climate is one of extremes, for the thermometer sinks to below zero in the winter, whereas the heat in summer is intense, especially in the low-lying provinces bordering on the Persian Gulf.

Where the "Poison Wind" Blows

As a rule the heat is a dry one and the climate on the plateau is delightful, but the storms are terrible. In certain areas, where the "poison wind" blows, the loss of human and animal life is considerable, for it is laden with sand.

The present population of Persia is about ten millions, and, as the area of the country is about three times that of France, it is very widely scattered. Owing to the scanty rainfall, there is a

lack of water except in the Caspian provinces and there are huge uninhabitable areas. The country may be described as a desert with a few towns and villages dotted about in it, wherever water happens to be available.

What Governs the Size of the Cities

The Elburz Mountains run right across the north of Persia, south of the Caspian Sea, and historic Mount Ararat, which rises to about 17,000 feet, is the western limit of Persia and stands at the point where the boundaries of both Russia and Turkey meet that of Persia. This range contains also the superb cone of Demavend, which rises to a height of 18,000 feet and is the loftiest mountain of Asia west of the Himalayas.

Elsewhere in Persia the ranges generally run from south-east to north-west, a fact that has made the country difficult of access, especially from the Persian Gulf and from Irak. If we look at a map we shall see that the chief cities, such as Teheran, the capital, Meshed, the sacred city of Persia, and Tabriz, its chief trade centre, are situated close to the mountains. It might be said that the size of a city mainly depends on the height of the neighbouring ranges and the amount of water obtained from them. The country relies for its water on the snow that lies on the mountains and, melting in the spring, fills the irrigation channels, upon which agriculture is almost entirely dependent. In Persia land is of little value, compared with the water.



LAWLESS LURIS, WANDERERS OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS REGIONS OF LUKISIAN

Persian villagers suffer from official oppression and from raids by the nomadic tribesmen, who recognize no law. The Luris are not nearly so troublesome as some of the others such as the Kashgais, but they are always ready to rob a small caravan or a village if they think there is anything worth taking. They build little hovels of stones, with roofs of matting, which they desert when they want to move on with their flocks. They are supposed to furnish the Shah with a body of irregular cavalry, but try to evade this service if they can.

A LAND OF ANCIENT GRANDEUR

The most important feature of Persia, which has impressed itself forcibly on the life and character of the people and on its government, is the Great Desert. This desert occupies the centre of the country and separates one province from another more effectually than any mountain barrier.

The southern part of this vast area was described by Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveller of the thirteenth century, as "a desert of surpassing aridity . . . ; here are neither fruits nor trees to be seen and what water there is, is bitter and bad, so that you have to carry both food and water."

I have crossed this desert more than once. Indeed, I was the first Englishman to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Marco Polo. On one occasion we nearly died of thirst because the tanks that are built at the halting-places were dry. I have a vivid recollection of our dismay at finding only a little moist mud instead of water for man and beast. Everywhere on the track we saw the carcasses and bones of dead camels, mules or donkeys, while more than one human skeleton proved how heavy a toll the desert levies.

Government and trade are both rendered very difficult by this desert, which is a refuge for rebels and brigands, who can only be caught with extreme difficulty.

Owing to the meagre rainfall and the high ranges surrounding the plateau, there is not a single river of importance in the many hundreds of miles of coast which lie between the mouths of the Indus and the Shat-el-Arab. One of the tributaries of the latter river is the Karun, which flows through what was, in ancient times, the kingdom of Elam. Its modern importance



(Horsfield)

VEILED WOMAN PILGRIM TO MESHED

This woman must find it very uncomfortable to ride without stirrups and to be muffled up in a veil and great cloak. Judging by the size of the bundles tied on to the mule, she is taking plenty of luggage

consists mainly in its being the only navigable river in the whole of the huge Persian Empire

The most important river of central Persia is the Zenda Rud, on which is situated Ispahan, the capital of Persia during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It discharges its waters into a swamp some forty miles below the city. In the north-west is the Kizil Uzen, the longest river of Persia, which, rising near Tabriz, breaks through the Elburz Mountains and flows into the Caspian Sea.

Except during the spring, when the snow melts in the mountains, a traveller



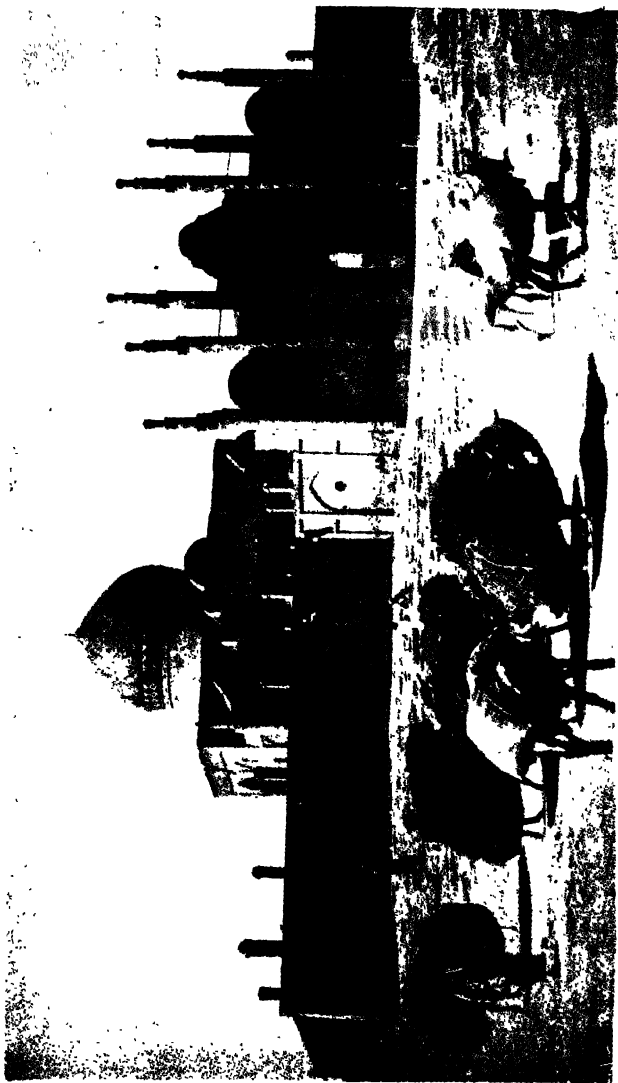
GREAT PALACE OF SHAH ABBAS IN ISPAHAN, ONCE THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA

Under the great Shah Abbas I, who died about 1628, Isfahan was made the capital of Persia and became a city of splendour. This magnificent palace still looks much the same as it did when English adventurers came to help the Shah drive the Portuguese from the island of Ormuz. Isfahan is a city of many ruins. There are heaps of debris and fallen houses everywhere, and a man could be buried in some of the holes in the streets. Even the palaces, like the huts of the peasants, are made of mud bricks instead of stone.



INATTENTIVE PUPILS ARE PUNISHED BY THE BASTINADO IN PERSIAN SCHOOLS

The bastinado is a favourite form of punishment in Persia. The feet of the victim are thrust through two loops attached to a pole which is held up in the air. The soles of the feet are then beaten with light rods. This may seem a very severe form of punishment to us, but as Persian children usually run about with bare feet, hard skin forms on the soles, so they do not feel it quite as much as we should. The children learn the first chapter of the Koran, the Mahomedan Bible, by heart and are taught simple sums of addition but little else.



"PATIENT DONKEYS, ALMOST HIDDEN BY THEIR HUGE LOADS, ON THE WAY TO MARKET AT KAZVIN
Kazvin was the capital of Persia before Abbas I. made Ispahan the north-west of Tehran and stands on a famous caravan road. Com-
seat of government, and, although the city has been badly damaged munication in Persia is maintained by caravan routes as there are
by earthquakes at various times, there still remain many fine buildings practically no railways. Donkeys and camels are the chief beasts of
such as the mosque, with its blue dome. Kazvin is about 100 miles burden, and the former carry loads that almost hide them from view.



LOFTY GATEWAY OF THE ROYAL MOSQUE IN THE CITY OF ISPAHAN

Blue tiles have been used to decorate the gateway which gives entrance on the south side of the Maidan-i-Shah, or Royal Square. Reviews and other ceremonies were held in the square when Ispahan was the capital of Persia. It was also used as a polo ground by the members of the court, and the stone goal posts are still standing.

can cross the country and nowhere will he be stopped by rivers. Should he taste the water of a brook, the chances are that it will prove to be salt and undrinkable.

The Persian Gulf, which washes the south-west and south coasts of Iran, is an almost completely land-locked body of water 700 miles in length, with an average width of about 100 miles. It is shallow and receives the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, which are united in the broad stream of the Shat-el-Arab. If we are fortunate, we shall pass into the gulf through the Straits of Hormuz by moonlight, with the black cliffs of Cape Musandam rising to the south. A few miles distant lies the once famous Hormuz, which the English, in alliance with the Persians, captured from the Portuguese in 1622. This was the first English feat of arms in Eastern waters.

There are no railways, with the exception of a short line of eighty miles, which was constructed during the Great War to join Tabriz with the Russian railway system in the Caucasus, and another from Teheran to Shah Abdul Azum. Persia suffered to some extent during the Great War, but she owes to it a good metalled road that was constructed by the British

from the Irak frontier to Kermanshah and Hamadan, where it joined a previously constructed Russian road to Kazvin and Teheran. Practically the only means of communication are the caravan routes that have been in use for many centuries.

In the south the British also opened up a route, passable for motor-cars, from Bushire to Shiraz and Ispahan; and a third route was constructed from the Baluchistan frontier, in the south, to Meshed far to the north. Persia is slowly awakening to the need for railways, but owing to misgovernment and corruption, and the nature of the country, many obstacles stand in the way of progress.

Bribery and corruption are two of the greatest evils in Persia. If a man on taking up an official post says that he will not be bribed, the other officials unite in persuading him to share with them in the bribes they have taken. If he refuses to do this, any means, fair or foul, will be used to force him to resign his position.

It is difficult for the inhabitants of Britain to imagine a country so dry that trees and crops can only be grown where the land is well irrigated. The vegetation consists of bushes, generally of a thorny nature and only two or three feet high,



WOMEN OF THE FIERCE KURDS WHO LIVE IN NORTH-WESTERN PERSIA

Wild and lawless, the Kurds are the terror of the more peaceable inhabitants of north-western Persia, for they carry out swift raids from their strongholds in the hills. The women do all the work while the men confine themselves to hunting and looting caravans and villages. The Kurds are a great source of trouble to the Persian authorities.

with a little grass which shows green for a month in the spring and then disappears.

Where there is water crops of wheat and barley (which is the staple horse food), millet, beans, cotton, opium, lucerne, clover and tobacco are grown. Rice and maize flourish in the moist Caspian provinces. Persia is rich in fruits, which grow well in spite of the lack of scientific cultivation. Pears, apples, quinces, apricots, black and yellow plums, peaches, nectarines and cherries are produced in great abundance. Figs, pomegranates and the famous almonds and pistachio nuts grow best in the warmer districts; and the date-palm,

orange and lime are confined to the low-lying "Hot Country." The grapes and melons of Persia are famous. We owe to Persia the peach, the pistachio nut, spinach, the narcissus and lilac, all of which have retained their Persian names.

The peasant is the backbone of Persia. His village is sometimes enclosed within a high mud wall, in which case the houses are small and squalid and the open space in the centre of the village, whither cattle are driven at night, is usually dirty. When the houses are scattered about each occupies a good deal of space, having one courtyard around which the living rooms are grouped and a second courtyard



Galloway

SHOPKEEPER ARRANGING HIS WARES IN A BAZAAR AT KAZVIN

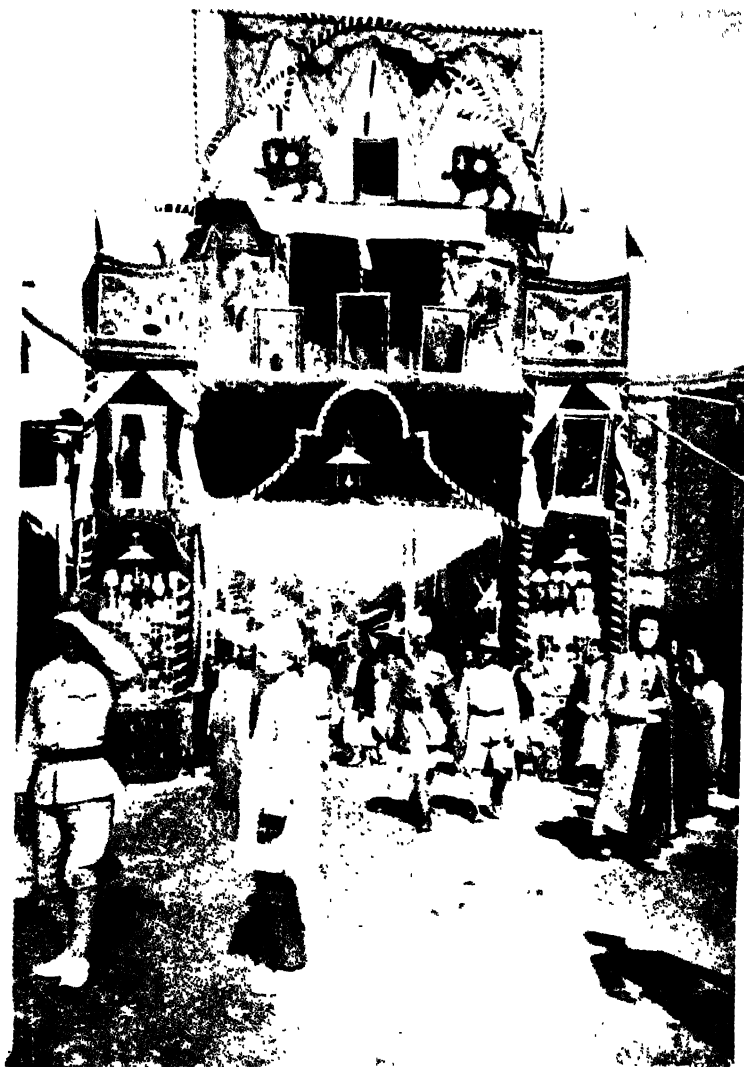
The interior of a Persian shop is usually very dark, so a good display has to be arranged outside to attract customers. Many of the household utensils are made of beaten copper, but tin vessels are generally used for cooking. Water for drinking purposes is stored in large, porous, earthenware containers in order to keep it cool during the hot weather.



Sykes

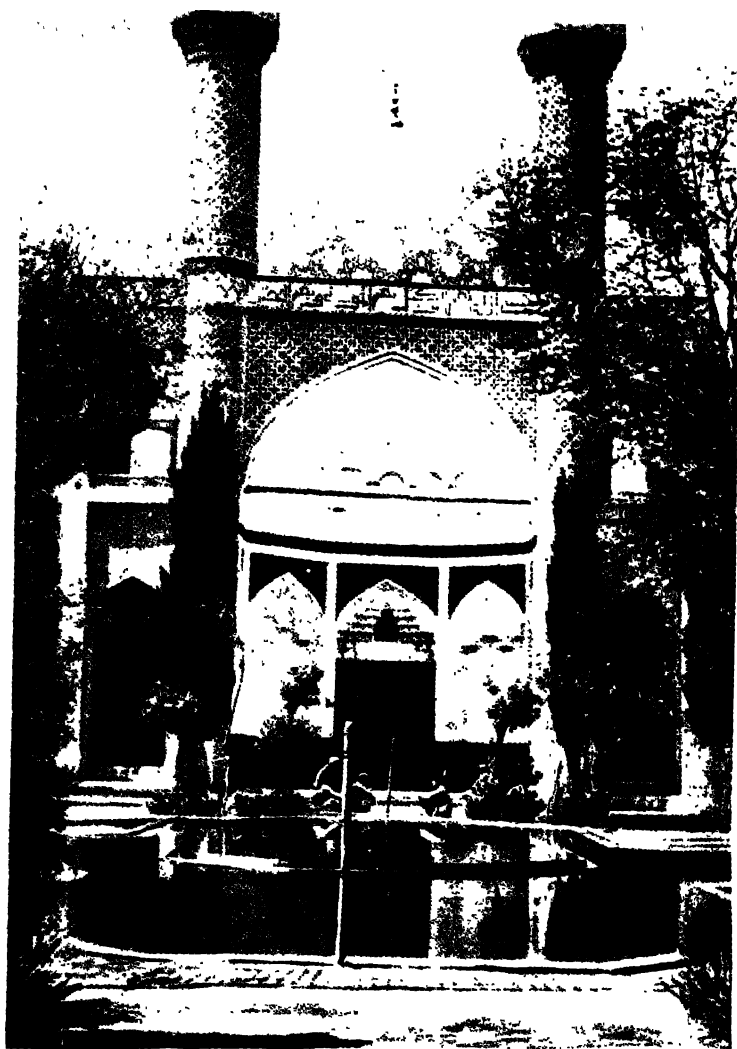
VILLAGE STREET IN THE PROVINCE OF ASTRABAD

Astrabad is a wild and mountainous province bordering the Caspian Sea, and many of the inhabitants are the descendants of Turks. The houses are made of mud and the villages are protected by mud walls. The fertile valleys are unhealthy, and Astrabad, the capital of the province, has been called the "City of the Plague" for the same reason.



STREET IN KAZVIN DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE SHAH

Oriental ideas of decoration are clearly shown in this gaudy archway, on which beautiful Persian carpets are put side by side with cheap mirrors of Western manufacture. At night the scene will be lit up by the oil lamps that we can see here, for there is no gas or electricity in Kazvin. The lions holding swords in their paws are the Persian arms.



BEAUTIFUL COURTYARD OF A SANCTUARY AT MAHUN

All Persians are extremely fond of a garden and an attempt will be made to create one wherever there is sufficient space. We should not find smooth, green lawns in their gardens, but many water tanks, with fountains playing, shady trees and masses of rose bushes in which bulbuls—the Persian nightingales—sing.

A LAND OF ANCIENT GRANDEUR

"eating sticks." He is also generally put in charge of an old man, who discourages all exhibitions of high spirits of any kind and impresses on his young companion that it is undignified to run or to jump.

The result is that a boy soon becomes a miniature man. He wears a frock-coat, much kilted at the waist, and the same kind of "kulla" or astrakhan head-dress as his father. His manners, too, tend to become equally artificial, and when greeted by a friend he will reply: "May your nose be fat," "May your shadow never grow less," and other compliments that form an important part of Persian etiquette.

Where Walking is Undignified

Against this poor education must be set the fact that the Persians encourage their sons to ride fearlessly. To walk is considered to be undignified for a man of position and so riding comes to be a habit.

The people have no idea of the value of time and "To-morrow, please Allah," is a saying that is constantly upon their lips. Yet they are naturally a gifted race and, under different conditions, would again become a great nation.

When a boy reaches the age of sixteen, his mother generally arranges a marriage with a cousin, whom the boy may not have seen since he was a child, for the women are kept strictly secluded and are closely veiled in public. However, by arrangement with his mother, the young man generally manages to get a glimpse of his bride, but apart from this he does not see her until after the marriage contract has been completed.

Tasty Dishes of the Persians

The bride and bridegroom then meet and gaze intently at one another's faces which are reflected in a mirror at which they both look together. Finally the bride is taken, with rejoicings and fireworks, to her future home, where the young couple partake of the bread, cheese and salt that have been brought by the

bride, and are left by their relations to settle down.

The Persians, like many other Eastern races, are very fond of sweet things, and consume quantities of confectionery and syrups. One of the chief national dishes is a pile of rice, cooked in butter, with which scraps of meat are mixed. Persian cooks are good and know how to prepare an infinite variety of dishes, though rice figures prominently in the majority of them. Many travellers consider the kabob to be one of the best dishes. This consists of small slices of lamb thrust on a skewer which has been rubbed with an onion. The slices are separated from one another by tiny morsels of fat. The skewer is held over a fierce fire and turned round and round until the kabobs are cooked.

The old order is changing in Persia and giving place to the new. The Kajar dynasty, which had ruled the country for so many years, was supplanted in 1925 by an energetic soldier, Riza Khan, who has already restored order in the bandit-infested country, and is determined to construct railways and generally to bring his country from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century.

Prospects of a Brighter Future

This will be a difficult task, but the excellent work of British and American missionary societies has already helped to lay the foundations, by the good education that has been given to thousands of boys and girls during the last forty years.

The British have also helped by the construction of telegraph lines across the country and in their dealings with the people. There is one thing that a Persian will trust and that is an Englishman's word, and this is a priceless asset in our great civilizing mission in Asia.

Altogether the outlook for Persia is brighter than it has been for many a long year, and her friends hope that, under wise guidance, she will recover the position that is her due and once more take her position as a great power in Asia.

END OF THIRD VOLUME

